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MARGARET RAMSAY and the LADY HERMIONE.

Page 217

THE

CASQUET

OF

LITERARY GEMS.

EDITED BY ALEX. WHITELAW.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

FIRST SERIES.—IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE KNIGHT OF THE BOILING LAKE.

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THE CASQUET.

THE

KNIGHT OF THE BOILING LAKE.

"VERY well," cried Don Quixote, "then all those books must be fabulous, though licensed by kings, approved by the examiners, read with general satisfaction, and applauded by the better sort and the meaner, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, gentry and commonalty; and, in short, by all sorts of persons of what state and condition soever, and though they carry such an appearance of truth, setting down the father, mother, country, kindred, age, place and actions to a tittle, and day by day, of the knight and knights of whom they treat? For shame, sir," continued he, "forbear uttering such blasphemies; and, believe me, in this I advise you to behave yourself as becomes a man of sense, or else read them and see what satisfaction you will receive. As for instance, pray tell me, can there be any thing more delightful, than to read a lively description, which, as it were, brings before your eyes the following adventure? A vast lake of boiling pitch, in which an infinite multitude of serpents, snakes, crocodiles, and other sorts of fierce and terrible creatures, are swimming and traversing backwards and forwards, appears to a knight-errant's sight. Then from the midst of the lake a most doleful voice is heard to say these words: 'O knight, whoever thou art, who gazest on this dreadful lake, if thou wilt purchase the bliss concealed under these dismal waters, make known thy valour, by casting thyself into the midst of these black burning surges; for unless thou dost so, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders inclosed in the seven castles of the seven fairies, that are seated under these gloomy waves.' And no sooner have the last accents of the voice reached the knight's ear, but he, without making any further reflection, or considering the danger to which he exposes himself, and even without laying aside his ponderous armour, only recommending himself to heaven and to his lady, plunges headlong into the middle of the burning lake; and when least he imagines it, or can guess where he shall stop, he finds himself on a sudden in the midst of verdant fields, to which the Elysian bear no comparison. There the sky appears to him more transparent, and the sun seems to shine with a redoubled brightness. Next he discovers a most delightful grove made up of beautiful shady trees, whose verdure and variety regale his sight, while his ears are ravished with the wild, and yet melodious notes of an infinite number of pretty painted birds, that hop and bill and sport themselves on the twining boughs. Here he spies a pleasant rivulet, which, through its flowery banks, glides along over the brightest sand, and remurmurs over the whitest pebbles that bedimple its smooth surface, while that other, through its liquid crystal, feasts the eye with a prospect of gold and orient pearl. There he perceives an artificial fountain, formed of party-coloured jasper and polished marble; and hard by another, contrived in grotesque, where the small cockle-shells, placed in orderly confusion among

the white and yellow shells, and mixed with pieces of bright crystal and counterfeit emeralds, yield a delectable sight; so that art imitating nature, seems here to outdo her.

"At a distance, on a sudden, he casts his eyes upon a strong castle, or stately palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths; in short, its structure is so wonderful, that though all the materials are no other than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold and emeralds, yet the workmanship exceeds them in value. But having seen all this, can any thing be so charming as to behold a numerous train of beautiful damsels come out of the castle in such glorious and costly apparel, as would be endless for me to describe, were I to relate these things as they are to be found in history? Then to see the beauty that seems the chief of all the damsels, take the bold knight, who cast himself into the burning lake, by the hand, and without speaking one word, lead him into a sumptuous palace, where he is caused to strip as naked as he was born, then put into a delicious bath, and perfumed with precious essences and odoriferous oils; after which he puts on a fine shirt, deliciously scented: and this done, another damsel throws over his shoulders a magnificent robe, worth at least a whole city, if not more. What a sight is it, when in the next place they lead him into another room of state, where he finds the tables so orderly covered, that he is surprised and astonished? there they pour over his hands water distilled from amber and odoriferous flowers: he is seated in an ivory chair; and while all the damsels that attend him observe a profound silence, such variety of dainties is served up, and all so incomparably dressed, that his appetite is at a stand, doubting on which to satisfy its desire; at the same time his ears are sweetly entertained with variety of excellent music, none perceiving who makes it, or from whence it comes. But above all, what shall we say to see, after the dinner is ended, and tables taken away, the knight left leaning back in his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, as is usual; and then another damsel, much more beautiful than any of the former, comes unexpectedly into the room, and sitting down by the knight, begins to inform him what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it; with many other particulars, which surprise the knight, and astonish those that read his history. I will enlarge no more upon this matter, since from what has been said, it may sufficiently be inferred, that the reading of any passage in any history of knight-errantry, must be very delightful and surprising to the reader. And do you, good sir, believe me, and as I said to you before, read these books, which you may find will banish all melancholy, if you are troubled with it, and sweeten your disposition if it be harsh."

Don Quixote.

THE TWO DROVERS.

It was the day after the Doune Fair when my story commences. It had been a brisk market, several dealers had attended from the northern and midland counties in England, and the English money had flown so merrily about as to gladden the hearts of the Highland farmers. Many large droves were about to set off for England, under the protection of their owners, or of the topsmen whom they employed in the tedious, laborious, and responsible office of driving the cattle for many hundred miles, from the market where they had been purchased, to the fields or farm-yards where they were to be fattened for the shambles.

Of the number who left Doune in the morning, and with the purpose we have described, not a *Glunamie* of them all cocked his bonnet more briskly, or gartered his tartan hose under knee over a pair of more promising *spiogs* (legs), than did Robin Oig M'Combich, called familiarly Robin Oig, that is Young, or the Lesser, Robin. Though small of stature, as the epithet Oig implies, and not very strongly limbed, he was as light and alert as one of the deer of his mountains. He had an elasticity of step, which, in the course of a long march, made many a stout fellow envy him; and the manner in which he busked his plaid, and adjusted his bonnet, argued a consciousness that so smart a John Highlandman as himself

would not pass unnoticed among the lowland lasses. The ruddy cheek, red lips, and white teeth, set off a countenance which had gained by exposure to the weather, a healthful and hardy rather than a rugged hue. If Robin Oig did not laugh, or even smile frequently, as indeed is not the practice among his countrymen, his bright eyes usually gleamed from under his bonnet with an expression of cheerfulness ready to be turned into mirth.

The departure of Robin Oig was an incident in the little town, in and near which he had many friends male and female. He was a topping person in his way, transacting considerable business on his own behalf, and was intrusted by the best farmers in the Highlands, in preference to any other drover in that district.

Many were the words of gratulation and good luck which were bestowed on Robin Oig. The judges commended his drove, especially the best of them, which were Robin's own property. Some thrust out their snuff-mulls for the parting pinch —others tendered the *doch-an-dorrach*, or parting cup. All cried—"Good-luck travel out with you and come home with you.—Give you luck in the Saxon market—brave notes in the *leabhar-dhu*, (black pocket-book,) and plenty of English gold in the *sporran* (pouch of goat-skin.)"

The bonny lasses made their adieus more modestly, and more than one, it was said, would have given her best broach to be certain that it was upon her that his eye last rested as he turned towards his road.

Robin Oig had just given the preliminary "*Hoo-hoo!*" to urge forward the loiterers of the drove, when there was a cry behind him. "Stay, Robin—bide a blink. Here is Janet of Tomahourich—auld Janet, your father's sister." "Plague on her, for an auld Highland witch and spae-wife," said a farmer from the Carse of Stirling; "she'll cast some of her cantrips on the cattle." "She canna do that," said another sapient of the same profession— "Robin Oig is no the lad to leave any of them, without tying Saint Mungo's knot on their tails, and that will put to her speed the best witch that ever flew over Dimayet upon a broomstick."

It may not be indifferent to the reader to know, that the Highland cattle are peculiarly liable to be *taken*, or infected, by spells and witchcraft, which judicious people guard against by knitting knots of peculiar complexity on the tuft of hair which terminates the animal's tail.

But the old woman who was the object of the farmer's suspicion seemed only busied about the drover, without paying any attention to the flock. Robin, on the contrary, appeared rather impatient of her presence. "What auld-world fancy," he said, "has brought you so early from the ingle-side this morning, Muhme? I am sure I bid you good even, and had your God-speed, last night." "And left me more siller than the useless old woman will use till you come back again, bird of my bosom," said the sibyl. "But it is little I would care for the food that nourishes me, or the fire that warms me, or for God's blessed sun itself, if aught but weal should happen to the grandson of my father. So let me walk the *deasil* round you, that you may go safe out into the far foreign land, and come safe home."

Robin Oig stopped, half embarrassed, half laughing, and signing to those around that he only complied with the old woman to soothe her humour. In the meantime, she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil*, walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun. At once, however, she stopped short, and exclaimed, in a voice of alarm and horror, "Grandson of my father, there is blood on your hand!" "Hush, for God's sake, aunt," said Robin Oig; "you will bring more trouble on yourself with this *Talshataragh* (second sight) than you will be able to get out of for many a day." The old woman only repeated, with a ghastly look, "There is blood on your hand, and it is English blood. The blood of the Gael is richer and redder. Let us see—let us——" Ere Robin Oig could prevent her, which, indeed, could only have been by positive violence, so hasty and peremptory were her proceedings, she had drawn from his side the dirk which lodged in the folds of his plaid, and held it up, exclaiming, although the weapon gleamed clear and

bright in the sun, "Blood, blood—Saxon blood again! Robin Oig M'Combich, go not this day to England!" "Prutt, trutt," answered Robin Oig, "that will never do neither—it would be next thing to running the country. For shame, Muhme—give me the dirk. You cannot tell by the colour the difference betwixt the blood of a black bullock and a white one, and you speak of knowing Saxon from Gaelic blood. All men have their blood from Adam, Muhme. Give me my *skenedhu*, and let me go on my road. I should have been half way to Stirling brig by this time—Give me my dirk, and let me go." "Never will I give it to you," said the old woman—"Never will I quit my hold on your plaid, unless you promise me not to wear that unhappy weapon."

The women around him urged him also, saying few of his aunt's words fell to the ground; and as the Lowland farmers continued to look moodily on the scene, Robin Oig determined to close it at any sacrifice. "Well, then," said the young drover, giving the scabbard of the weapon to Hugh Morrison, "you Lowlanders care nothing for these freats. Keep my dirk for me. I cannot give it you, because it was my father's; but your drove follows ours, and I am content it should be in your keeping, not in mine.—Will this do, Muhme?" "It must," said the old woman—"that is, if the Lowlander is mad enough to carry the knife." The strong westlandman laughed aloud. "Goodwife," said he, "I am Hugh Morrison from Glenae, come of the Manly Morrisons of auld langsyne, that never took short weapon against a man in their lives. And neither needed they: They had their broadswords, and I have this bit supple (showing a formidable cudgel)—for dirking ower the board, I leave that to John Highlandman.—Ye needna snort, none of you Highlanders, and you in especial, Robin. I'll keep the bit knife, if you are feared for the auld spaewife's tale, and give it back to you whenever you want it."

Robin drove on his cattle, and waved farewell to all behind him. He was in the greater haste, because he expected to join at Falkirk a comrade and brother in profession, with whom he proposed to travel in company.

Robin Oig's chosen friend was a young Englishman, Harry Wakefield by name, well known at every northern market, and in his way as much famed and honoured as our Highland driver of bullocks. He was nearly six feet high, gallantly formed to keep the rounds at Smithfield, or maintain the ring at a wrestling match; and although he might have been overmatched, perhaps, among the regular professors of the Fancy, yet as a chance customer, he was able to give a bellyful to any amateur of the pugilistic art. Doncaster races saw him in his glory, betting his guinea, and generally successfully; nor was there a main fought in Yorkshire, the feeders being persons of celebrity, at which he was not to be seen, if business permitted. But though a *sprack* lad, and fond of pleasure and its haunts, Harry Wakefield was steady, and not the cantious Robin Oig M'Combich himself was more attentive to the main chance. His holidays were holidays indeed; but his days of work were dedicated to steady and persevering labour. In countenance and temper, Wakefield was the model of Old England's merry yeomen, whose clothyard shafts, in so many hundred battles, asserted her superiority over the nations, and whose good sabres, in our own time, are her cheapest and most assured defence. His mirth was readily excited; for, strong in limb and constitution, and fortunate in circumstances, he was disposed to be pleased with every thing about him; and such difficulties as he might occasionally encounter, were, to a man of his energy, rather matter of amusement than serious annoyance. With all the merits of a sanguine temper, our young English drover was not without his defects. He was irascible, and sometimes to the verge of being quarrelsome; and perhaps not the less inclined to bring his disputes to a pugilistic decision, because he found few antagonists able to stand up to him in the boxing ring.

The pair of friends had traversed with their usual cordiality the grassy wilds of Liddesdale, and crossed the opposite part of Cumberland, emphatically called The Waste. In these solitary regions, the cattle under the charge of our drovers subsisted themselves cheaply, by picking their food as they went along the drove-road, or sometimes by the tempting opportunity of a *start and owerloup*, or

invasion of the neighbouring pasture, where an occasion presented itself. But now the scene changed before them; they were descending towards a fertile and inclosed country, where no such liberties could be taken with impunity, or without a previous arrangement and bargain with the possessors of the ground. This was more especially the case, as a great northern fair was upon the eve of taking place, where both the Scotch and English drover expected to dispose of a part of their cattle, which it was desirable to produce in the market, rested and in good order. Fields were therefore difficult to be obtained, and only upon high terms. This necessity occasioned a temporary separation betwixt the two friends, who went to bargain, each as he could, for the separate accommodation of his herd. Unhappily it chanced that both of them, unknown to each other, thought of bargaining for the ground they wanted on the property of a country gentleman of some fortune, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood. The English drover applied to the bailiff on the property, who was known to him. It chanced that the Cumbrian Squire, who had entertained some suspicions of his manager's honesty, was taking occasional measures to ascertain how far they were well founded, and had desired that any inquiries about his inclosures, with a view to occupy them for a temporary purpose, should be referred to himself. As, however, Mr Ireby had gone the day before upon a journey of some miles' distance to the northward, the bailiff chose to consider the check upon his full powers as for the time removed, and concluded that he should best consult his master's interest, and perhaps his own, in making an agreement with Harry Wakefield. Meanwhile, ignorant of what his comrade was doing, Robin Oig, on his side, chanced to be overtaken by a well-looked smart little man upon a pony, most knowingly hogged and cropped, as was then the fashion, the rider wearing tight leather breeches, and long-necked bright spurs. This cavalier asked one or two pertinent questions about markets and the price of stock. So Donald, seeing him a well-judging civil gentleman, took the freedom to ask him whether he could let him know if there was any grass-land to be let in that neighbourhood, for the temporary accommodation of his drove. He could not have put the question to more willing ears. The gentleman of the buckskins was the proprietor, with whose bailiff Harry Wakefield had dealt, or was in the act of dealing. "Thou art in good luck, my canny Scot," said Mr Ireby, "to have spoken to me, for I see thy cattle have done their day's work, and I have at my disposal the only field within three miles that is to be let in these parts." "The drove can pe gang two, three, four miles very pratty weel indeed—" said the cautious Highlander; "put what would his honour pe axing for the beasts pe the head, if she was to tak the park for twa or three days?" "We wont differ, Sawney, if you let me have six stots for winterers, in the way of reason." "And which peasts wad your honour pe for having?" "Why—let me see—the two black—the dun one—yon doddy, him with the twisted horn—the brocket—How much by the head?" "Ah," said Robin, "your honour is a shudge—a real shudge—I couldna have set off the pest six peasts petter mysell, me that ken them as if they were my pairns, puir things." "Well, how much per head, Sawney," continued Mr Ireby. "It was high markets at Doune and Falkirk," answered Robin.

And thus the conversation proceeded, until they had agreed on the *prix juste* for the bullocks, the Squire throwing in the temporary accommodation of the inclosure for the cattle into the boot, and Robin making, as he thought, a very good bargain, providing the grass was but tolerable. The Squire walked his pony alongside of the drove, partly to show him the way, and see him put into possession of the field, and partly to learn the latest news of the northern markets.

They arrived at the field, and the pasture seemed excellent. But what was their surprise when they saw the bailiff quietly inducting the cattle of Harry Wakefield into the grassy Goshen which had just been assigned to those of Robin Oig M'Combich by the proprietor himself. Squire Ireby set spurs to his horse, dashed up to his servant, and learning what had passed between the parties, briefly informed the English drover that his bailiff had let the ground without his authority, and that he might seek grass for his cattle wherever he would, since

he was to get none there. At the same time he rebuked his servant severely for having transgressed his commands, and ordered him instantly to assist in ejecting the hungry and weary cattle of Harry Wakefield, which were just beginning to enjoy a meal of unusual plenty, and to introduce those of his comrade, whom the English drover now began to consider as a rival.

The feelings which arose in Wakefield's mind would have induced him to resist Mr Ireby's decision; but every Englishman has a tolerably accurate sense of law and justice, and John Fleecebumpkin, the bailiff, having acknowledged that he had exceeded his commission, Wakefield saw nothing else for it than to collect his hungry and disappointed charge, and drive them on to seek quarters elsewhere. Robin Oig saw what had happened with regret, and hastened to offer to his English friend to share with him the disputed possession. But Wakefield's pride was severely hurt, and he answered disdainfully, "Take it all, man—take it all—never make two bites of a cherry—thou canst talk over the gentry, and blear a plain man's eye—Out upon you, man—I would not kiss any man's dirty latchets for leave to bake in his oven."

Robin Oig, sorry but not surprised at his comrade's displeasure, hastened to entreat his friend to wait but an hour till he had gone to the Squire's house to receive payment for the cattle he had sold, and he would come back and help him to drive the cattle into some convenient place of rest, and explain to him the whole mistake they had both of them fallen into. But the Englishman continued indignant: "Thou hast been selling, hast thou? Ay, ay—thou is a cunning lad for kenning the hours of bargaining. Go to the devil with thyself, for I will ne'er see thy fause loou's visage again—thou should be ashamed to look me in the face." "I am ashamed to look no man in the face," said Robin Oig, something moved; "and, moreover, I will look you in the face this blessed day, if you will bide at the Clachan down yonder." "Mayhap you had as well keep away," said his comrade; and turning his back on his former friend, he collected his unwilling associates, assisted by the bailiff, who took some real and some affected interest in seeing Wakefield accommodated.

After spending some time in negotiating with more than one of the neighbouring farmers, who could not, or would not, afford the accommodation desired, Henry Wakefield at last, and in his necessity, accomplished his point by means of the landlord of the alehouse at which Robin Oig and he had agreed to pass the night, when they first separated from each other. Mine host was content to let him turn his cattle on a piece of barren moor, at a price little less than the bailiff had asked for the disputed inclosure; and the wretchedness of the pasture, as well as the price paid for it, were set down as exaggerations of the breach of faith and friendship of his Scottish crony. This turn of Wakefield's passions was encouraged by the bailiff, (who had his own reasons for being offended against poor Robin, as having been the unwitting cause of his falling into disgrace with his master,) as well as by the innkeeper, and two or three chance guests, who soothed the drover in his resentment against his quondam associate,—some from the ancient grudge against the Scots, which, when it exists anywhere, is to be found lurking in the Border counties, and some from the general love of mischief, which characterizes mankind in all ranks of life, to the honour of Adam's children be it spoken. Good John Barleycorn also, who always heightens and exaggerates the prevailing passions, be they angry or kindly, was not wanting in his offices on this occasion; and confusion to false friends and hard masters, was pledged in more than one tankard.

In the meanwhile Mr Ireby found some amusement in detaining the northern drover at his ancient hall. He caused a cold round of beef to be placed before the Scot in the butler's pantry, together with a foaming tankard of home-brewed, and took pleasure in seeing the hearty appetite with which these unwonted edibles were discussed by Robin Oig M'Combich. The Squire himself lighting his pipe, compounded between his patrician dignity and his love of agricultural gossip, by walking up and down while he conversed with his guest. "I passed another drove," said the Squire, "with one of your countrymen behind them—they were something less beasts than your drove, doddies most of them—a big man was with them—none of your kilts though, but a decent

pair of breeches—D'ye know who he may be?" "Hout ay—that might, could, and would pe Hughie Morrison—I didna think he could hae peen sae weel up. He has made a day on us; put his Argyleshires will have wearied shanks. How far was he behind?" "I think about six or seven miles," answered the Squire, "for I passed them at the Christenbury Cragg, and I overtook you at the Hollan Bush. If his beasts be leg-weary, he will be maybe selling bargains." "Na, na, Hughie Morrison is no the man for pargains—ye maun come to some Highland body like Robin Oig hersell for the like of these—put I maun pe wishing you goot night, and twenty of them, let alane ane, and I maun down to the Clachan to see if the lad Henry Waakfelt is out of his humdudgeons yet."

The party at the alehouse were still in full talk, and the treachery of Robin Oig still the theme of conversation, when the supposed culprit entered the apartment. His arrival, as usually happens in such a case, put an instant stop to the discussion of which he had furnished the subject, and he was received by the company assembled with that chilling silence, which, more than a thousand exclamations, tells an intruder that he is unwelcome. Surprised and offended, but not appalled by the reception which he experienced, Robin entered with an undaunted and even a haughty air, attempted no greeting as he saw he was received with none, and placed himself by the side of the fire, a little apart from a table, at which Harry Wakefield, the bailiff, and two or three other persons, were seated. The ample Cumbrian kitchen would have afforded plenty of room even for a larger separation.

Robin, thus seated, proceeded to light his pipe, and call for a pint of twopenny. "We have no twopence ale," answered Ralph Heskett the landlord; "but as thou find'st thy own tobacco, it's like thou may'st find thine own liquor too—it's the wont of thy country, I wot." "Shame, goodman," said the landlady, a blithe bustling housewife, hastening herself to supply the guest with liquor—"Thou knowest well enow what the strange man wants, and it's thy trade to be civil, man. Thou shouldst know, that if the Scot likes a small pot, he pays a sure penny."

Without taking any notice of this nuptial dialogue, the Highlander took the flagon in his hand, and addressing the company generally, drank the interesting toast of "Good markets," to the party assembled. "The better that the wind blew fewer dealers from the north," said one of the farmers, "and fewer Highland runts to eat up the English meadows." "Saul of my pody, put you are wrang there my friend," answered Robin, with composure, "it is your fat Englishmen that eat up our Scots cattle, puir things." "I wish there was a summat to eat up their drovers," said another; "a plain Englishman canna make bread within a kenning of them." "Or an honest servant keep his master's favour, but they will come sliding in between him and the sunshine," said the bailiff. "If these pe jokes," said Robin Oig, with the same composure, "there is ower mony jokes upon one man." "It'a no joke, but downright earnest," said the bailiff. "Harkye, Mr Robin Ogg, or whatever is your name, it's right we should tell you that we are all of one opinion, and that is, that you, Mr Robin Ogg, have behaved to our friend Mr Harry Wakefield here, like a raff and a blackguard." "Nae doubt, nae doubt," answered Robin, with great composure; "and you are a set of very feeling judges, for whose prains or pehaviour I wad not gie a pinch of sneeshing. If Mr Harry Waakfelt kens where he is wranged, he kens where he may be righted." "He speaks truth," said Wakefield, who had listened to what passed, divided between the offence which he had taken at Robin'a late behaviour, and the revival of his habitual habits of friendship.

He now rose, and went towards Robin, who got up from his seat as he approached, and held out his hand. "That'a right, Harry—go it—serve him out," resounded on all sides—"tip him the nailer—show him the mill." "Hold your peace all of you, and be ——," said Wakefield; and then addressing his comrade, he took him by the extended hand, with something alike of respect and defiance. "Robin," he said, "thou hast used me ill enough this day; but if you mean like a frank fellow, to shake hands, and take a tussel for love on the sod, why I'll forgie thee, man, and we shall be better friends than ever." "And would it not pe petter to be cood friends without more

of the matter?" said Robin; "we will be much petter friendships with our panes hale than broken."

Harry Wakefield dropped the hand of his friend, or rather threw it from him. "I did not think I had been keeping company for three years with a coward." "Coward pelongs to none of my name," said Robin, whose eyes began to kindle, but keeping the command of his temper. "It was no coward's legs or hands, Harry Waakfelt, that drew you out of the fords of Frew, when you was drifting ower the plack rock, and every eel in the river expected his share of you." "And that is true enough, too," said the Englishman, struck by the appeal. "Adzooks!" exclaimed the bailiff—"sure Harry Wakefield, the nattiest lad at Whitson-Tryste, Wooler Fair, Carlisle Sands, or Stagshaw bank, is not going to show white feather? Ah, this comes of living so long with kilts and bonnets—men forget the use of their daddles." "I may teach you, Master Fleecebumpkin, that I have not lost the use of mine," said Wakefield, and then went on. "This will never do, Robin. We must have a turn-up, or we shall be the talk of the country side. I'll be d——d if I hurt thee—I'll put on the gloves gin thou like. Come, stand forward like a man." "To pe peaten like a dog," said Robin; "is there any reason in that? If you think I have done you wrong, I'll go before your shudge, though I neither know his law nor his language."

A general cry of "No, no,—no law, no lawyer! a bellyful and be friends," was echoed by the bystanders. "But," continued Robin, "if I am to fight, I have no skill to fight like a jackanapes, with hands and nails." "How would you fight then?" said his antagonist: "though I am thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch anyhow." "I would fight with proadswords, and sink point on the first plood drawn——like a gentlemans."

A loud shout of laughter followed the proposal, which indeed had rather escaped from poor Robin's swelling heart, than been the dictates of his sober judgment. "Gentleman, quotha!" was echoed on all sides, with a shout of unextinguishable laughter: "a very pretty gentleman, God wot—Canst get two swords for the gentleman to fight with, Ralph Heskett?" "No, but I can send to the armoury at Carlisle, and lend them two forks to be making shift with in the meantime." "Tush, man," said another, "the bonny Scots come into the world with the blue bonnet on their heads, and dirk and pistol at their belt." "Best send post," said Mr Fleecebumpkin, "to the Squire of Corby Castle, to come and stand second to the *gentleman*."

In the midst of this torrent of general ridicule, the Highlander instinctively griped beneath the folds of his plaid. "But it's better not," he said in his own language. "A hundred curses on the swine-eaters, who know neither decency nor civility! Make room, the pack of you," he said, advancing to the door. But his former friend interposed his sturdy bulk, and opposed his leaving the house; and when Robin Oig attempted to make his way by force, he hit him down on the floor, with as much ease as a boy bowls down a nine-pin. "A ring! a ring!" was now shouted, until the dark rafters, and the hams that hung on them, trembled again, and the very platters on the *bink* clattered against each other. "Well done, Harry."—"Give it him home, Harry."—"Take care of him now—he sees his own blood!"

Such were the exclamations, while the Highlander, starting from the ground, all his coldness and caution lost in frantic rage, sprung at his antagonist with the fury, the activity, and the vindictive purpose, of an incensed tiger-cat. But when could rage encounter science and temper? Robin Oig again went down in the unequal contest; and as the blow was necessarily a severe one, he lay motionless on the floor of the kitchen. The landlady ran to offer some aid, but Mr Fleecebumpkin would not permit her to approach. "Let him alone," he said, "he will come to within time, and come up to the scratch again. He has not got half his broth yet." "He has got all I mean to give him, though," said his antagonist, whose heart began to relent towards his old associate; "and I would rather by half give the rest to yourself, Mr Fleecebumpkin, for you pretend to know a thing or two, and Robin had not art enough even to peel before setting to, but fought with his plaid dangling about him.—Stand up, Robin, my man! all friends now; and let me hear the man that will speak a word against you, or your country, for your sake."

Robin Oig was still under the dominion of his passion, and eager to renew the onset; but being withheld on the one side by the peace-making Dame Heskett, and on the other, aware that Wakefield no longer meant to renew the combat, his fury sunk into gloomy sullenness. "Come, come, never grudge so much at it, man," said the brave-spirited Englishman, with the placability of his country, "shake hands, and we will be better friends than ever." "Friends!" exclaimed Robin Oig with strong emphasis—"friends!—Never. Look to yourself, Harry Waakfelt." "Then the curse of Cromwell on your proud Scots stomach, as the man says in the play, and you may do your worst and be d——; for one man can say nothing more to another after a tussel, than that he is sorry for it."

On these terms the friends parted; Robin Oig drew out, in silence, a piece of money, threw it on the table, and then left the alehouse. But turning at the door, he shook his hand at Wakefield, pointing with his fore-finger upwards, in a manner which might imply either a threat or a caution. He then disappeared in the moonlight.

Some words passed after his departure, between the bailiff, who piqued himself on being a little of a bully, and Harry Wakefield, who, with generous incousistency, was now not indisposed to begin a new combat in defence of Robin Oig's reputation, "although he could not use his daddles like an Englishman, as it did not come natural to him." But Dame Heskett prevented this second quarrel from coming to a head by her peremptory interference. "There should be no more fighting in her house," she said; "there had been too much already.—And you, Mr Wakefield, may live to learn," she added, "what it is to make a deadly enemy out of a good friend." "Psha, dame! Robin Oig is an honest fellow, and will never keep malice." "Do not trust to that—you do not know the dour temper of the Scotch, though you have dealt with them so often. I have a right to know them, my mother being a Scot." "And so is well seen in her daughter," said Ralph Heskett.

This nuptial sarcasm gave the discourse another turn; fresh customers entered the tap-room or kitchen, and others left it. The conversation turned on the expected markets, and the report of prices from the different parts of Scotland and England—treaties were commenced, and Harry Wakefield was lucky enough to find a chap for a part of his drove, and at a very considerable profit; an event of consequence more than sufficient to blot out all remembrances of the unpleasant scuffle in the earlier part of the day. But there remained one party from whose mind that recollection could not have been wiped away by possession of every head of cattle betwixt Esk and Eden.

This was Robin Oig M'Combich.—"That I should have had no weapon," he said, "and for the first time in my life!—Blighted be the tongue that bids the Highlander part with the dirk—the dirk—ha! the English blood!—My muhme's word—when did her word fall to the ground?"

The recollection of the fatal prophecy confirmed the deadly intention which instantly sprang up in his mind. "Ha! Morrison cannot be many miles behind; and if it were an hundred, what then!"

His impetuous spirit had now a fixed purpose and motive of action, and he turned the light foot of his country towards the wilds, through which he knew, by Mr Ireby's report, that Morrison was advancing. His mind was wholly engrossed by the sense of injury—injury sustained from a friend; and by the desire of vengeance on one whom he now accounted his most bitter enemy. The treasured ideas of self-importance and self-opinion—of ideal birth and quality, had become more precious to him, (like the hoard to the miser,) because he could only enjoy them in secret. But that hoard was pillaged, the idols which he had secretly worshipped had been desecrated and profaned. Insulted, abused, and beaten, he was no longer worthy, in his own opinion, of the name he bore, or the lineage which he belonged to—nothing was left to him—nothing but revenge; and, as the reflection added a galling spur to every step, he determined it should be as sudden and signal as the offence.

When Robin Oig left the door of the alehouse, seven or eight English miles at least lay betwixt Morrison and him. The advance of the former was slow, limited by the sluggish pace of his cattle; the last left behind him stubble-field and hedge-row, crag, and dark heath, all

glittering with frost-rime in the broad November moonlight, at the rate of six miles an hour. And now the distant lowing of Morrison's cattle is heard; and now they are seen creeping like moles in size and slowness of motion on the broad face of the moor; and now he meets them—passes them, and stops their conductor. "May good betide us," said the Southlander —— "Is this you, Robin M'Combich, or your wraith!" "It is Robin Oig M'Combich," answered the Highlander, "and it is not.—But never mind that, put pe giving me the skene-dhu." "What! you are for back to the Highlands—The devil!—Have you selt all off before the fair? This beats all for quick markets." "I have not sold—I am not going north—May pe I will never go north again.—Give me pack my dirk, Hugh Morrison, or there will be words petween us." "Indeed, Robin, I'll be better advised or I gie it back to you—it is a wanchancy weapon in a Highlandman's hand, and I am thinking you will be about some barns-breaking." "Prutt, trutt! let me have my weapon," said Robin Oig, impatiently. "Hooly and fairly," said his well-meaning friend, "I'll tell you what will do better than these dirking doings—Ye ken Highlander and Lowlander, and Border-men, are a' ae man's bairns when you are over the Scots dyke. See the Eskdale callants, and fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and the Lockerby lads, and the four Dandies of Lustruther, and a wheen mair grey plaids, are coming up behind; and if you are wranged, there is a hand of a manly Morrison, we'll see you righted, if Carlisle and Stanwix baith took up the feud." "To tell you the truth," said Robin Oig, desirous of eluding the suspicions of his friend, "I have enlisted with a party of the Black Watch, and must march off tomorrow morning." "Enlisted! Were you mad or drunk?—You must buy yourself off—I can lend you twenty notes, and twenty to that, if the drove sell." "I thank you—thank ye, Hughie; but I go with good will the gate that I am going,—so the dirk—the dirk!" "There it is for you then, since less wunna serve. But think on what I was saying.—Waes me, it will be sair news in the braes of Balquidder, that Robin Oig M'Combich should have run an ill gate, and ta'en on." "Ill news in Balquidder, indeed!" echoed poor Robin; "put Cot speed you, Hughie, and send you good marcats. Ye winna meet with Robin Oig again either at tryste or fair."

So saying, he shook hastily the hand of his acquaintance, and set out in the direction from which he had advanced, with the spirit of his former pace.

"There is something wrang with the lad," muttered the Morrison to himself; "but we will maybe see better into it the morn's morning."

But long ere the morning dawned, the catastrophe of our tale had taken place. It was two hours after the affray had happened, and it was totally forgotten by almost every one, when Robin Oig returned to Heskett's inn. The place was filled at once by various sorts of men, and with noises corresponding to their character. There were the grave, low sounds of men engaged in busy traffic, with the laugh, the song, and the riotous jest of those who had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Among the last was Harry Wakefield, who amidst a grinning group of smock-frocks, hob-nailed shoes, and jolly English physiognomies, was trolling forth the old ditty,

> "What though my name be Roger,
> Who drives the plough and cart—"

when he was interrupted by a well-known voice, saying in a high and stern voice, marked by the sharp Highland accent, "Harry Waakfelt—if you be a man, stand up!" "What is the matter?—what is it?" the guests demanded of each other. "It is only a d—d Scotsman," said Fleecebumpkin, who was by this time very drunk, "whom Harry Wakefield helped to his broth to-day, who is now come to have *his cauld kail* hett again." "Harry Waakfelt," repeated the same ominous summons, "stand up, if you be a man!"

There is something in the tone of deep and concentrated passion, which attracts attention and imposes awe, even by the very sound. The guests shrunk back on every side, and gazed at the Highlander, as he stood in the middle of them, his brows bent, and his features rigid with resolution. "I will stand up with all my heart, Robin, my boy, but it shall be

to shake hands with you, and drink down all unkindness. It is not the fault of your heart, man, that you don't know how to clench your hands."

By this time he stood opposite to his antagonist; his open and unsuspecting look strangely contrasted with the stern purpose, which gleamed wild, dark, and vindictive in the eyes of the Highlander. "'Tis not thy fault, man, that, not having the luck to be an Englishman, thou canst not fight more than a school-girl." "I *can* fight," answered Robin Olg sternly, but calmly, "and you shall know it. You, Harry Waakfelt, showed me to-day how the Saxon churls fight—I show you now how the Highland Dunniewassal fights."

He seconded the word with the action, and plunged the dagger, which he suddenly displayed, into the broad breast of the English yeoman, with such fatal certainty and force, that the hilt made a hollow sound against the breast-bone, and the double-edged point split the very heart of his victim. Henry Wakefield fell, and expired with a single groan. His assassin next seized the bailiff by the collar, and offered the bloody poniard to his throat, while dread and surprise rendered the man incapable of defence. "It were very just to lay you beside him," he said, "but the blood of a base pick-thank shall never mix on my father's dirk with that of a brave man."

As he spoke, he cast the man from him with so much force that he fell on the floor, while Robin, with his other hand, threw the fatal weapon into the blazing turf-fire. "There," he said, "take me who likes—and let fire cleanse blood if it can."

The pause of astonishment still continuing, Robin Oig asked for a peace-officer, and a constable having stepped out, he surrendered himself to his custody. "A bloody night's work you have made of it," said the constable. "Your own fault," said the Highlander. "Had you kept his hands off me twa hours since, he would have been now as well and merry as he was twa minutes since." "It must be sorely answered," said the peace-officer. "Never you mind that—death pays all debts; it will pay that too."

The horror of the bystanders began now to give way to indignation; and the sight of a favourite companion murdered in the midst of them, the provocation being, in their opinion, so utterly inadequate to the excess of vengeance, might have induced them to kill the perpetrator of the deed even upon the very spot. The constable, however, did his duty on this occasion, and with the assistance of some of the more reasonable persons present, procured horses to guard the prisoner to Carlisle, to abide his doom at the next assizes. While the escort was preparing, the prisoner neither expressed the least interest, nor attempted the slightest reply.

My story is nearly ended. The unfortunate Highlander stood his trial at Carlisle, and was sentenced to death. He met his fate with great firmness, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence. But he repelled indignantly the observations of those who accused him of attacking an unarmed man. "I give a life for the life I took," he said, "and what can I do more?"

Chronicles of the Canongate.

MASTER AND MAN.*

BILLY MAC DANIEL was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a patron, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelagh; fearing for nothing but the want of drink: caring for nothing but who should pay for it; and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it; drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or ending a dispute. More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into

* From Croker's "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland."

bad company; for surely the *good people* (the Fairies) are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened, that Billy was going home one very clear frosty night, not long after Christmas; the moon was round and bright: but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. "By my word," chattered Billy, "a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man's soul from freezing in him; and I wish I had a full measure of the best."

"Never wish it twice, Billy," said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people;* "here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly; no matter who pays for the drink;" and he took the glass and drained it to the very bottom, without ever taking a second to it.

"Success," said the little man; "and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others —out with your purse and pay me like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy, "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy Mac Daniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid; so make ready to follow me."

When Billy heard this, he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake without any rest.

When morning began to dawn, the little man turned round to him and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field to night; or if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long run. —If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy Mac Daniel; and though he was tired and wearied enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man: and he was afraid not to do his bidding, so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for yourself, as you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly. "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the bit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog, and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

"Get up Billy," said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him, and striding across it.

"Where shall I get up, please your honour?" said Billy.

"Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure," said the little man.

"Is it after making a fool of me you'd be," said Billy, "bidding me get a-horseback upon that bit of a rush? May be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but awhile ago out of the bog there, is a horse?"

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry, "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times (which in English means, to become great), and Billy did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed; but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs, without much minding how he did

it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house: "Now Billy," said the little man, "do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or on your heels."

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning; but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the key-hole of the door, and through one key-hole after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely," said Billy to him; "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through key-hole after key-hole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snow balls, as soon as the words, "Borram, Borram, Borram," had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there—sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavour of every wine in it as well—ay, better—than the butler himself.

One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to-night, for may be we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant. "If I have," thought Billy, "he shall go and fetch the horses from the bog every night; for I don't see why I am not, every inch of me, as good a gentleman as my master."

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county of Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunniel, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round all of a sudden, said, "Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow."

"God bless us! sir," said Billy, "will you."

"Don't say these words again," said the little man, "or you will be my ruin for ever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

"I think so too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, "if ever you mean to marry."

"And to that purpose," said the little man, "have I come all the way to Carrigogunniel; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

"And what will Darby Riley say to that?" said Billy.

"Silence!" said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look, "I did not bring you here with me to ask questions;" and without holding further argument, he began saying the queer words, which had the power of passing him through the key-hole as free as air, and which Billy thought himself mighty clever to be able to say after him.

In they both went; and for the better viewing the company, the little man

perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same upon another facing him; but not being much accustomed to roosting in such a place, his legs hung down as untidy as may be, and it was quite clear he had not taken pattern after the way in which the little man had bundled himself up together. If the little man had been a tailor all his life, he could not have sat more contentedly upon his haunches.

There they were, both master and man, looking down upon the fun that was going forward—and under them were the priest and piper—and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers all looking as clean and as clever as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough besides to make a full house of it—and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs Rooney had helped his reverence to the first cut of the pig's head which was placed before her, beautifully bolstered up with white savoys, that the bride gave a sneeze which made every one at table start, but not a soul said, "God bless us." All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought, if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which unfortunately was pre-occupied with pig's head and greens.—And after a moment's pause, the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

Of this circumstance, both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. "Ha!" exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish, and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches—"Ha!" said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, "I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley."

Again the fair Bridget sneezed; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few except the little man took, or seemed to take any notice; and no one thought of saying "God bless us."

Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

At this critical moment the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, "God bless us!"—Whether this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered, than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprung from the beam on which he perched himself, and shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bagpipe, "I discharge you my service, Billy Mac Daniel—take that for your wages," gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling upon his face and hands right in the middle of the supper table.

If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony: but when they heard his story, Father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy Mac Daniel danced the Rinka at their wedding, and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.

MAY MORNING AT RAVENNA.*

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay.
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;

* From "The Story of Rimini, by Leigh Hunt. Lond. 1816."

For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE WINE CELLAR.

Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est. VIRG.

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some inquirers, who if two or three yards were opened beneath the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi and regions towards the centre.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

MEN have always attached a peculiar interest to that region of the earth which extends for a few yards beneath its surface. Below this depth the imagination, delighting to busy itself among the secrets of Time and Mortality, hath rarely cared to penetrate. A few feet of ground may suffice for the repose of the first dwellers of the earth until its frame shall grow old and perish. The little coin, silent picture of forgotten battles, lies among the roots of shrubs and vegetables for centuries, till it is turned into light by some careful husbandman, who ploughs an inch deeper than his fathers. The dead bones which, loosened from their urns, gave occasion to Sir Thomas Browne's noblest essay, "had outlasted the living ones of Methusalem, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above them, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests." Superstition chooses the subterranean space which borders on the abodes of the living, and ranges her vaults and mysterious caverns near to the scenes of revelry, passion, and joy; and within this narrow rind rest the mighty products of glorious vintages, the stores of that divine juice which, partaking of the rarest qualities of physical and intellectual nature, blends them in happier union within us. Here, in this hallowed ground, the germs of inspiration and the memorials of decay lie side by side, and Bacchus holds divided empire with the King of Terrors.

As I sat indulging this serious vein of reflection some years ago, when my relish of philosophy and port was young, a friend called to remind me that we had agreed to dine together with rather more luxury than usual. I had made the appointment with boyish eagerness, and now started gladly from my solitary reveries to keep it. The friend with whom I had planned our holiday, was one of those few persons whom you may challenge to a convivial evening with a mathematical certainty of enjoying it;—which is the rarest quality of friendship. Many who are equal to great exigences, and would go through fire and water to serve you, want the delicate art to allay the petty irritations, and heighten the ordinary enjoyments of life, and are quite unable to make themselves agreeable at a *tete-a-tete* dinner. Not so my companion; who zealous, prompt, and consoling in all seasons of trial, had good sense for every little difficulty, and a happy humour for every social moment; at all times a better and wiser self. Blessed with good but never boisterous spirits; endowed with the rare faculty not only of divining one's wishes but instantly making them his own; skilful in sweetening good counsel with honest flattery; able to bear with enthusiasm in which he might not participate, and to avoid smiling at the follies he could not help discerning; ever ready to

indulge the secret wish of his guest "for another bottle," with heart enough to drink it with him, and head enough to take care of him when it was gone, he was (and yet is) the pleasantest of advisers, the most genial of listeners, and the quietest of lively companions. On this memorable day he had, with his accustomed forethought, given particular orders for our entertainment, and I hastened to enjoy it with him, little thinking how deep and solemn was the pleasure which awaited us.

We arrived at the —— Coffee House about six on a bright afternoon in the middle of September, and found every thing ready and excellent; the turtle magnificent and finely relieved by lime punch effectually iced; grilled salmon crisply prepared for its appropriate lemon and mustard; a leg of Welsh mutton just tasted as a "sweet remembrancer" of its heathy and hungry hills; woodcocks with thighs of exquisite delicacy and essence "deeply interfused" in thick soft toast; and mushrooms, which Nero justly called "the flesh of the gods," simply broiled and faintly sprinkled with Cayenne.* Our conversation was, of course, confined to mutual invitations and expressive criticisms on the dishes; the only table-talk which men of sense can tolerate. But the most substantial gratifications, in this world at least, must have an end: and the last mushroom was at length eaten. Unfortunately for the repose of the evening, we were haunted by the recollection of some highly flavoured port, and, in spite of strong evidence of identity from conspiring waiters, sought for the like in vain. Bottle after bottle was produced and dismissed as "not the thing," till our generous host, somewhat between liberal hospitality and just impatience, smilingly begged us to accompany him into the cellar, inspect the whole of "his little stock," and choose for ourselves! We took him at his word; another friend of riper years and graver authority joined us; and we prepared to follow our guide who stood ready to conduct us to the banks of Lethe. All the preparations, like those which preceded similar descents of the heroes of old, bespoke the awfulness and peril of the journey. Our host preceded us with his massive keys to perform an office collateral to that of St Peter; behind, a dingy imp of the nether regions stood with glasses in his hands and a prophetic grin on his face; and each of us was armed with a flaming torch to penetrate the gloom which now stretched through the narrow entrance before us.

We descended the broken and winding staircase with cautious steps, and, to confess the truth, not without some apprehension for our upward journey, yet hoping to be numbered among that select class of Pluto's visitors, "quos ardens evexit ad æthera virtus." On a sudden, turning a segment of a mighty cask, we stood in the centre of the vast receptacle of spirituous riches. The roof of solid and stoutly compacted brickwork, low, but boldly arched, looked substantial enough to defy all attacks of the natural enemy, water, and resist a second deluge. From each side ran long galleries, partially shown by the red glare of the torches, extending one way far beneath the busy trampling of the greatest shopkeepers and stock-jobbers in the world; and, on the other, below the clamour of the Old Bailey Court and the cells of its victims. What a range! Here rest, cooling in the deep-delved cells, the concentrated essences of sunny years! In this archway huge casks of mighty wine are scattered in bounteous confusion, like the heaped jewels and gold on the "rich strond" of Spenser, the least of which would lay Sir Walter's Fleming low! Throughout that long succession of vaults, thousands of bottles, "in avenues disposed," lie silently waiting their time to kindle

* This trait sufficiently accounts for the flowers which were seen scattered on the sepulchre of Nero, when the popular indignation raged highest against his memory—the grateful Roman had eaten his mushroom under imperial auspices. Had Lord Byron been acquainted with the flavour of choice mushrooms, he would have turned to give it honour due after the following stanza, one of the noblest in that work, which, with all its faults of waywardness and haste, is a miracle of language, pathos, playfulness, sublimity, and sense.

"When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
The nations free and the world overjoy'd,
Some hand unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb—
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done when power
Had left the wretch one uncorrupted hour!

the imagination, to sharpen the wit, to open the soul, and to unchain the trembling tongue. There may you feel the true grandeur of quiescent power, and walk amidst the palpable elements of madness or of wisdom. What stores of sentiment in that butt of raciest Sherry! What a fund of pensive thought! What suggestions for delicious remembrance! What "aids to reflection!" (genuine as those of Coleridge) in that Hock of a century old. What sparkling fancies, whirling and foaming, from a stout body of thought in that full and ripe Champaigne! What mild and serene philosophy in that Burgundy, ready to shed "its sunset glow" on society and nature! This pale Brandy, softened by age, is the true "spirit" which "disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." That Hermitage, stealing gently into the chambers of the brain, shall make us "babble of green fields;" and that delicate Claret, innocently bubbling and dancing in the slender glass, shall bring its own vine-coloured hills more vividly before us even than Mr Stanfield's pencil! There from a time-changed bottle, tenderly drawn from a crypt, protected by huge primeval cobwebs, you may taste antiquity, and feel the olden time on your palate! As we sip this marvellous Port,* to the very colour of which age has been gentle, methinks we have broken into one of those rich vaults in which Sir Thomas Browne, the chief Butler of the tomb, finds treasures rarer than jewels. "Some," saith he, "discover sepulchral vessels containing liquors which time hath incrassated into jellies. For besides lacrymatories, notable lamps, with oils and aromatic liquors, attended noble ossuaries; and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity;—liquors, not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and Opimian wine but in the must unto them."

We passed on from flavour to flavour with our proud and liberal guide, whose comments added zest even to the text which he had to dilate on. A scent, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring of the summer breeze, may startle us with the sudden revival of long forgotten feelings and thoughts, but none of these little whisperers to the heart is so potently endowed with this simple spell as the various flavours of Port to one who has tried, and, in various moods of his own mind, relished them all. This full, rough, yet fruity wine, brings back that first season of London life when topics seemed exhaustless as words, and coloured with rainbow hues; when Irish students, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, were not too loud or familiar to be borne; when the florid fluency of others was only tiresome as it interrupted one's own; when the vast Temple Hall was not too large or too cold for sociality; and ambition, dilating in the venerable space, shaped dreams of enterprise, labour, and glory, till it required more wine to assuage its fervours. This taste of a liquor, firm yet in body, though tawny with years, bears with it to the heart that hour when, having returned to my birth-place, after a long and eventful absence, and having been cordially welcomed by my hearty friends, I slipped away from the table, and hurried, in the light of a brilliant sunset, to the gently declining fields and richly wooded hedge-rows which were the favourite haunt of my serious boyhood. The swelling hills seemed touched with ethereal softness; the level plain was invested "with purpureal gleams;" every wild rose and stirring branch was eloquent with vivid recollections; a thousand hours of happy thoughtfulness came back upon the heart; and the glorious clouds which fringed the western horizon looked prophetic of golden years "predestined to descend and bless mankind." This soft, highly-flavoured Port, in every drop of which you seem to taste an aromatic flower, revives that delicious evening, when, after days of search for the tale of Rosamond Grey, of which I had indistinctly heard, I returned from an obscure circulating library with my prize, and brought out a long-cherished bottle, given

* Old Port wine is more ancient to the imagination than any other, though in fact it may have been known fewer years; as a broken Gothic arch has more of the spirit of antiquity about it than a Grecian temple. Port reminds us of the obscure middle ages; but Hock, like the classical mythology, is always young.

me two years before as a curiosity, by way of accompaniment to that quintessence of imaginative romance. How did I enjoy, with a strange delight, its scriptural pathos, like a newly discovered chapter of the Book of Ruth; hang enamoured over its young beauty, lovelier for the antique frame of language in which it was set; and long to be acquainted with the author, though I scarcely dared aspire so high, and little anticipated those hundreds of happy evenings since passed in his society, which now crowd on me in rich confusion!—Thus is it that these subtlest of remembrancers not only revive some joyful season, but this also "contains a glass which shows us many more," unlocking the choicest stores of memory, that cellar of the brain, in which lie the treasures which make life precious.

But see! our party have seated themselves beneath that central arch to enjoy a calmer pleasure after the fatigues of their travel. They look romantic as banditti in a cave, and good-humoured as a committee of aldermen. A cask which has done good service in its day—the shell of the evaporated spirit—serves for a table round which they sit on rude but ample benches. The torches planted in the ground cast a broad light over the scene, making the ruddy wine glisten, and seeming by their irregular flickering, as if they too felt the influence of the spot. My friend, usually so gentle in his convivialities, has actually broken forth into a song, such as these vaults never heard; our respected senior sits trying to preserve his solemn look, but unconsciously smiling; and Mr B——l, the founder of the banquet, is sedulously doing the honours with only intenser civility, and calling out for fresh store of ham sandwiches and broiled mushrooms, to enable us to do justice to the liquid delicacies before us. The usual order of wines is disregarded; no affected climax, no squeamish assortments of tastes for us here; we despise all rules, and yield a sentimental indulgence to the aberrations of the bottle. "Riches fineless" are piled around us; we are below the laws and their ministers; and just, lo! in the furthest glimmer of the torches lies outstretched our black Mercury, made happy by our leavings, and seeming to rejoice that in the cellar, as in the grave, all men are equal.

How the soul expands from this narrow cell and bids defiance to the massive walls! What Elysian scenes begin to dawn amidst the darkness! Now do I understand the glorious tale of Aladdin and the subterranean gardens. It is plain that the visionary boy had discovered just such a cellar as this, and there eagerly learned to gather amaranthine fruits, and range in celestial groves, till the Genius of the Ring, who has sobered many a youth, took him in charge, and restored him to common air. Here is the true temple, the inner shrine of Bacchus. Feebly have they understood the attributes of the benignant god, who have represented him as delighting in a garish bower with clustering grapes; here he rejoices to sit, in his true citadel, amidst his mightier treasures. Methinks we could now, in prophetic mood, trace the gay histories of these his embodied inspirations, among those who shall feel them hereafter; live at once along a thousand lines of sympathy and thought which they shall kindle; reverse the melancholy musing of Hamlet, and trace that which the bunghole-stopper confines to "the noble dust of an Alexander," which it shall quicken; and, peeping into the studies of our brother contributors, see how that vintage which flushed the hills of France with purple, shall mantle afresh in the choice articles of the New Monthly Magazine.

But it is time to stop, or my readers will suspect me of a more recent visit to the cellar. They will be mistaken. One such descent is enough for a life; and I stand too much in awe of the Powers of the Grave to venture again so near to their precincts.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried muse shall no high tone assume
Nor strut in arms;—farewell my cap and plume:
Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;

On that poor cottage roof where I was born
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd,
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before!—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land:—that instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
'Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?' [bee,
Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble
And bomb'd and bounced, and struggled to be free.
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But *here* was peace, that peace which home can
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field, [yield;
And tickling clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
My heart felt every thing but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.—
In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
And, stooping to the child, the old man said,
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

A HIGHLAND COTTAGE.

LET us be off to the mountains, and endeavour to interest our beloved reader in a Highland Cottage—in any one, taken at hap-hazard, from a hundred. You have been roaming all day among the mountains, and perhaps seen no house except at a dwindling distance. Probably you have wished not to see any house, but a ruined shieling—a deserted hut—or an unroofed and dilapidated shed for the out-lying cattle of some remote farm. But now the sun has inflamed all the western heaven, and darkness will soon descend. There is a muteness in the desert more stern and solemn than during unfaded daylight. List—the faint, far-off, subterranean sound of the bagpipe! Some old soldier, probably, playing a gathering or a coronach. The narrow dell widens and widens into a great glen, in which you just discern the blue gleam of a loch. The martial music is more distinctly heard—loud, fitful, fierce, like the trampling of men in battle. Where is the piper? In a cave, or within the Fairles' knoll? At the door of a hut. His eyes are extinguished by ophthalmia, and there he sits, fronting the sunlight, stone-blind. Long silver hair flows down his broad shoulders, and you perceive that when he rises, he will rear up a stately bulk. The music stops, and you hear the bleating of goats. There they come, dancing down the rocks, and stare upon the stranger. The old soldier turns himself towards the voice of the Sassenach, and with the bold courtesy of the camp, bids him enter the hut. One minute's view has sufficed to imprint the vision for ever on the memory—a hut whose turf-walls and roof are incorporated with the living mountain, and seem not the work of man's hand, but the casual architecture of some convulsion—the tumbling down of fragments from the mountain side by raging torrents, or a partial earthquake; for all the scenery about is

torn to pieces—like the scattering of some wide ruin. The imagination dreams of the earliest days of our race, when men harboured, like the other creatures, in places provided by nature. But even here, there are visible traces of cultivation working in the spirit of a mountainous region—a few glades of the purest verdure opened out among the tall brackens, with a birch tree or two dropped just where the eye of taste could have wished, had the painter planted the sapling, instead of the winds of heaven having wafted thither the seed—a small croft of barley, surrounded by a cairn-like wall, made up of stones cleared from the soil, and a patch of potatoe ground neat almost as the garden that shows in a nook its fruit-brushes, and a few flowers. All the blasts that ever blew must be unavailing against the briery rock that shelters the hut from the airt of storms; and the smoke may rise under its lee, unwavering on the windiest day. There is sweetness in all the air, and the glen is noiseless, except with the uncertain murmur of the now unswollen waterfalls. That is the croak of the raven sitting on his cliff half way up Benevis; and hark, the last belling of the red-deer, as the herd lies down in the mist among the last ridge of heather, blending with the shrubless stones, rocks, and cliffs that girdle the upper regions of the vast mountain.

Within the dimness of the hut you hear greetings in the Gaelic tongue, in a female voice, and when the eye has by and by become able to endure the smoke, it discerns the household—the veteran's ancient dame—a young man that may be his son, or rather his grandson, but whom you soon know to be neither, with black, matted locks, the keen eye, and the light limbs of the hunter—a young married woman his wife, suckling a child, and yet with a girlish look, as if, but one year before, her silken snood had been untied—and a lassie of ten years, who had brought home the goats, and now sits timidly in a nook eyeing the stranger. The low growl of the huge, brindled stag-hound had been hushed by a word, on your first entrance, and the noble animal watches his master's eye, which he obeys in his freedom throughout all the wild bounds of the forest-chase. A napkin is taken out of an old worm-eaten chest, and spread over a strangely carved table, that seems to have belonged once to a place of pride; and the hungry and thirsty stranger scarcely knows which most to admire, the broad bannocks of barley-meal, and the huge roll of butter, or the giant bottle, whose mouth exhales the strong savour of conquering Glenlivet. The board is spread, why not fall to and eat? First be thanks given to the great God of the wilderness. The blind man holds up his hand and prays in a low chanting voice, and then breaks bread for the lips of the stranger. On such an occasion is felt the sanctity of the meal shared by human beings brought accidentally together—the salt is sacred, and the—hearth an altar.

No great travellers are we, yet have we seen something of this habitable globe. The Highlands of Scotland is but a small region, nor is its interior by any means so remote as the interior of Africa. The life of that very blind veteran might, in better hands than ours, make an interesting history. In his youth he had been a shepherd—a herdsman—a hunter—something even of a poet. For thirty years he had been a soldier—in many climates, and many conflicts. Since first he bloodied his bayonet, how many thousands on thousands of his commilitones had been buried in heaps! Flung into trenches dug on the field of battle! How many famous captains had shone in the blaze of their fame—faded into the light of common day—died in obscurity, and been utterly forgotten! What fierce passions must have agitated the frame of that now calm old man! On what dreadful scenes of plunder, rape, and murder, when forts and towns were taken by storm, must those eyes, now withered into nothing, have glared with all the fury of a victorious soldier, raging in the lust of blood! Now peace is with him for evermore. Nothing to speak of the din of battle, but his own pipes wailing or raging among the hollow of the mountains. In relation to his campaigning career, his present life is as the life of another state. The pageantry of war has all rolled off and away for ever; all its actions but phantoms now of a dimly-remembered dream. He thinks of his former self, as sergeant in the Black-watch, and almost thinks he beholds another man. In his long—long blindness, he has

created another world to himself out of new voices—the voices of new generations, and of torrents thundering all year-long round about his hut. Almost all the savage has been tamed within him, and an awful religion falls deeper and deeper upon him, as he knows how he is nearing the grave. Often his whole mind is dim, for he is exceedingly old, and then he sees only fragments of his youthful life—the last forty years are as if they had never been—and he hears shouts and huzzas, that half a century ago rent the air with victory. He can still chant, in a hoarse broken voice, battle-hymns and dirges; and thus strangely forgetful, and strangely tenacious of the past, linked to this life by ties that only the mountaineer can know, and yet feeling himself on the brink of the next, Old Blind Donald Roy, the Giant of the Hut of the Three Torrents, will not scruple to quaff the "strong waters," till his mind is awakened—brightened—dimmed—darkened—and seemingly extinguished in drunkenness like death, till the sunrise again smites him, as he lies in a heap among the heather; and then he lifts up, unashamed and remorseless, that head, which, with its long silvery hairs, a painter might choose for the image of a saint about to become a martyr.

JOHN WILSON.

THE STORM.

THERE was a tempest brooding in the air
Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair,
And the sun seem'd to go in glory down:
One small black cloud (one only) like a crown,
Touch'd his descending disk and rested there:
Slow then it came along, to the great wind
Rebellious, and (although it blew and blew,)
Came on increasing, and across the blue
Spread its dark shape, and left the sun behind.
—The daylight sank, and the winds wail'd about
The bark wherein the luckless couple lay,
And from the distant cloud came scattering out
Rivers of fire: it seem'd as though the day
Had burst from out the billows far away.
No pilot had they their small boat to steer
Aside from rocks, no sea-worn mariner
Who knew each creek, and bay, and shelt'ring steep,
And all the many dangers of the deep.
They fled for life, (for happiness is life)
And met the tempest in his hour of strife,
Abroad upon the waters: they were driven
Against him by the angry winds of heaven:
And all around, the clouds, the air, the sea,
Rose from unnatural dead tranquillity,
And came to battle with their legions: Hail
Shot shattering down, and thunders roar'd aloud,
And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,
And darted through the heavens: Below, the gale
Sang like a dirge, and the white billows lash'd
The boat, and then like ravenous lions dash'd
Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
Of ghastly perils as they backward roll'd.

The lovers, driven along from hour to hour,
Were helpless, hopeless, in the ocean's power.
—The storm continued, and no voice was heard,
Save that of some poor solitary bird,
Which sought a shelter on the quivering mast,
But soon borne off by the tremendous blast,
Sank in the waters screaming. The great sea
Bared like a grave its bosom silently;
Then sank and panted like an angry thing
With its own strength at war: The vessel flew
Towards the land, and then the billows grew
Larger and white, and roar'd as triumphing,
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray
That shone like loose snow as it pass'd away.

O thou, vast Ocean! Ever-sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone;
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavy-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and ships that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and met in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
—Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thy anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven!

Thou trackless and immeasurable Main!
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
Hath ever fathom'd thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
Can move the mighty ocean into storm—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element,
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sun-light at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—
"Eternity, Eternity, and Power."

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE UMBRELLA.

On some joyful occasion or other, fire-works were once exhibited in the Place des Gendarmes at Berlin. The morning had been fine; so it was at noon; but towards evening the sky was overcast and threatened rain. The good people of Berlin, however, hoped—for they are great hopers—that the clouds would respect their pleasures, and not discharge their humid burdens till the last rocket had given them permission for so doing. Many thousands had collected with the pleasing idea—and at the same time their last for the day—that they had nothing more to do but to gaze. Very few had thought of taking any precautions against the anger of the weather; indeed, they are sometimes omitted in cases of much greater importance. Among those few was Assessor Pustrich, who never went abroad without an umbrella, let it be what weather it would. He employed this useful invention in all sorts of ways, against rain, sun, and wind.—In boisterous weather he held the expanded umbrella horizontally before him, or behind, if the wind was on his back. In carrying it upright, he inclined it sometimes to the right, at others to the left, according as he was threatened on one side or the other by rain or sunshine. In short, he was the most expert umbrella bearer in all Berlin, but only in regard to his own precious person, not to the other pedestrians in the capital: for as he took up a considerable space in turning and winding this defensive weapon, he not unfrequently came in collision with people who were not at all disposed to be put out of their way. Now that the Place des Gendarmes was so full of heads that it would have been almost possible to perform the miracle of bringing several of them under one hat, he held his umbrella between his legs, and nobody even suspected its presence.

The fireworks commenced, but were scarcely half over when suddenly a pelting shower descended upon the gaping multitude, extinguished the matches, transformed the rockets into pap, the straw hats into dishclouts, and the light woollen shawls into heavy mantles, from the corners of which the rain trickled in streams. All that could crowded close to the houses, that they might at least obtain shelter under the projecting roofs. Here, however, not more than two rows of persons could find place; the third row came just under the droppings of the eaves. The complaints of those who were thus exposed to this involuntary shower-bath, formed a singular contrast with the laughter of the lucky wights who stood sheltered behind them. Among the latter was Assessor Pustrich, but he was much too kind-hearted to laugh at the sufferings of others. By the light of a lamp two paces from him, he perceived a handsome young female, simply attired, in the row most exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, and who seemed in great perplexity. She had taken off her neat straw hat, to save it if possible, but she had no where to shelter it except under her apron, by which means it was squeezed as flat as a pancake. Her fine light hair became dishevelled, and sent forth streams that trickled down her snowy bosom. The assessor, melted into pity, could no longer bear to see her in such a dilemma. By means of a vigourous use of his elbows, he obtained sufficient room to put up his umbrella; then stretching his arm as far as possible, he held the protecting canopy over the head of the pretty damsel, not unlike a black in Batavia attending his mistress with a parasol.

As soon as the fair one remarked that her rebaptism was suspended, she looked

about to discover the cause, and soon perceived the umbrella expanded over her, the hand which held it, and at last the officious person to whom that hand belonged. She gave him a kind and graceful look, which infused new strength into his arm, and enabled him to continue the painful exertion. But there were persons to whom this exertion was still more unpleasant than to himself; for while he sheltered the fair maiden from the torrent which descended from the eaves, he naturally let it drip on those who stood before her, and who being of opinion that they had already received a sufficient portion of this unwelcome gift immediately from the sky, began at first to grumble, then to abuse the holder of the umbrella, and at last to threaten him in very uncourteous terms. The Assessor, however, let all these effusions of their anger go in at one ear and out at the other, like waves that break over the deck of a vessel and immediately run off again. When one arm was tired, he relieved it with the other: excepting this single movement, he stood like a statue. The pretty maid, on the other hand, began to feel extremely awkward, and was soon less afraid of the dropping of the eaves, than of the violence of the well soaked but unpolished fellows who had planted themselves before her. She therefore requested her esquire to furl the sail, and leave her to her wet fate; but no sooner did her sweet voice greet the ears of the Assessor, than the muscles of his arm were reinvigorated; a friendly shake of the head was his reply, and the umbrella remained raised over her head as before. The contending parties would probably have proceeded to manual explanations, had not the heavens themselves most seasonably interposed and shut up their windows; on which the spectators again crowded forward, and as the fire-works had been rendered unfit for service by the rain, gradually dispersed.

The Assessor, however, was in no hurry to be gone, but very politely requested permission to convoy home his pretty *protegee*. For this purpose he offered her his left arm, excusing this rudeness by the confession, that the right was a little lame. He had, nevertheless, held the umbrella with this lame arm as firmly as with the sound one; an observation which his fair companion secretly made to his advantage, and, with the inward gratification of flattered vanity, tripped along by his left side. She soon perceived that he was infirm, not only in his right arm, but also in his left leg, because he beat with a kind of time upon the pavement, which is commonly called limping.—"The place where I live," said she, "is a great way off, and I fear you will be sadly tired." "O permit me!" rejoined he; "I feel as lightsome as a bird."

To her, however, he seemed no such thing; and but for her hobbling conductor, she would certainly have been at home a full quarter of an hour earlier. She could not, however, determine to disengage herself from him, partly because it would not be prudent to return home alone; for the servant girl, who had accompanied her, had been parted from her during the shower by the crowd. To shorten the way, they entered into conversation, the thread of which was soon broken again. They told each other who they were—he, the Assessor Pustrich, a name she had never heard—she, the daughter of a woollen-draper, who was equally a stranger to him, but with whom he secretly resolved to deal in future for all articles he should want in his line.

At length they arrived at the door of the residence of his fair companion. He knocked. The quick steps of several persons coming down stairs were heard. A whole group of mother and children had run to meet her. "Ah, Henrietta; are you here at last?" was the general cry. "We began to be frightened about you." Then followed a series of questions and explanations. Henrietta presented the Assessor as the gentleman who had so kindly sheltered her from the rain, and now observed, by her mother's candle, that he had but one eye. In other respects he was well made, and a certain good nature was distinctly legible in his countenance. He was invited to walk up and rest himself a little. This invitation he accepted with pleasure. Up stairs he found the old, honest father in his morning gown, smoking a pipe: he shook the Assessor heartily by the lame hand, and thanked him for the kindness he had shown to his daughter.

The acquaintance was soon formed. A pipe was filled, and a glass of punch mixed for the Assessor. He sat down by

the old father, and while his lips conversed with the latter, his eye addressed itself to Henrietta, and his ears were divided between both. He observed with pleasure, how the younger children crowded round Henrietta, one complaining that she had not cut it any bread and butter all day, another that she had not undressed it, and how she affectionately excused herself to them all, promising not to go abroad again for a long time. Such a domestic creature he had long sought in vain in the Prussian capital, which, like most other capitals, has no superabundance of domestic qualities within its walls. It was twelve o'clock before he left the honest woollen-draper, and hobbled home upon flowers, with which hope bestrewed his way. Both father and mother had given him a friendly invitation to call now and then. This now and then he himself changed into often; for though he called there every day, it seemed to him as if he only saw them now and then. Henrietta always received him with kindness: but he could not help observing, that the expression of her beautiful eyes could not be interpreted into any thing more. Her parents, however, beheld him with more significant looks; for they had made inquiries respecting him, and found that he was not only a man of excellent character, but in good circumstances. They, therefore, deciphered with no small satisfaction the language of his only eye, and had no scruple to leave him frequently alone with Henrietta.

It was a considerable time before the assessor had the courage to avail himself of the opportunities afforded him by his interviews with Henrietta. He was always deterred by the consideration of his infirmities. "How," thought he, "can I, who have the use of only one eye, one arm, and one leg, hope to make an impression upon a young female with two such sparkling eyes, two such delicate white arms, and two such handsome feet!" One day, however, when he entered, during a heavy shower, with his faithful umbrella under his arm, and found Henrietta sitting at the window, he could no longer repress the wishes of his heart. "I must e'en venture," thought he, "for this state of uncertainty I can endure no longer. Has not our president too charged me with being more and more negligent of the duties of my office?" Being now seated with her at the window, leaning his lame arm on his dripping umbrella, he mustered courage, and thus began:—"Will you permit me, my dear Miss, to relate my history to you?" "I shall hear it with pleasure." "It is rather singular, for umbrellas are involved in all the principal transactions of my life."

Henrietta smiled. The assessor thus proceeded:—

"When I was a little boy, my father once came home on a very wet day, just like this, and left his umbrella expanded in the next room to that in which he usually sat, that it might dry. It grew dark, and I, in running through the room, fell over the umbrella, the ferruled point of which ran into one of my eyes, and deprived me of the sight of it. I was scarcely twenty, when I was one day looking at a rope-dancer in the park. The sun shone very hot, but I had my umbrella with me as usual, and put it up. Among the crowd of spectators, there was not far from me an officer with a young lady, who had no other shelter from the intense solar rays than a little paltry fan. The officer very politely requested me to lend my umbrella for the lady: I had the incivility to refuse him; he naturally became uncivil too; and at length so rude that I was obliged to challenge him. He gave me a thrust in the arm, which has left a lameness in it ever since. Neither have the umbrellas of others brought me better luck than my own. I was once riding on a trained horse, that is, a horse which had learned more than myself. He capered and pranced when I did not want him, probably because I tightened the curb, or pressed with my knee, when I should not have done so. One day he began his capers just at the moment when he was passing the stall of an apple-woman, who had a very large oilskin umbrella spread over the baskets of fruit and herself. I know not to this moment whether it was owing to any mistake of mine in the management of the beast, or whether he took fright at the great umbrella. He reared, and pranced, and kicked, till, in spite of my exertions, he ran foul of the umbrella, knocked down the woman, upset her baskets upon her, and threw me on the top of them all, and that with such violence as to break my leg, which was not healed without great

difficulty. Such is the cause of my present lameness."

Henrietta could scarcely forbear laughing, but pity predominated, and she cheered the narrator by the feeling expression of her sympathy. "Ah," said the assessor, "but that is not all by a great deal. Through my whole life I have been persecuted by umbrellas. The first place that I applied for, I lost, because I had the misfortune to knock off the hat of a fool of quality, against whom I ran in the street with my umbrella, and to disorder his hair. I was disappointed of the second, because a lady of extremely delicate nerves, who desired to speak to me, fainted away at the smell of my new oil-skin umbrella, and in consequence took a violent dislike to me. The third I lost, because I made an enemy of a secretary whom I used to meet at a club, and who one night at his departure took away my new umbrella with him, instead of his old one, and was highly affronted when I requested him to exchange it again. But I was most unlucky when I was soliciting the fourth place, which the president had positively promised me. I was invited to an evening party at his house, and unfortunately took it into my head to retire before the rest of the company. I looked about for my umbrella in the ante-room, and could not find it. The servants, thought I, have most likely carried it into some other apartment: I therefore opened the next door without knowing it was the bed-chamber of the president's lady. She was just at this moment in very familiar conversation with an officer, and angrily asked, 'What do you want?' I was frightened, and excused my intrusion as well as I could with the truth, namely, that I was seeking my umbrella: on which she very heartily wished me and my umbrella at the devil. In a few days the place was given to another.

"It was not long before I met with a new patron, who had it in his power to make ample amends for all my disappointments. He too gave me his word to provide for me on the first opportunity. Whilst I was waiting for this opportunity, I saw him one evening at dusk, slipping, without any attendant, into a house which did not bear the best reputation. He was wrapped up in a great coat, but nevertheless I knew him. As it just began to rain very fast, I thought to do a civility, which would be taken in good part, if I watched in the street till my patron came out again, and then offer him my umbrella. I had to wait a whole hour. At length he came, and God knows I meant no harm, when I said to him,—'Please your excellency, here is my umbrella!' He paused, seemed doubtful whether to reply or not; and indeed I had rather he had given me no answer at all; for he was pleased to say nothing more than 'Go to the devil with your umbrella!' Next morning I went to pay my respects, but his door was shut against me, and I have never since been able to obtain admittance. However, if he will but have patience, things will at last come round. Fortunately my parents left me a very pretty property, so that I could wait, and got a place too at last: but many a scurvy trick was I played by my umbrella.

"I had once partly engaged myself to a pretty young woman, and had also partly repented it, for she could make a great many words about trifles. Thought I to myself, if she behaves thus as a bride, what have I to expect from her as a wife. She particularly took me to task about my umbrella, because I, for sufficient reasons, never stir abroad without it. I did not mind her, and merely smiled; this she took highly amiss, observing, that I ought not to smile when she was vexed. Once, however, at the play, matters were carried rather too far. I had taken a box for six persons. She, her aunt, and sisters filled it, so that there was but very small space for me, and scarcely any for my umbrella. I put it first in one corner. 'Pray take this nasty umbrella away,' was soon the cry. I moved it to another, and the same injunction was repeated. I laid it under the bench, and then it was in the way of their feet; so that I had no alternative left but to hold it in my hand, which I did very contentedly.—My fair companions, with my bride at their head, now thought fit to rally me on account of my umbrella. One remarked that I looked like one of the wild men in some coats of arms, with clubs in their hands; another, that I resembled a talapoin of the kingdom of Siam, who is represented with an umbrella; the third, that I should look admirably upon an elephant. My bride thought all these allusions extremely witty, and laughed ready to kill her-

self. Weary at last of being the object of ridicule, I left the box, and never returned.

"I should never have finished, my dear Miss, were I to attempt to relate to you all the mischances in which my umbrella has involved me." "Indeed, Sir, I pity you," said Henrietta; "but why not give up using an umbrella at all, as it seems to have been invented for the purpose of making you unhappy!" "Oh, by no means," rejoined the Assessor; "we must only have patience; the malignity of fortune will be exhausted some time or other, and I still live in the pleasing hope of owing all my future felicity to my umbrella. It is but a few months since, to my inexpressible satisfaction, a child fell from a window plump upon my umbrella. The violence of the shock, to be sure, knocked me down, and I cut my head in two or three places, but then the force of the fall was broken, and the child escaped without injury. If you had but seen how the parents loaded me with the most affecting caresses, you would have thought, as I did myself, that I was amply indemnified for all my previous sufferings." So saying, he looked so unspeakably happy, that Henrietta could not help eyeing him with a look of peculiar kindness.

"Ho, ho, thought I to myself," he continued, "the era of misfortune is over, and henceforth my umbrella will bring me nothing but comfort and happiness. This notion it is, my dearest Miss, that has given me the courage to speak to you to-day. There stands my umbrella before me—to it I am indebted for your acquaintance, and it depends on you alone to make it the author of my temporal felicity. I have only one eye, but as long as it is open it will rest with ardent love upon you. My right arm is lame, but yet it has strength enough to press you to an honest heart. I have but one sound leg, yet I would give that too with pleasure, if I might be permitted to hobble through life upon crutches by your side." Henrietta blushed. It was not love that attached her to him; but she felt, that with so good-hearted a creature she could not fail to be happy. She gave him her hand, and never had reason to repent her compliance.

THE GONDOLA GLIDES.

The gondola glides,
Like a spirit of night,
O'er the slumbering tides,
In the calm moonlight:—
The star of the north
Shows her golden eye,
But a brighter looks forth
From yon lattice on high!

Her taper is out,
And the silver beam
Floats the maiden about,
—Like a beautiful dream!—
And the beat of her heart
Makes her tremble all o'er;
And she lists with a start,
To the dash of the oar.

But the moments are past,
And her fears are at rest,
And her lover at last
Holds her clasped to his breast;
And the planet above,
And the quiet blue sea,
Are pledged to his love
And his constancy.

Her cheek is reclined
On the home of his breast;
And his fingers are twined
'Mid her ringlets—which rest,
In many a fold,
O'er his arm that is placed
Round the cincture of gold
Which encircles her waist!

He looks to the stars
Which are gemming the blue,
And devoutly he swears
He will ever be true;
Then bends him to hear
The low sound of her sigh,
And kiss the fond tear
From her beautiful eye.

And he watches its flashes,
Which brightly reveal
What the long fringing lashes
Would vainly conceal;
And reads—while he kneels
All his ardour to speak—
Her reply, as it steals
In a blush o'er her cheek!

Till won—by the prayers
Which so softly reprove—
On his bosom, in tears,
She half murmurs her love;
And the stifled confession
Enraptured he sips,
'Mid the breathings of passion,
In dew from her lips.

J. K. Herbst.

THOUGHTS ON SMALL-TALK.

The science of small-talking is as valuable as it is difficult to be acquired. I never had the least aptitude for it myself, yet Heaven knows the labour I have bestowed in order to master it. It is not that I have nothing to say; but when I am in company a sort of spell seems to hang over me, and I feel like some fat sleeper who has a vision of thieves, and dreams that he cannot call out for assistance. It is in vain that I observe others, and endeavour to imitate them; a shallow-headed chatterer will make himself agreeable in society, while I sit by in silence. I have taken very considerable pains in my time to observe the various kinds of small-talk, with a view of turning my knowledge to some account; but, though the scheme has totally failed in my own person, a few remarks upon the subject may not be useless to others.

I hold it to be an incontrovertible truth, that every subject is to be best treated of *distributive*, under proper divisions and subdivisions. In pursuance of this plan, I shall distribute all small-talk into two species, I. General small-talk; II. Special, or professional small-talk. The former class includes the small-talk which we hear in mixed society, where men and women, young and old, wise and foolish, are all mingled together. In the latter division I would include the small-talk of persons of the same profession or mode of life, as between two apothecaries, two dissenters, two lawyers, two beggars, two reviewers, two butchers, two statesmen, two thieves, &c. &c. &c.; in short, all conversations which are tinctured with the art, craft, mystery, occupation, or habits of the interlocutors.

And, first, of general small-talk. However simple the art of general small-talking may seem, and however plain and intelligible the topics may be upon which it is employed; yet, in fact, it is more difficult than the special kind. The materials out of which it is formed are few in number, and easily accessible. The following is a pretty complete assortment. The weather—the health of your friends—the funds—any accidents which have happened to any of your acquaintances, such as deaths or marriages—the King—Bonaparte—Lord Byron—the cheapness of meat—any watering-place—the corn-bill—the author of Waverley—and the theatre. These are the coin that will pass current in any society. Thus, in a morning call, if two strangers happen to be left together, how agreeably they may pass the time in enlarging upon the above topics. "A very hot day, Sir!" "Yes, indeed, Sir; my thermometer stood 80 in the shade. Pray, Sir, are you related to the Rev. Jeremiah Jollison? I hope he is well."—"I am his brother, Sir: he died two years ago."—"God bless me! but it's more than two years since I saw him. Pray, Sir, what do you think of Spanish bonds?" &c. &c. Such is the conversation you generally hear after dinner (before dinner there is none), in stage-coaches, at hotels, and at watering-places. It is most suitable for adults. The grand difficulty in this kind of small-talk is to discover any subject; for as I imagine it to be a metaphysical truth, that the mind cannot, *ex mero motu suo*, call up any subject it pleases, the dialogue must necessarily depend on the power of association in the brain of the individuals who maintain it. It requires great presence of mind to call up a sufficient number of topics to meet a sudden emergency. Thus, when you meet a friend in the street, who, in spite of your attempts to pass him with a nod, *will* stop and speak to you, how awkward is it to have nothing to say! This happens to me continually. When you have shaken hands, and the one has said, "A fine day," and the other, "Yes, very," you stand for a few moments gazing with a vacant sort of look upon one another, shake hands again, and part. The same accident sometimes happens in morning calls. After having exhausted all the commonplaces of civility, you feel yourself suddenly run on shore. It is in vain you attempt to think of some subject of discourse; the longer you search, the further you are from it; except the conviction that you can find nothing to talk about, your mind is a *tabula rasa*. Your guest at last rises, and puts you out of your agony.

There are some people, however, who have a genius for small-talk. Their stock seems boundless. It is no matter where,

or with whom, or upon what, they are talking; still it flows on and on "in one weak washy, everlasting flood." It is a great infliction to be the only person in company with these inveterate small-talkers. Their discourse makes one's head ache. It is like the perpetual dropping of water upon the crown of one's pericranium. To me, however, such people, if their conversation is not addressed to me, are a great relief. They save me the trouble of attempting to talk, and the mortification of a failure.

Every one must have occasionally experienced the up-hill, heart-breaking labour of talking to an impenetrable person. "Well, what sort of a day had you?" said I, to a lively friend of mine. "Oh! my dear Peter," said he, "I had the ill luck to be seated at dinner next to the *dreariest* young lady you ever did *not* talk with. She seemed to be afraid lest, if she opened her mouth, jewels and roses would fall from it, and she should lose them. 'I did do all that might become a man.' I tried her with Lord Byron—I tried her with Moore—I tried her with the theatre—I tried her with Walter Scott—I tried her with the Park—I tried her with Albert—with Noblet—with Mrs Hannah More—with the tread-wheel—the frost—quadrilles—lancers—Sir Charles Grandison, and Spanish boleros."—"Ah! but, my dear friend," said I, "did you try her with *dress?* Did you tell her of the Valenciennes lace which you brought over the other day in the collar of your coat? I see where your mistake lay. Instead of talking to her of books, you should have talked of book-muslin. You should have discoursed of milliners instead of authors, of flounces instead of poems."—You occasionally meet with the same sort of people in stage-coaches. "Beautiful country this we are travelling through, Sir?" "Yes, Sir."—"Fine cattle this stage, Sir." "Yes, Sir."—"Did you get any sleep in the night, Sir?" "No, Sir." "Did you see the papers before we set off, Sir?" "No, Sir."—and so the conversation terminates.

II. Of special small-talk: and, first, of such as is purely professional. Under this head I include the conversation of persons who are of the same profession or occupation, and who therefore speak a kind of language peculiar to their craft, and frequently unintelligible to the rest of the world. Physicians, lawyers, and merchants, may be taken as examples.

There is something particularly *piquant* in the small-talk of gentlemen of the medical profession. I well recollect the conversation of two young surgeons, who were sitting in the next box to me in a coffee-house near Great Marlborough-street. "Oh, by the by, Jenkins, I got the finest subject yesterday you ever saw."—"Ay! where did you get it?"—"From France, to be sure, and never saw a fellow so neatly packed; by Jove, he was as round as a ball."—"What was the damage?"—"Oh, the fellow who sent him me, said if I would send him back the hamper full of beef, he should be satisfied; so I sent him a trifle."—"Have you any part to spare? *(Waiter, another chop.)*"—"Why, you may have a limb reasonable."—"Well, then, next week; but just at present I have got a very pretty small subject."—"What did you give?"—"Two shillings an inch, but the cursed fellow had pulled the child's neck almost out of joint, to make it an inch longer. But did'nt I tell you of the fun we had at Br———'s? You know we had that fellow who was hanged on Wednesday for murdering his grandmother. Well, he was devilishly ill hanged, and so we thought we'd galvanize him. We got the battery ready (you know it's a pretty strong one), and, as soon as ever it was applied, the fellow—(but won't you have some more porter? *(Waiter, another pint of porter!)* the fellow lifted up his brawny arm and threw it twice across his breast. The pupils were all delighted, but our Irishman O'Reilly—you know O'Reilly, who nearly got into a scrape with cracking the crown of the sexton at St Pancras—O'Reilly, who was standing by with a stout board in his hand, no sooner saw this motion, than, not quite understanding the affair, and fearing that the fellow was actually coming to life again, he caught him a thwack on the side of the head, which made the cerebellum ring again. 'Is it he's going to walk?' cried Paddy—thwack—'and shall justice be *defated?*'—thwack—'and shall I be *chated* out of my shaving money?' *—thwack—'By Jasus, I've

* I have since discovered that the surgeon receives a crown for shaving and dressing a subject previous to dissection.

floored him!'"—"Capital!" cried Jenkins, "I wish I had been there. But have you heard of Astley Cooper's operation?"—"No, what was it?"—"Why, he whipped off a child's leg in thirty-eight seconds and a half; the child didn't know what he was about, and only asked what was tickling it so."—"Clever that, by Jove. Do you hear who is likely to get St Thomas's?"—"Why, some say Dr A. and some say Dr B. I know B.'s friends have subscribed for thirty new governors. Have you seen the new tourniquet?"—"No, but I'm told its clever; what do you think of the Moxa?"—"A deal of humbug."—"Have you a small skull?"—"Yes, I've two." "Will you lend me one?"—"Oh, certainly."—"By the by, where do you get your knives from?"—"From Millikin's."—"And your books?"—"I always go to Callow's."—"By the by, (whiff, whiff,) I think you haven't changed your dissecting coat, have you?"—"Hush, hush! the people about you will hear—they all think now that it's the woodcock, a little too *gamy* in the next box."—This was quite sufficient for me: I had been for some time aware of a strange odour, but I had laid it to the account of the woodcock. No sooner, however, did I discover the true origin of it, than, throwing down my money and seizing my hat, I hastily sought the open air.

I was once a good deal amused with hearing the chit-chat of two young gentlemen of the long robe. You must know that I had a sort of cousin seven times removed, who used to reside in a court in the Middle Temple. Poor fellow! he could play the violin beautifully; but as for Coke and Selden, and such people—he troubled them not. Well, sir, I occasionally visited my young relation, and by his kind offices with the very precise lady who holds the key of the Temple gardens, I was admitted whenever I chose to walk in that green retreat. I had seated myself, one warm summer's evening, on one of the benches at the back of the western alcove, when two learned young friends meeting at the entrance and adjourning into the arbour, I had the good fortune to be an auditor of the following dialogue. "What, Styles, my good fellow! Why I didn't know you were back from sessions.—How did you get on?"—"Infernally, infernally! Only got four soup tickets* at ——, and a single prosecution at ——. Do you know of a small set of sky-parlours to let, for, by heavens, I shall be ruined!" "What, you are determined then to *rise* in your profession! ha, ha, not so bad!"—"Why you see, my dear Vidian, I don't make quite enough to pay Danby for dressing my wig, which is rather distressing. But come—let 's sit down."—*(Here the learned gentlemen seated themselves.)* "By the by, Styles, have you heard of Gillebrand's nonsuit?—all owing to bad spelling. He put an *s* too much in the plaintiff's name, which has cost that unfortunate gentleman about one hundred and twenty pounds. Good fun that.—Gillebrand argued, that it was *idem sonans*, but the judge would not believe him—

> And for ever must he dwell
> In the spirit of that *spell*.

But come cheer up, my good fellow, and show that you have some of 'the blood of the Styles'† in your veins. I dare say if you can't get *upon* the Bench, you may get *into* it—Not so bad, eh?—Oh, have you heard the new anecdote of Mr Justice Spark, which is flying about the Temple? I told it myself to nine men this morning. You must know that when the learned Judge was on his last circuit, an unfortunate dog was tried before him for some offence that was not capital: however, as soon as the jury had brought in their verdict, Rhadamanthus seized hold of the black cap, and was pulling it over his terrific brows, when the officer of the court interfered, 'My lord! my lord! the offence isn't a capital one.' 'Oh yes! very true,' said his lordship, 'but—but—you know, it's a good thing to terrify the prisoner a little.' Very ingenious that of his lordship. But why don't you laugh, Styles?"—"In fact, my dear Vidian, I am not altogether in a laughing mood. There is a cursed fellow of a tailor in New Bond Street, who threatens to maintain *assumpsit* against me for goods sold and delivered—then the stable-keeper

* Upon inquiry, I find that soup-tickets are *vocabula artis*, signifying briefs given indiscriminately by the town clerks, &c. at sessions.

† The genealogical tree of this noble family may be seen fully set out in the second volume of Blackstone's Commentaries.

in Carey Street presented me the other day with a Declaration, in which I find that I am charged with the hire of fifty horses, fifty mares, fifty stanhopes, fifty tilburys, and fifty dennets: and to crown all, a well-dressed man who resides in Chancery-lane has got a present for me, which you and I know by the name of a Special Original. Oh what a special fool was I to give those bills to that rascal Samuels! Helgh oh! all my perambulations are now confined to this lawyers' paradise. I have instructed the angel at the gate stoutly to deny admittance to all suspicious strangers, which she promises me."—"I am really sorry, Styles, that I can't accommodate you with a hundred or two, or any fractional part thereof; for though my grandfather died the beginning of the year, yet I plead *riens par descente*. Walter, you know, is heir in tail, *secundum formam doni*, being *filius primogenitus;* and to tell you the truth, I am somewhat in the shallows myself. I confess I have of late been studying the law of Debtor and Creditor, which appears to me to require amendment exceedingly. Such have been my professional studies. In my hours of relaxation I have been conjugating the verb *to dun*—no, the passive, *to be* dunned—I am dunned, I was dunned, I shall be dunned—I am about to be dunned. But see, they have opened the gates to the public—good number to-night—that's a gentlemanlike-looking fellow that's coming towards us—who is he?" "Good God! don't you know? Call a boat and help me into it—I must get into Surrey—" Here the two friends brushing hastily past me, called a boat, and as the tide was high, they easily got into it: the stranger all the while approaching with rapid strides. Poor Styles sate dejected in the boat; but Vidian politely bowed, and "hoped he should be better acquainted with the gentleman."

There is a peculiar richness and high-flavour in the confidential communications of a couple of merchants. "Cottons look lively."—"Yes. But ashes are very black." "Pray do you hold much rum?" "Dreadful storm last night—Poor Jones! he underwrote 7000*l.* last week—I met him this morning looking very ill—said he couldn't sleep last night for the wind. By the way have you heard that K—— has been flying kites lately?"—"Yes, I fear he will be illustrated by the King's Printer, poor K——!"

There is no small-talk more necessary in the present age than *the Literary*, which is essentially requisite at all routs, conversazlones, balls, dances, tea-drinkings, and *petit-soupers*. I believe there is not the difficulty in this branch of the art, which is generally thought to exist. There is a certain set of names and phrases which may be eternally varied, and from which the most elegant literary conversation may be framed. For the benefit of my readers, I shall present them with a catalogue of the materials, which I once made for my own use. Poetry—novels—heart—imagination—distinction—severer sciences—ancients—chivalry—Waverley—beauty—truth—nature—sublimity—simplicity—attractive—brilliant—elegant—Lord Byron—power—pathos—passion—sentiment—sensibility—sweetness—Thyrza—Haidee—Thyrza!—enchanting—lovely—Don Juan—dark—depraved—perversion—abuse—like the splendours of the infernal regions—poetical yourself!—a sonnet—a stanza—scribble verse—Richardson—Miss Austin—Captain Wentworth—Clarissa—persuasion—Eliza Rivers—hateful young clergyman—quite differ with you—Isabella—heart—weep—tears—Don Carlos—German—Goethe—languages—Italy—scenes of antiquity—associations—Cicero—"Sunny Florence"—Rossini—*Di tanti palpiti*—ah!—Scotch airs—Burns—Allan Cunningham—magazines—New Monthly—excellent—wit—politeness—fancy—depth—superior—Quarterly—Edinburgh—Madame de Stael—arm—beauty—eyes.

Such are the subjects upon which I usually attempt to ring the changes, when any fair nymph is unfortunate enough to be introduced to me at a ball; and here let me mention one very great advantage at such places. According to the modern fashion, you are compelled to change your partner every quadrille, so that you may repeat what you have already said to the former lady, observing whether she is sufficiently distant not to hear you. At a dinner-party you can seldom repeat yourself thus. But as, in case I proceed, there may be considerable danger of my playing the same trick with the reader, I shall make a timely retreat, and bid him farewell!

New Monthly Mag.

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are burning bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me, who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;—
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass! I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
O! press me to thine own again,
Where it will break at last!

SHELLEY.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By far the most considerable change which has taken place in the world of letters, in our days, is that by which the wits of Queen Anne's time have been gradually brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed, without competition, for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies, some twenty-five years ago, we can perfectly remember that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift, and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. All who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history; allusions to them abounded in all popular discourses and all ambitious conversation; and they and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. New books, even when allowed to have merit, were never thought of as fit to be placed in the same class, but were generally read and forgotten, and passed away like the transitory meteors of a lower sky; while *they* remained in their brightness, and were supposed to shine with a fixed and unalterable glory.

All this, however, we take it, is now pretty well altered; and in so far as persons of our antiquity can judge of the training and habits of the rising generation, those celebrated writers no longer form the manual of our studious youth, or enter necessarily into the institution of a liberal education. Their names, indeed, are still familiar to our ears; but their writings no longer sollcit our habitual notice, and their subjects begin already to fade from our recollection. Their high privileges and proud distinctions, at any rate, have evidently passed into other hands. It is no longer to them that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration; nor is it in their pages that the pretenders to wit and eloquence now search for allusions that are sure to captivate, and illustrations that cannot be mistaken. In this decay of their reputation they have few advocates, and no imitators: And from a comparison of many observations, it seems to be clearly ascertained, that they are declined considerably from 'the high meridian of their glory,' and may fairly be apprehended to be 'hastening to their setting.' Neither is it time alone that has wrought this obscuration; for the fame of Shakespeare still shines in undecaying brightness; and that of Bacon has been steadily advancing and gathering new honours during the whole period which has witnessed the rise and decline of his less vigorous successors.

There are but two possible solutions for phenomena of this sort. Our taste has either degenerated—or its old models have been fairly surpassed; and we have ceased to admire the writers of the last century, only because they are too good for us—or because they are not good enough. Now, we confess we are no believers in the absolute and permanent corruption of national taste; on the contrary, we think that it is, of all faculties, that which is most sure to advance and improve with time and experience; and that, with the exception of those great physical or political disasters which have given a check to civilization itself, there has always been a sensible progress in

this particular; and that the general taste of every successive generation is better than that of its predecessors. There are little capricious fluctuations, no doubt, and fits of foolish admiration or fastidiousness which cannot be so easily accounted for: But the great movements are all progressive: And though the progress consists at one time in withholding toleration from gross faults, and at another in giving their high prerogative to great beauties, this alternation has no tendency to obstruct the general advance; but, on the contrary, is the best and the safest course in which it can be conducted.

We are of opinion, then, that the writers who adorned the beginning of the last century have been eclipsed by those of our own time; and that they have no chance of ever regaining the supremacy in which they have thus been supplanted. There is not, however, in our judgment, any thing very stupendous in this triumph of our contemporaries; and the greater wonder with us, is, that it was so long delayed, and left for them to achieve. For the truth is, that the writers of the former age had not a great deal more than their judgment and industry to stand on; and were always much more remarkable for the fewness of their faults than the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won much more by good conduct and discipline, than by enterprizing boldness or native force;—nor can it be regarded as any very great merit in those who had so little of the inspiration of genius, to have steered clear of the dangers to which that inspiration is liable. Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy—no pathos, and no enthusiasm;—and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. They never meddle with the great scenes of nature, or the great passions of man; but content themselves with just and sarcastic representations of city life, and of the paltry passions and meaner vices that are bred in that lower element. Their chief care is to avoid being ridiculous in the eyes of the witty, and above all to eschew the ridicule of excessive sensibility or enthusiasm—to be witty and rational themselves with a good grace, and to give their countenance to no wisdom, and no morality, which passes the standards that are current in good company.—Their inspiration, accordingly, is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense; and they have scarcely any invention but what is subservient to the purposes of derision and satire. Little gleams of pleasantry, and sparkles of wit, glitter through their compositions; but no glow of feeling—no blaze of imagination—no flashes of genius, ever irradiate their substance. They never pass beyond 'the visible diurnal sphere,' or deal in any thing that can either lift us above our vulgar nature, or ennoble its reality. With these accomplishments, they may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers,—but scarcely for men of genius; and it is certainly far more surprising, that persons of this description should have maintained themselves, for near a century, at the head of the literature of a country that had previously produced a Shakespeare, a Bacon, and a Taylor, than that, towards the end of that long period, doubts should have arisen as to the legitimacy of the title by which they laid claim to that high station. Both parts of the phenomenon, however, we dare say, had causes which better expounders might explain to the satisfaction of all the world. We see them but imperfectly, and have room only for an imperfect sketch of what we see.

Our first literature consisted of saintly legends, and romances of chivalry,—though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gayety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth, it received a copious infusion of classical images and ideas: But it was still intrinsically romantic—serious—and even somewhat lofty and enthusiastic. Authors were then so few in number, that they were looked upon with a sort of veneration, and considered as a kind of inspired persons;—at least they were not yet so numerous, as to be obliged to abuse each other, in order to obtain a share of distinction for themselves;—and they neither affected a tone of derision in their writings, nor wrote in fear of derision from others. They were filled with their subjects, and dealt with them fearlessly in their own way; and the stamp of originality, force, and free-

dom, is consequently upon almost all their productions. In the reign of James I., our literature, with some few exceptions, touching rather the form than the substance of its merits, appears to us to have reached the greatest perfection to which it has yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still farther in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissentions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions; and a deeper shade of austerity was thrown upon the intellectual chronicler of the nation. Her genius, however, though less captivating and adorned than in the happier days which preceded, was still active, fruitful, and commanding; and the period of the civil wars, besides the mighty minds that guided the public councils, and were absorbed in public cares, produced the giant powers of Taylor, and Hobbes, and Barrow—the muse of Milton—the learning of Coke—and the ingenuity of Cowley.

The restoration introduced a French court—under circumstances more favourable for the effectual exercise of court influence than ever before existed in England: But this of itself would not have been sufficient to account for the sudden change in our literature which ensued. It was seconded by causes of a more general operation. The restoration was undoubtedly a popular act;—and, indefensible as the conduct of the army and the civil leaders was on that occasion, there can be no question that the severities of Cromwell, and the extravagance of the sectaries, had made republican professions hateful, and religious ardour ridiculous, in the eyes of the people at large. All the eminent writers of the preceding period, however, had inclined to the party that was now overthrown; and their writings had not merely been accommodated to the character of the government under which they were produced, but were deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles, as those of their respective authors. When the restraints of authority were taken off, therefore, and it became profitable, as well as popular, to discredit the fallen party, it was natural that the leading authors should affect a style of levity and derision, as most opposite to that of their opponents, and best calculated for the purposes they had in view. The nation, too, was now for the first time essentially divided in point of character and principle, and a much greater proportion were capable both of writing in support of their own notions, and of being influenced by what was written. Add to all this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation; and that the grace, and brevity, and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France, were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and of contrast; and it will not be difficult to understand how it came to supplant that which had been established of old in the country,—and that so suddenly, that the same generation, among whom Milton had been formed to the severe sanctity of wisdom, and the noble independence of genius, lavished its loudest applauses on the obscenity and servility of such writers as Rochester and Wycherly.

This change, however, like all sudden changes, was too fierce and violent to be long maintained at the same pitch; and when the wits and profligates of King Charles had sufficiently insulted the seriousness and virtue of their predecessors, there would probably have been a revulsion towards the accustomed taste of the nation, had not the party of the innovators been reinforced by champions of more temperance and judgment. The result seemed at one time suspended on the will of Dryden—in whose individual person the genius of the English and of the French school of literature may be said to have maintained a protracted struggle. But the evil principle prevailed. Carried by the original bent of his genius, and his familiarity with our older models to the cultivation of our native style, to which he might have imparted more steadiness and correctness—for in force and in sweetness it was already matchless—he was unluckily seduced by the attractions of fashion, and the dazzling of the dear wit and gay rhetoric in which it delighted, to lend his powerful aid to the new corruptions and refinements; and to prostitute his great gifts to the purposes of party rage or licentious ribaldry.

The sobriety of the succeeding reigns allayed this fever of profanity; but no genius arose sufficiently powerful to break the spell that still withheld us from the use of our own peculiar gifts and faculties. On the contrary, it was the unfortunate ambition of the next generation of authors, to improve and perfect the new style, rather than to return to the old one;—and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency—increased its precision and correctness—made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant—and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense, which recommended itself to all who had, and all who had not any relish for higher beauties. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits—and to this praise they are justly entitled. This was left for them to do, and they did it well. They were invited to it by the circumstances of their situation, and do not seem to have been possessed of any such bold or vigorous spirit, as either to neglect or to outgo the invitation. Coming into life immediately after the consummation of a bloodless revolution, effected much more by the cool sense, than the angry passions of the nation, they seem to have felt, that they were born in an age of reason, rather than of fancy; and that men's minds, though considerably divided and unsettled upon many points, were in a much better temper to relish judicious argument and cutting satire, than the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination. To these accordingly they made no pretensions; but, writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Men grew ashamed of admiring, and afraid of imitating writers of so little skill and smartness; and the opinion became general, not only that their faults were intolerable, but that even their beauties were puerile and barbarous, and unworthy the serious regard of a polite and distinguishing age.

These, and similar considerations, will go far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant. One cause undoubtedly was, the real excellence of their productions, in the style which they had adopted. It was hopeless to think of surpassing them in that style; and, recommended as it was, by the felicity of their execution, it required some courage to depart from it, and to recur to another, which seemed to have been so lately abandoned for its sake. The age which succeeded, too, was not the age of courage or adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than the reigns of the two first Georges, and the greater part of that which ensued. There were two little provincial rebellions indeed, and a fair proportion of foreign war; but there was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large, to rouse their passions, or excite their imaginations—nothing like the agitations of the Reformation in the 16th century, or of the civil wars in the 17th. They went on, accordingly, minding their old business, and reading their old books, with great patience and stupidity: And certainly there never was so remarkable a dearth of original talent—so long an interruption of native genius—as during about 60 years in the middle of the last century. The dramatic art was dead 50 years before—and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, however, showed that the old fire was burned out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray, with the talents rather of a critic than a poet—with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness, or invention—began and ended a small school, which we could scarcely have wished to become permanent—admirable in many respects as some of its productions are—being far too elaborate and artificial, either for grace or for fluency, and fitter to excite the admiration of scholars, than the delight of ordinary men. However, they had the merit of not being in any degree French, and of restoring to our poetry the dignity of seriousness, and

the tone at least of force and energy. The Whartons, both as critics and as poets, were of considerable service in discrediting the high pretensions of the former race, and in bringing back to public notice the great stores and treasures of poetry which lay hid in the records of our ancient literature. Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture, which no elegance of language could easily have rendered popular, but which had merits of no vulgar order for those who could study it. Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity. And, last of all, came Cowper, with a style of complete originality,—and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions, that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry.

In philosophy and prose writing in general, the case was nearly parallel. The name of Hume is by far the most considerable which occurs in the period to which we have alluded. But, though his thinking was English, his style is entirely French; and being naturally of a cold fancy, there is nothing of that eloquence or richness about him, which characterizes the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon—and continues, with less weight of matter, to please in those of Cowley and Clarendon. Warburton had great powers; and wrote with more force and freedom than the wits to whom he succeeded—but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox, and rendered useless to mankind by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper. Adam Smith was nearly the first who made deeper reasonings, and more exact knowledge popular among us; and Junius and Johnson the first who again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction—and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift.

This brings us down almost to the present times—in which the revolution in our literature has been accelerated and confirmed by the concurrence of many causes. The agitations of the French revolution, and the discussions as well as the hopes and terrors to which it gave occasion—the genius of Edmund Burke, and some others of his country—the impression of the new literature of Germany, evidently the original of our lake-school of poetry, and of many innovations in our drama—the rise or revival of a general spirit of methodism in the lower orders—and the vast extent of our political and commercial relations, which have not only familiarized all ranks of people with distant countries, and great undertakings, but have brought knowledge and enterprise home, not merely to the imagination, but to the actual experience of almost every individual:—all these, and several other circumstances, have so far improved or excited the character of our nation, as to have created an effectual demand for more profound speculation, and more serious emotion than was dealt in by the writers of the former century, and which, if it has not yet produced a corresponding supply in all branches, has at least had the effect of decrying the commodities that were previously in vogue, as unsuited to the altered condition of the times.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

LAMENT FOR HER HUSBAND.

THERE *was* an eye whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see,
There *was* an ear that still antired
Could listen to kind praise of me.

There *was* a heart Time only made
For me with fonder feelings burn;
And which, whene'er, alas! I roved,
Still long'd and pined for my return.

There *was* a lip which always breathed
E'en short farewells with tones of sadness;
There *was* a voice, whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There *was* a mind, whose vigorous powers
On mine its fostering influence threw;
And call'd my humble talents forth,
Till thence its dearest joys it drew.

There *was* a love that oft for me
With anxious fears would overflow;
And wept and pray'd for me, and sought
From future ills to guard—but *now*

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever!
And cold that heart of faithful love,
Which death alone from mine could sever!

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my various tasks to see;
And oh! of all the praise I gain'd,
This was the dearest far to me!

Now I, unloved, uncheer'd, alone,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
Till he who loves the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead.

But, "Father of the fatherless,"
O! thou that hear'st the orphan's cry,
And "dwellest with the contrite heart,"
As well as in "thy place on high!"

O Lord! though like a faded leaf
That's severed from its parent tree,
I struggled down life's stormy tide,
That awful tide which leads to thee!

Still, Lord! to thee the voice of praise
Shall spring triumphant from my breast,
Since though I tread a weary way,
I trust that he I mourn is bless'd!

MRS OPIE.

THE RED-NOSED LIEUTENANT.*

FIVE and twenty years ago I was just five and twenty years of age; I was thus neither young nor old; in addition, I was neither handsome nor ugly, neither rich nor poor, neither active nor indolent, neither a Socrates nor a simpleton. More ordinary men than I had been married for love, poorer men had got credit and rolled on their carriage wheels till it was out, and greater fools had been cabinet counsellors. Yet all this did not satisfy me. Years had swept along, and I was exactly the same in point of publicity at five and twenty that I had been at fifteen. Let no man say that the passion for being something or other in the world's eye is an improbable thing. Show me that man, and I will show him my Lord A. driving a mail coach, the Earl of B. betting at a boxing-match, the Marquis of C. the rival of his own grooms, and the Duke of D. a director of the opera. My antagonist has only to look and be convinced; for what could throw these patricians into the very jaws of public jest, but the passion for publicity? I pondered long upon this, and my resolution to do something was at length fixed. But the grand difficulty remained—what was the thing to be done? what was the *grand chemin d'honneur*, the longest stride to the temple of fame—the royal road to making a figure in one's generation? The step was too momentous to be rashly taken, and I took time enough, for I took a year. On my six and twentieth birth-day I discovered that I was as wise and as public as on my birth-day before, and a year older besides! While I was in this state of fluctuation, my honoured uncle arrived in town, and called upon me. Let me introduce this most excellent and most mutilated man. He had commenced his career in the American war, a bold, brave, blooming ensign; what he was now I shall not describe. But he had taken the earliest opportunity of glory, and at Bunker's Hill had lost an eye. He was nothing the worse as a mark for an American rifle; and at Brandywine he had the honour of seeing LA FAYETTE run away before him, and paid only a right leg as his tribute to the victory. My uncle followed on the road to glory, gaining a new leaf of laurel and losing an additional fragment of himself in every new battle, till with BURGOYNE he left his nose in the swamps of Saratoga; whence, having had the good fortune to make his escape, he distinguished himself at the siege of York Town, under CORNWALLIS, and left only an arm in the ditch of the rampart. He had returned a major, and after lying on his back for two years in the military hospital, was set at liberty to walk the world on a pair of crutches, and be called colonel. I explained my difficulty to this venerable remnant of soldiership. "Difficulty!" cried he, starting up on his residuary leg, "I see none whatever. You are young, healthy, and have the use of all your limbs—the very thing for the army!" I glanced involuntarily at his own contributions to the field. He perceived it, and retorted, "Sir, I know the difference between us, as well as if I were the field-surgeon. I should never have advised you to march if you had not limbs enough for the purpose; but you have your complement." "And therefore can afford to lose them, my good uncle," said I. "Nephew," was the reply, "sneering is no argument, except among civilians. But if a man wants to climb at once to a name, let him try the army. Have you no estate? why the

* Slightly abridged from the "Forget me Not, for 1827."

regiment is your freehold: have you no education? why, the colour of your coat will stand you in place of it with three-fourths of the men and all the women: have you no brains? why, their absence will never be missed at the mess; and as for the field, not half-a-dozen in an army ever exhibit any pretensions of the kind." This was too flattering a prospect to be overlooked. I took the advice; in a week was gazetted into a marching regiment, and in another week was on board his majesty's transport, No. 10, with a wing of the gallant thirty —— regiment, tacking out of Portsmouth, on our way to Gibraltar. Military men have it, that there are three bad passages—the slow, the quick, and the neither quick nor slow; pronouncing the two former detestable, the latter ——! the storm making a man sick of the sea, the calm making him sick of himself, a much worse thing; and the alternation of calm and storm bringing both sicknesses into one. My first passage was distinguished by being of the third order. I found my fellow subalterns a knot of good-humoured beings, the boys with the habits of men, the men with the tricks of boys, all fully impressed with the honour of the epaulette, and thinking the man who wore two instead of one the most favoured of all things under the sun. We at length came in sight of the famous Rock. It loomed magnificently from the sea; and every glass was to the eye as the lines and batteries, that looked like teeth in its old white head, rose grimly out of the waters. The veterans of the corps were in high delight, and enumerated, with the vigour of grateful recollection, the cheapness of the wines, the snugness of the quarters, and the general laudable and illaudable pleasantries of the place. The younger listened with the respect due to experience, and, for that evening, an old red-nosed lieutenant, of whom no man had ever thought but as a lieutenant before, became the centre of a circle, a he blue-stocking, surrounded with obsequious listeners, by virtue of his pre-eminent knowledge of every wine-house in the garrison. Such is the advantage of situation!—nine-tenths of mankind, till they are placed on the spot of display, what are they but red-nosed lieutenants?

At Gibraltar, like Thiebault in Frederic's paradise at Potsdam, we conjugated from morning till night the verb, "*Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuie,*" through all its persons, tenses, and moods. At length we were ordered for Egypt. Never was regiment so delighted. We supped together upon the news, and drank farewell to Gibraltar and confusion to —— in bumpers without measure. In the very height of our carousal, my eye dropped upon my old friend's red nose. It served me as a kind of thermometer. I observed it diminished of its usual crimson. "The spirit has fallen," thought I, "there is ill luck in the wind." I took him aside, but he was then too far gone for regular counsel; he only clasped my hand with the fervour of a fellow-drinker, and muttered out, lifting his glass with a shaking wrist, "Nothing but confoundedly bad brandy in Egypt for love or money." We sailed—were shipwrecked on the coast of Caramania, and surrounded by natives. Soldiers are no great geographers; the line leave that business to the staff, the staff to the artillery, the artillery to the engineers, and the engineers to Providence. At our council, which was held on a row of knapsacks, and with one pair of trowsers among its seven sages, it was asserted, with equal show of reason, that we were in Africa, in Arabia, in Turkey, and in the Black Sea. However, our sheepskin friends were urgent for our departure.

We finally sailed for Egypt; found the French building fortifications on the shore; and, like a generous enemy, landed just where they had provided for our reception. But the world knows all this already, and I disdain to tell what every body knows: but the world does not know that we had three councils of war to settle whether the troops should land in gaiters or trowsers; and whether they should or should not carry three days' pipe-clay and blacking in their knapsacks. The most valuable facts are, we see, often lost for want of our being a little behind the curtain. The famous landing was the noisiest thing conceivable. The world at a distance called it the most gallant thing; and I have no inclination to stand up against universal opinion. But whether we were fighting against the sand-hills, or the French, or the sun in his strength; whether we were going to the right, or the left, or the rear; whether we were beating or beaten, no living man could

have told in two minutes after the first shot. It was all clamour, confusion, bursting of shells, dashing of water, splitting of boats, and screams of the wounded; the whole passing under a coverlet of smoke as fuliginous as ever rushed from furnace: under this "blanket of the dark," we pulled on, landed, fought, and conquered; and for our triumph, had every man his length of excellent sand for the night, the canopy of heaven for his tent, and the profoundest curses of the commissariat for his supper. On we went, day after day, fighting the French, starving, and scorching, till we found them in our camp before daybreak on the memorable 21st of March. We fought them there as men fight in the pit of a theatre, every one for himself; the French, who are great tacticians, and never fight but for science sake, grew tired before John Bull, who fights for the love of the thing. The Frenchman fights but to manœuvre, the Englishman manœuvres but to fight. So, as manœuvring was out of the question, we carried the affair all after our own hearts. But this victory had its price; for it cost the army its brave old general, and it cost me my old red-nosed lieutenant. We were standing within half-a-foot of each other, in front of the little ruin where the French Invincibles made a last struggle; they fired a volley before they threw themselves on their knees, according to the national custom of earning their lives, when I saw my unlucky friend tumbled head over heels, and stretched between my legs. There was no time for thinking of him then: the French were hunted out, *la bayonette dans le cul;* we followed—the battle of Alexandria was won, and our part of the success was, to be marched ten miles off, to look after some of their fragments of baggage. We found nothing, of course; for neither in defeat nor in victory does the Frenchman ever forget himself. In our bivouac, the thought of the lieutenant came over me; in the heat of the march I could not have thought of any thing mortal but my own parched throat and crippled limbs. Absurd as the old subaltern was, I "could have better spared a better man:" we had been thrown together in some strange ways; and as the result of my meditations, I determined to return and see what was become of the man with the red nose. Leave was easily obtained; for there was something of the odd feeling for him that a regiment has for one of those harmless madmen who sometimes follow its drums in a ragged uniform and formidable hat and feather. It was lucky for the lieutenant that I rode hard, for I found him as near a premature exit as ever hero was. A working party had already made his last bed in the sand: and he was about to take that possession which no ejectment will disturb, when I felt some throbbing about his heart. The soldiers insisted, that as they were ordered out for the purpose of inhuming, they should go through with their work. But if they were sullen, I was resolute; and I prevailed to have the subject deferred to the hospital. After an infinity of doubt, I saw my old friend set on his legs again. But my labour seemed in vain; life was going out; the doctors prohibited the bottle; and the lieutenant felt, like Shylock, that his life was taken away, when that was taken "by which he did live." He resigned himself to die with the composure of an ancient philosopher. The night before I marched for Cairo, I sat an hour with him. He was a changed man, talked more rationally than I had believed within the possibility of brains so many years adust with port; expressed some rough gratitude for my trouble about him, and finally gave me a letter to some of his relatives in England. The regiment was on its march at daybreak; we made our way to Cairo, took possession, wondered at its filth, admired its grand mosque, execrated its water, its provisions, and its population; were marched back to storm Alexandria (where I made all possible search for the lieutenant, but in vain); were saved the trouble by the capitulation of the French; were embarked, landed at Portsmouth just one year from our leaving it, and, as it pleased the wisdom of Napoleon, and the folly of our ministry, were disbanded. I had no reason to complain; for though I had been shipwrecked and starved, sick and wounded, I had left neither my life nor my legs behind. Others had been less lucky; and from the losses in the regiment I was now a captain. One day in looking over the relics of my baggage, a letter fell out: it was the red-nosed lieutenant's. My conscience reproached me, and I believe for the moment my face was as red as his nose. I delivered the letter; it was re-

ceived by a matron at the head of three of the prettiest maidens in all Lancashire, the country of beauty—a blonde, a brunette, and a younger one who was neither, and yet seemed alternately both. I liked the blonde and the brunette infinitely: but the third I did not like, for I fell in love with her, which is a very different thing. The lieutenant was her uncle; and regretted as his habits were, this family circle had much to say for his generosity. Mary's hazel eyes made a fool of me, and I asked her hand that they might make a fool of no one else. The colonel without the nose was of course invited to the wedding, and he was in such exaltation, that either the blonde or the brunette might have been my aunt if she pleased. But they exhibited no tendency to this gay military Torso, and the colonel was forced to content himself with the experience of his submissive nephew. The wedding day came; and the three sisters looked prettier than ever in their vestal white. The colonel gave the bride away, and in the tears and congratulations of this most melancholy of all happy ceremonies, Mary chose her fate. We returned to dinner, and were seated, all smiles, when the door opened, and in walked—the red-nosed lieutenant! Had I seen, like Brutus, "the immortal Julius' ghost," I could not have been more amazed. But nature was less doubting: the matron threw herself into his arms; the blonde and the brunette clasped each a hand; and my bright-eyed wife forgot the conjugal duties, and seemed to forget that I was in the world. There was indeed some reason for doubt: the man before us was fat and florid enough, but the essential distinction of his physiognomy had lost its regal hue. All this, however, was explained by degrees. After my departure for Cairo, he had been given over by the doctors; and sick of taking physic, and determining to die in his own way, he had himself carried up the Nile. The change of air did something for him—the absence of the doctors perhaps more. He domesticated himself among the peasants above the cataracts, drank camel's milk, ate rice, wore a haick, and rode a buffalo. Port was inaccessible, and date-brandy was not to his taste. Health forced itself on him; and the sheik of the district began to conceive so good an opinion of the stranger, that he offered him his daughter, with a handsome portion of buffaloes, in marriage. The offer was declined; but African offence is a formidable thing, and after having had a carbine-load of balls discharged one night through his door he thought it advisable to leave the neighbourhood of his intended father-in-law. I am not about to astonish the world, and throw unbelief on my true story, by saying that the lieutenant has since drank of nothing but the limpid spring. Whatever were his Mussulman habits, he resumed his native tastes with the force of nature. Port still had temptations for him; but prudence, in the shape of the matron sister and the pretty nieces, was at hand, and, like Sancho's physician, the danger and the glass vanished at a sign from those gentle magicians. Our chief anxiety arose from the good fellowship of the colonel. He had settled within a field of us, and his evenings were spent by our fireside. He had been, by the chances of service, once on campaign with the lieutenant; and all campaigners know, that there is no free-mason sign of friendship equal to that of standing to be shot at together. But there was an unexpected preservative in this hazardous society. The colonel was incapable of exhibiting in the centre of his countenance that living splendour which made Falstaff raise Bardolph to the honour of his admiral; he could "carry no lantern in his poop." If envy could have invaded his generous soul, it would have arisen at the old, restored distinction of his comrade. He watched over his regimen; kept him to the most judicious allowance of claret; and the red nose of the lieutenant never flamed again.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should ere have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits that wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blows them all!

" Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,*
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,†
Yet—oh 'tis only the blest'd can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

" Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious angel, who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which—Bramins say—
Blooms no where but in Paradise!‡
" Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said—" One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun;—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands§
At those dark and daring sp'rits
Who would climb the empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—" I know
The wealth," she cries, " of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;‖
I know where the isles of perfume are,

* Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it.—*Forster.*

† " The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-Hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

‡ " The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones.*

§ " The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens."—*Fryer.*

‖ The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—*D'Herbelot, Volney.*

Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright ARABY;*
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their king JAMSHID†
With life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful throne!
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides,
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades,—
Thy cavern shrines and Idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'Tis he of GAZNA,‡—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;§—
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze;
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
" Live," said the conqueror, " live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart
For answer to th' invader's heart.

* The Isles of Panchaia.

† " The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—*Richardson.*

‡ Mahmood of Gazna or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.—*Malcolm.*

§ " It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept 400 grey-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay;
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!
"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the gates of light;
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave,
Who die thus for their native land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among ABARC'S Lunar Mountains,*
Far to the South, the PERI lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods
Whereof the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile!
Thence over EGYPT'S palmy groves,
Her grots and sepulchres of Kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm ROSETTA'S vale†—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of MŒRIS' Lake.‡
'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought that saw this night,
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending,
Warns them to their silken beds;
Those virgin lilies all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake,—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;

Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows flitting,
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana* sitting
Upon a column motionless,
And glittering like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath pass'd,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyæna stalks†
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran,
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly spirits weep for man!
Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone—
One who in life where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet, now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With even a sprinkle from that Lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world when all is o'er,

* "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."—*Bruce.*

† "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle doves."—*Sonnini.*

‡ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

* Sonnini describes this beautiful bird.

† This circumstance has been introduced into poetry;—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr Wilson.

Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fanu'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm:
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!
Think'st thou that she, whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself!—No, no—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too?
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and born;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there."
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes:
One struggle,—and his pain is past,—
Her lover is no longer living!

One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

"Sleep!" said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,*
And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;—
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in,
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells,
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peri's hopes are vain—
Again the fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—"not yet,"
The Angel said, as with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

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* "In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—*Richardson.*

To one who look'd from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls*
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Persistan!
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banquetting through the flowery vales,—
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,†
Whose lonely column's stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!
Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies‡
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small Imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—there written, all
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burn'd all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh,
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said in mild
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Bless'd tears of soul-felt penitence,
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There is a drop," said the Peri, "that down
from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June

* Vide Ernce's Travels.
† The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.
‡ Vide Sonnini.

Upon Egypt's land,* of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall!
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam†
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
My feast is now of the Tooba tree,‡
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,§
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

Thomas Moore.

* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

† The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

‡ The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelim. Disc.*—Touba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

§ Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

STORY OF THE YOUNG ROBBER.

I was born at the little town of Frosinone, which lies at the skirts of the Abruzzi. My father had made a little property in trade, and gave me some education, as he intended me for the church; but I had kept gay company too much to relish the cowl, so I grew up a loiterer about the place. I was a heedless fellow, a little quarrelsome on occasion, but good-humoured in the main; so I made my way very well for a time, until I fell in love. There lived in our town a surveyor or land-bailiff of the prince's, who had a young daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen: she was looked upon as something better than the common run of our townsfolk, and was kept almost entirely at home. I saw her occasionally, and became madly in love with her—she looked so fresh and tender, and so different from the sun-burned females to whom I had been accustomed.

As my father kept me in money, I always dressed well, and took all opportunities of showing myself off to advantage in the eyes of the little beauty. I used to see her at church; and as I could play a little upon the guitar, I gave a tune sometimes under her window of an evening; and I tried to have interviews with her in her father's vineyard, not far from the town, where she sometimes walked. She was evidently pleased with me, but she was young and shy; and her father kept a strict eye upon her, and took alarm at my attentions, for he had a bad opinion of me, and looked for a better match for his daughter. I became furious at the difficulties thrown in my way, having been accustomed always to easy success among the women, being considered one of the smartest young fellows of the place.

Her father brought home a suitor for her, a rich farmer from a neighbouring town. The wedding-day was appointed, and preparations were making. I got sight of her at her window, and I thought she looked sadly at me. I determined the match should not take place, cost what it might. I met her intended bridegroom in the market-place, and could not restrain the expression of my rage. A few hot words passed between us, when I drew my stiletto and stabbed him to the heart.

I fled to a neighbouring church for refuge, and with a little money I obtained absolution, but I did not dare to venture from my asylum.

At that time our captain was forming his troop. He had known mo from boyhood; and hearing of my situation, came to me in secret, and made such offers, that I agreed to enrol myself among his followers. Indeed, I had more than once thought of taking to this mode of life, having known several brave fellows of the mountains, who used to spend their money freely among us youngsters of the town. I accordingly left my asylum late one night, repaired to the appointed place of meeting, took the oaths prescribed, and became one of the troop. We were for some time in a distant part of the mountains, and our wild adventurous kind of life hit my fancy wonderfully, and diverted my thoughts. At length they returned with all their violence to the recollection of Rosetta: the solitude in which I often found myself gave me time to brood over her image; and, as I have kept watch at night over our sleeping camp in the mountains, my feelings have been roused almost to a fever.

At length we shifted our ground, and determined to make a descent upon the road between Terracina and Naples. In the course of our expedition we passed a day or two in the woody mountains which rise above Frosinone. I cannot tell you how I felt when I looked down upon the place, and distinguished the residence of Rosetta. I determined to have an interview with her;—but to what purpose? I could not expect that she would quit her home, and accompany me in my hazardous life among the mountains. She had been brought up too tenderly for that; and when I looked upon the women who were associated with some of our troop, I could not have borne the thoughts of her being their companion. All return to my former life was likewise hopeless, for a price was set upon my head. Still I determined to see her; the very hazard and fruitlessness of the thing made me furious to accomplish it.

It is about three weeks since I persuaded our captain to draw down to the vicinity of Frosinone, in hopes of entrapping some of its principal inhabitants, and compelling them to a ransom. We were lying in ambush towards evening, not far from the vineyard of Rosetta's father. I stole quietly from my companions, and drew near to reconnoitre the place of her frequent walks. How my heart beat when among the vines I beheld the gleaming of a white dress! I knew it must be Rosetta's; it being rare for any female of the place to dress in white. I advanced secretly and without noise, until, putting aside the vines, I stood suddenly before her. She uttered a piercing shriek, but I seized her in my arms, put my hand upon her month, and conjured her to be silent. I poured out all the frenzy of my passion; offered to renounce my mode of life; to put my fate in her hands; to fly with her where we might live in safety together. All that I could say or do would not pacify her. Instead of love, horror and affright seemed to have taken possession of her breast. She struggled partly from my grasp, and filled the air with her cries.

In an instant the captain and the rest of my companions were around us. I would have given any thing at that moment had she been safe out of our hands, and in her father's house. It was too late. The captain pronounced her a prize, and ordered that she should be borne to the mountains. I represented to him that she was my prize; that I had a previous claim to her; and I mentioned my former attachment. He sneered bitterly in reply; observed that brigands had no business with village intrigues, and that, according to the laws of the troop, all spoils of the kind were determined by lot. Love and jealousy were raging in my heart, but I had to choose between obedience and death. I surrendered her to the captain, and we made for the mountains.

She was overcome by affright, and her steps were so feeble and faltering that it was necessary to support her. I could not endure the idea that my comrades should touch her, and assuming a forced tranquillity, begged that she might be confided to me, as one to whom she was more accustomed. The captain regarded me, for a moment, with a searching look, but I bore it without flinching, and he consented. I took her in my arms; she was almost senseless. Her head rested on my shoulder; I felt her breath on my face, and it seemed to fan the flame which devoured me. Oh God! to have this glowing treasure in my arms, and yet to think it was not mine!

We arrived at the foot of the mountain. I ascended it with difficulty, particularly where the woods were thick, but I would not relinquish my delicious burden. I reflected with rage, however, that I must soon do so. The thoughts that so delicate a creature must be abandoned to my rude companions, maddened me. I felt tempted, the stiletto in my hand, to cut my way through them all, and bear her off in triumph. I scarcely conceived the idea before I saw its rashness; but my brain was fevered with the thought that any but myself should enjoy her charms. I endeavoured to outstrip my companions by the quickness of my movements, and to get a little distance ahead, in case any favourable opportunity of escape should present. Vain effort! The voice of the captain suddenly ordered a halt. I trembled, but had to obey. The poor girl partly opened a languid eye, but was without strength or motion. I laid her upon the grass. The captain darted on me a terrible look of suspicion, and ordered me to scour the woods with my companions in search of some shepherd, who might be sent to her father's to demand a ransom.

I saw at once the peril. To resist with violence was certain death, but to leave her alone, in the power of the captain!—I spoke out then with a fervour, inspired by my passion and my despair. I reminded the captain that I was the first to seize her; that she was my prize; and that my previous attachment for her ought to make her sacred among my companions. I insisted, therefore, that he should pledge me his word to respect her, otherwise I should refuse obedience to his orders. His only reply was to cock his carbine, and at the signal my comrades did the same. They laughed with cruelty at my impotent rage. What could I do? I felt the madness of resistance. I was menaced on all hands, and my companions obliged me to follow them. She remained alone with the chief—yes, alone—and almost lifeless!—

Here the robber paused in his recital, overpowered by his emotions. Great drops of sweat stood on his forehead; he panted rather than breathed; his brawny bosom rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea. When he had become a little calm, he continued his recital.

I was not long in finding a shepherd, said he. I ran with the rapidity of a deer, eager, if possible, to get back before what I dreaded might take place. I had left my companions far behind, and I rejoined them before they had reached one-half the distance I had made. I hurried them back to the place where we had left the captain. As we approached, I beheld him seated by the side of Rosetta. His triumphant look, and the desolate condition of the unfortunate girl, left me no doubt of her fate. I know not how I restrained my fury.

It was with extreme difficulty, and by guiding her hand, that she was made to trace a few characters, requesting her father to send three hundred dollars as her ransom. The letter was dispatched by the shepherd. When he was gone, the chief turned sternly to me: "You have set an example," said he, "of mutiny and self-will, which, if indulged, would be ruinous to the troop. Had I treated you as our laws require, this bullet would have been driven through your brain. But you are an old friend; I have borne patiently with your fury and your folly. I have even protected you from a foolish passion that would have unmanned you. As to this girl, the laws of our association must have their course." So saying, he gave his commands: lots were drawn, and the helpless girl was abandoned to the troop.

Here the robber paused again, panting with fury, and it was some moments before he could resume his story.

Hell, said he, was raging in my heart. I beheld the impossibility of avenging myself; and I felt that, according to the articles in which we stood bound to one another, the captain was in the right. I rushed with frenzy from the place; I threw myself upon the earth; tore up the grass with my hands, and beat my head and gnashed my teeth in agony and rage. When at length I returned, I beheld the wretched victim, pale, dishevelled, her dress torn and disordered. An emotion of pity, for a moment, subdued my fierce feelings. I bore her to the foot of a tree, and leaned her gently against it. I took my gourd, which was filled with wine, and applying it to her lips, endeavoured to make her swallow a little. To what a condition was she reduced! she, whom I had once seen the pride of Frosinone! whom but a short time before I had beheld

sporting in her father's vineyard, so fresh, and beautiful, and happy! Her teeth were clenched; her eyes fixed on the ground; her form without motion, and in a state of absolute insensibility. I hung over her in an agony of recollection at all that she had been, and of anguish at what I now beheld her. I darted round a look of horror at my companions, who seemed like so many fiends exulting in the downfall of an angel! and I felt a horror at myself for being their accomplice.

The captain, always suspicious, saw, with his usual penetration, what was passing within me, and ordered me to go upon the ridge of the woods, to keep a look-out over the neighbourhood, and await the return of the shepherd. I obeyed, of course, stifling the fury that raged within me, though I felt for the moment that he was my most deadly foe.

On my way, however, a ray of reflection came across my mind. I perceived that the captain was but following, with strictness, the terrible laws to which we had sworn fidelity. That the passion by which I had been blinded might, with justice, have been fatal to me, but for his forbearance; that he had penetrated my soul, and had taken precautions, by sending me out of the way, to prevent my committing any excess in my anger. From that instant I felt that I was capable of pardoning him.

Occupied with these thoughts, I arrived at the foot of the mountain. The country was solitary and secure, and in a short time I beheld the shepherd at a distance crossing the plain. I hastened to meet him. He had obtained nothing. He had found the father plunged in the deepest distress. He had read the letter with violent emotion, and then calming himself with a sudden exertion, he had replied coldly, "My daughter has been dishonoured by those wretches: let her be returned without ransom, or let her die!"

I shuddered at this reply. I knew, according to the laws of our troop, her death was inevitable. Our oaths required it. I felt, nevertheless, that not having been able to have her to myself, I could become her executioner!

The robber again paused with agitation. I sat musing upon his last frightful words, which proves to what excess the passions may be carried when escaped from all moral restraint. There was a horrible verity in this story that reminded me of some of the tragic fictions of Dante.

We now come to a fatal moment, resumed the bandit. After the report of the shepherd, I returned with him, and the chieftain received from his lips the refusal of the father.

At a signal, which we all understood, we followed him to some distance from the victim. He there pronounced her sentence of death. Every one stood ready to execute his order; but I interfered. I observed that there was something due to pity as well as to justice. That I was as ready as any one to approve the implacable law, which was to serve as a warning to all those who hesitated to pay the ransoms demanded for our prisoners; but that though the sacrifice was proper, it ought to be made without cruelty. The night is approaching, continued I; she will soon be wrapped in sleep; let her then be dispatched. All I now claim on the score of former fondness for her is, let me strike the blow. I will do it as surely, but more tenderly than another. Several raised their voices against my proposition, but the captain imposed silence on them. He told me I might conduct her into a thicket at some distance, and he relied upon my promise.

I hastened to seize upon my prey. There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickness of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility and stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me; for had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. She slept at length in the arms of him who was to poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. But my heart had become sore by the recent conflicts it had undergone, and I dreaded lest, by procrastination, some other should become her executioner. When her repose had continued for some time, I separated myself gently from her, that I might not disturb her sleep, and seizing suddenly my poniard, plunged it into her bosom. A painful and concentrated murmur, but without any convulsive movement, accompanied her last sigh.—So perished this unfortunate!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE PEWTER QUART.

Here, boy, take this handful of brass,
Across to the Goose and Gridiron pass,
Count the coin on the counter out,
And bring me a quart of foaming stout:
Put it not into bottle or jug,
Cannikin, rumkin, flagon, or mug;
Into nothing at all, in short,
Except the natural Pewter Quart.

As for the glass, though I love it well,
Yet the quart I take to be preferable;
For it is solid and stout, like what
Bubbles and froths inside the pot:
Why should any thing brittle or frail
Fence England's liquor, valorous ale!
He was a man of taste and art
Who stowed it away in a Pewter Quart.

In the bowels of England's ground,
Its materials all are found,
From its sides should flow again
What cheers the bowels of England's men:
Can the same be said, I ask,
In favour of foreign flagon or flask?
None can of them the good report
We can of our national Pewter Quart.

Pleasant it is their shine to see,
Like stars in the waves of deep Galilee;
Pleasant it is their chink to hear,
When they rattle on table full charged with beer,
Pleasant it is, when a row's on foot,
That you may, when you with to demolish a brute,
Politely the lad to good manners exhort,
By softening his skull with a Pewter Quart.

As for the mallet-pate, pig-eye Chinese,
They may make crockery, if they please;
Fit, perhaps, may such vehicle be,
For marrowless washes of cursed Bohea;
That is a liquor I leave to be drunk
By Cockney poet and Cockney punk;
Folks with whom I never consort,
Preferring to chat with my Pewter Quart.

Silver and gold no doubt are fine,
But on my table shall never shine;
Being a man of plain common sense,
I hate all silly and vain expense,
And spend the cash these gewgaws cost
In washing down gobbets of boiled and roast,
With stingo stiff of the stiffest sort
Curiously pulled from a Pewter Quart.

Beakers and bowls, I am told, of wood,
For quaffing water are counted good;
They give a smack, say the watery folks,
Like drinking after artichokes.
Devil may care! I never use
Water in either my belly or shoes;
And shall never be counted art and part
In putting the same in a Pewter Quart.

Galvani one day, skinning a frog,
To pamper his paunch with that pinchgut prog,
Found out a science of wonderful wit,
Which can make a stuck pig kick out in a fit,
Make a dead thief dance a Highland reel,
And butcher a beast without cleaver or steel;
And he proves by this science, with erudite art,
That malt must be drunk from a Pewter Quart.

If Hock then loves the glass of green,
And champagne in its swan-like flask is seen;
If Glasgow punch in a bowl we lay,
And twist off our dram in a wooden quaigh;
If, as botanical men admit,
Every thing has its *habitat* fit;
Let Sir John Barleycorn keep his court,
Turban'd with froth, in his Pewter Quart.

So, boy, take this handful of brass,
Across to the Goose and Gridiron pass,
Count the coin on the counter out,
And bring me a quart of foaming stout;
Put it not into bottle or jug,
Cannikin, rumkin, flagon, or mug,
Into nothing at all, in short,
Except the natural Pewter Quart.*

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine
They were whiter than the snow—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupeé
That some inches up did grow,

---

* The above, written after the manner of old Tom D'Urfey's *Leather Bottle and Black Jack*, is taken from Blackwood's Magazine. *Captain Paton's Lament*, from the same work, is in all likelihood from the same pen—a piece, which, though somewhat local in its nature, is sufficiently excellent to warrant its insertion in any collection.—*Ed.*

And behind there was a long queue
That did o'er his shoulders flow—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

And whenever we foregathered
He took off his wee three-cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box
Which he drew from his side pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go,
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton:
And on entering the Coffee-room
About *two*, all men did know,
They would see him with his Courier
In the middle of the row—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

Now and then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop
Which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsay
And a bottle of Bourdeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly to and fro—
Oh! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton no moe!

Or if a bowl was mentioned
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West-port
And a stoup of water bring;
Then would he mix the genuine staff
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow—
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no moe!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr Porteous,
Or some little bit of scandal
About Mrs so and so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *son* but not the pro—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

Or when the candles were brought forth
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden-field or Dettingen—
How he fought with a French major,
And despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below—
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no moe!

But at last the Captain sickened
And grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the Coffee-room
From which now he staid away;
On Sabbaths too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

And in spite of all that Clegborn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms
That death was in his view;
So the Captain made his test'ment
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ramshorn-kirk,
'Tis the way we all must go—
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no moe!

PICTURE OF INDIAN LIFE.

It was at the village of Rajapet, a few miles from the head of the Poodicherrum ghaut, on the high-road from Mysore to Cannanore, that I once witnessed a real tragedy. In the year 1807 I travelled alone from Cannanore to Seringapatam. Upon coming to Rajapet, in the choultry of which I put up for the night, the cutwal or magistrate paid me great attention; sent me a present of fowls, eggs, butter, and milk, and assured me that he was a great friend to our queen; for he thought that the East India Company was an old beeby or woman. This opinion was then very general in the interior. In short, I always found it a most difficult matter to make a Hindoo understand that a company of merchants governed India; every native has a preconceived notion of government as peculiarly the privilege of the royal caste; and it is impossible to remove this impression but by

long explanation, and by entering into the nature of our laws and customs.

The village of Rajapet is beautifully situated almost among the ghauts. It is surrounded by magnificent scenery. The long winding row of houses of which it consists, are tastefully sheltered by trees, and adorned by seats for travellers. I, in my usual way, took my evening walk to view the whole.

> "It was an evening bright and still
> As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
> Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
> Could happen in so sweet an hour."
>
> MOORE.

I had admired the soft serenity of the scene, looked at all the happy faces I had met, and not forced the pretty Hindoo girls to turn their backs upon me by an impudent stare. Indeed, I had received some pleasure from seeing some of them peeping after me as I passed; for they are not at all void of curiosity, and such a strange animal as I seemed to them naturally drew their bright eyes. Well, I did not notice the innocent peep at me from behind the cloth over their heads, but went on towards the river which was prattling over its bed, and glittering in pools down the distance. About half a mile from the village I saw some bustle. People were running and shouting towards one of the deep holes before me; others now flocked from Rajapet; and, by the time I got up to the place, they had dragged a young man from the river, who had drowned himself. A large piece of rock was tied to his neck with a rope; and he was quite dead, having been in the water a whole day and night.

My curiosity was naturally excited to learn the cause of such a determined and hardy act; for the young man must have tied the stone to his neck in a recumbent posture, and then have rolled it down the steep into the river; by which means he was dragged after it and strangled, perhaps before he reached the water; at least, he must have been nearly dead. The following were the particulars:—

Bappo Manick was an industrious farmer. He had been born at the village of Rajapet, where he was universally respected. At an infantine age his father had married him to a child belonging to a neighbouring family; and, as soon as maturity authorized, the youthful pair lived together in a state of the greatest felicity. It was Bappo's misfortune that Arima, as she grew up, exhibited alarming beauty; yet, such was her affection for her husband, that he was perfectly easy respecting her virtue. He was, however, greatly disquieted lest the young Raja should see her. This prince was of a very amorous disposition; he had already seduced the affections of several poor men's wives from their lowly state to grandeur and neglect; for as soon as his desires were satisfied, his eye roamed after fresh game. Bappo Manick therefore implored Arima, in the fondest terms, to keep out of the sight of their Raja, and not subject him to temptation, herself to solicitation, and her husband to destruction; "For," said Bappo, "O, Arima! it would kill me to see you in the arms of another!" Arima, throwing her arms round poor Bappo's neck, assured him that she would never breathe on any one but him. She promised that the young Raja should never see her; "For," said she, "whenever I hear the bells of his elephants, I'll run and hide myself behind the purdah, if I am near the house; or, should I be at a distance, I'll draw my saurie* close over my face."—"That's a good dear," answered Bappo, giving his girlish wife a dozen of his best kisses—"do so, and all will be right."

Arima had got it into her little head that it was her best plan to be an obedient and good wife; and she thought in her heart that the Raja's riches could never induce her to think little of her husband. The young Raja had passed her several times: she always did as her husband had desired, and as she had promised. The Raja never looked particularly at her; and she began to think it strange that her fine shape should not have attracted his particular attention. Indeed, she had observed him carefully from under her saurie. His rich dress, shining face, grand hunting elephant, and splendid attendance, quite dazzled her; and she sometimes thought that his wife must be very happy, though shut up in a strong house, and guarded with locks, bolts, and bars. In short, she began to wish that

* The garment or piece of cloth which is rolled round the breast.

the Raja would look at her; though she never thought it possible that she should look upon him so as to forget and destroy her poor Bappo.

It happened one day, however, that the Raja went a tiger hunting with a fine train and numerous retinue. They had excellent sport; for every one knows how plentiful tigers are in the Coorg. As they were returning home, and cressing the river which I before mentioned, the elephant took it into his head to be guilty of a great piece of indecorum, that is to drink water with his Majesty on his back. The huttee wallah, or driver, seated on his neck, darted his iron hook into the spinal marrow of the elephant to make him mannerly. But no—it would not do. —He was determined to drink his fill; and I can assure you, that when one of those huge animals takes it into his head to rebel, it is not an easy matter to reduce him to obedience. The Raja seeing, and feeling how the elephant was plunging about, irritated by the blows of the driver, ordered the man to let the beast have water.

At this very time Arima had been washing clothes in the river. This operation is performed in India by standing in the water, and beating the clothes on a broad stone. A piece, for instance, is taken by the person, who folds it in proper form, and, holding it at one end with both hands, he raises it over his head, and strikes it against the stone; and so on till the soap and dirt are washed out of it. In all parts of India, this office is filled by men, but women sometimes assist; and poor ones, such as Arima, occasionally wash for themselves. Well, she was either bathing or washing at this river, when the Raja's elephant stopped to drink. Her saurie she had laid aside, and her petticoat was tucked up, so that the Raja, upon raising his eyes, saw one of the prettiest shadows he had ever beheld in the clear water. He instantly looked for the substance, and discovered Arima blushing and smiling under the bank; so that he had not only a full view of her face, but of her neck, bosom, and waist.

Arima's complexion was dark—it was a deep shade of bronze; but so bright, sparkling with health, and life, and love, that the Raja gazed on her with obvious delight, and ascertained who and what she was. You may suppose that it was a great shame for Arima to speak to the Raja without her saurie, but no—it is quite customary in many parts of India for women of the lower order to go at all times naked from the waist upwards. She, therefore, trespassed on no rule of delicacy and propriety, unless, as may be suspected, that she did not do her best to escape, or conceal herself when the Raja was approaching.

Be this as it may, I am loth to prefer any charges against the fair sex; and though Arima belonged to the dark ones of this world, she raised such a whirlwind in the young Raja's breast as converted him into a very King David.—

> "Love will find its way
> Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
> And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
> If passion met not some reward."
>
> BYRON.

So thought our young Coorg Raja. He sent the old woman who had the management of all his ladies to Arima, disguised as a fortune-teller. Poor Arima was like the rest of the world, not content with knowing what God has thought sufficient to reveal. No, she longed to take a peep behind the curtain of futurity; and, when the old beldame visited her, instead of informing against the witch, and letting her husband put salt in her eyes, according to custom, she placed her little palm on her hand, and to her great surprise heard that there was a young Raja in it.—"This is very extraordinary," thought poor Arima. "The Raja certainly was a little particular," said she to herself; "this old one knows every thing, I am quite sure: who can prevent what fate ordains?" In short, she became all attention to the insinuating old devil; who struck the very key of her vanity, that responded each tone she wished.—She had to proceed, however, with great caution, for affection and virtue are not to be conquered in one assault, or taken by escalade. After several private conferences, Arima permitted the wretch to load her with joys; that is, to make her presents of gold and silver ornaments for the neck, ears, nose, fingers, wrists, ankles, and toes. These she hid under ground lest her husband should find or see them.

Alas! I need say no more; you know all the rest. Arima's little feet were slippered in gold, velvet, and silver; her black hair was pearled with gems of ocean; her soft bosom, panting alarm, was covered with muslin, half as soft as herself, and so fine that nothing but a Hindoo finger could produce its threads; and, O Heaven, she moved all warm, all smile, all breath of roses, to meet the embraces of the young Coorg Raja; to leave her own, her heart-confiding husband to despair, insanity, and suicide.

Well, I went to Seringapatam, leaving a tear at Rajapet, as a monument for poor Bappo Manick. In my way back I inquired how Arima's heart beat? It was colder than marble. She had starved herself to death, and torn the beauties from her face, with her nails, which had destroyed her Bappo! This was the work of remorse. O what a hell her bosom must have been, when she was marching arrayed in smiles to meet the young Raja! Of what were her smiles the type? volcanic flowers, if such ever grew over the burning lava of nature's heart. We know they bloom for a moment on passion's lip; till, nipped by remorse, they die like the dolphin, showing all the colours of despair. Well has the preacher said, "all is vanity"—but guilty pleasure is most vain.

"Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain."

SHAKSPEARE.

Forty Years in the World.

SONG.

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY; OR THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

You gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
[All] the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wanted course:
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is toss'd in waves,
And every man expecting
The sea to be their graves;
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For he it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again, to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at wars
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds nor scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach them
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll ply our business nimbly,
Where'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains;
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go,
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow

SONG.

THE SEA FIGHT IN XCII.*

Thursday in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun;
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roil'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;
Nuw they cry,
Run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main!

See they fly amazed o'er rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate;
For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing,
Bless the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;

---

* The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days, off cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favour of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of admiral Russel, afterwards earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the chevalier Tourville, whose ship, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the duke of Berwick, and several great officers both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore.

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave!
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves—
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like Leviathans, afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was Ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd,
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our Captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Breathed a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."—

Then Denmark bless'd our Chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a veil'd and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.—

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true;
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant, good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON THE

MORAL QUALITIES OF MILTON.

The moral character of Milton was as strongly marked as his intellectual, and it may be expressed in one word, *magnanimity*. It was in harmony with his poetry. He had a passionate love of the higher, more commanding, and majestic virtues, and fed his youthful mind with meditations on the perfection of a human being. In a letter written to an Italian friend before his thirtieth year, and translated by Hayley, we have this vivid picture of his aspirations after virtue.

"As to other points, what God may have determined for me, I know not; but this I know, that if he ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine. Ceres, in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of inquiry, than I day and night the idea of perfection. Hence, wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire in sentiment, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom, through every age, has taught us as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and if I am so influenced by nature or destiny, that by no exertion or labours of my own I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honour, yet no powers of heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with reverence and affection upon those, who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appeared engaged in the successful pursuit of it."

His Comus was written in his twenty-sixth year, and on reading this exquisite work, our admiration is awakened, not so much by observing how the whole spirit of poetry had descended on him at that early age, as by witnessing, how his whole youthful soul was penetrated, awed, and lifted up by the austere charms, "the radiant light," the invincible power, the celestial peace of saintly virtue. He reverenced moral purity and elevation, not only for its own sake, but as the inspirer of intellect, and especially of the higher efforts of poetry. In his usual noble style, he says,

"I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing of high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praise-worthy."

We learn from his works, that he used his multifarious reading, to build up within himself this reverence for virtue. Ancient history, the sublime musings of Plato, and the heroic self-abandonment of chivalry, joined their influences with prophets and apostles, in binding him "everlastingly in willing homage" to the great, the honourable, and the lovely in character. A remarkable passage to this effect, we quote from his account of his youth.

"I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn;" * * * "So that even these books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of virtue."

All Milton's habits were expressive of a refined and self-denying character. When charged by his unprincipled slanderers with licentious habits, he thus gives an account of his morning hours.

"Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour, or to devotion; in summer as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught: then with usual and generous labours preserving the body's health and

hardiness to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty, when it shall require firm hearts in sound bodies to stand and cover their stations, rather than to see the ruin of our protestation, and the enforcement of a slavish life."

We have enlarged on the strictness and loftiness of Milton's virtue, not only from our interest in the subject, but that we may put to shame and silence those men who make genius an apology for vice, and take the sacred fire, kindled by God within them, to inflame men's passions, and to minister to a vile sensuality.

We see Milton's greatness of mind, in his fervent and constant attachment to liberty. Freedom in all its forms and branches was dear to him, but especially freedom of thought and speech, of conscience and worship, freedom to seek, profess, and propagate truth. The liberty of ordinary politicians, which protects men's outward rights, and removes restraints to the pursuit of property and outward good, fell very short of that for which Milton lived and was ready to die. The tyranny which he hated most, was that which broke the intellectual and moral power of the community. The worst feature of the institutions which he assailed, was, that they fettered the mind. He felt within himself, that the human mind had a principle of perpetual growth, that it was essentially diffusive and made for progress, and he wished every chain broken, that it might run the race of truth and virtue with increasing ardour and success. This attachment to a spiritual and refined freedom, which never forsook him in the hottest controversies, contributed greatly to protect his genius, imagination, taste, and sensibility, from the withering and polluting influences of public station, and of the rage of parties. It threw a hue of poetry over politics, and gave a sublime reference to his service of the commonwealth. The fact that Milton, in that stormy day, and amidst the trials of public office, kept his high faculties undepraved, was a proof of no common greatness. Politics, however they make the intellect active, sagacious, and inventive, within a certain sphere, generally extinguish its thirst for universal truth, paralyse sentiment and imagination, corrupt the simplicity of the mind, destroy that confidence in human virtue, which lies at the foundation of philanthropy and generous sacrifices, and end in cold and prudent selfishness. Milton passed through a revolution, which in its last stages and issue, was peculiarly fitted to damp enthusiasm, to scatter the visions of hope, and to infuse doubts of the reality of virtuous principle; and yet the ardour, and moral feeling, and enthusiasm of his youth came forth unhurt, and even exalted from the trial.

Before quitting the subject of Milton's devotion to liberty, it ought to be recorded, that he wrote his celebrated "Defence of the People of England," after being distinctly forewarned by his physicians, that the effect of this exertion would be the utter loss of sight. His reference to this part of his history, in a short poetical effusion, is too characteristic to be withheld. It is inscribed to Cyriac Skinner, the friend to whom he appears to have confided his lately discovered "Treatise on Christian Doctrine."

Cyriac, this three-years-day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them over plied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.
Sonnet 22.

We see Milton's magnanimity in the circumstances under which Paradise Lost was written. It was not in prosperity, in honour, and amidst triumphs, but in disappointment, desertion, and in what the world calls disgrace, that he composed that work. The cause, with which he had identified himself, had failed. His friends were scattered; liberty was trodden under foot; and her devoted champion was a by-word among the triumphant royalists. But it is the prerogative of true greatness, to glorify itself in adver-

sity, and to meditate and execute vast enterprises in defeat. Milton, fallen in outward condition, afflicted with blindness, disappointed in his best hopes, applied himself with characteristic energy to the sublimest achievement of intellect, solacing himself with great thoughts, with splendid creations, and with a prophetic confidence, that however neglected in his own age, he was framing in his works a bond of union and fellowship with the illustrious spirits of a brighter day. We delight to contemplate him in his retreat and last years. To the passing spectator, he seemed fallen and forsaken, and his blindness was reproached as a judgment from God. But though sightless, he lived in light. His inward eye ranged through universal nature, and his imagination shed on it brighter beams than the sun. Heaven, and Hell, and Paradise, were open to him. He visited past ages, and gathered round him ancient sages and heroes, prophets and apostles, brave knights and gifted bards. As he looked forward, ages of liberty dawned and rose to his view, and he felt, that he was about to bequeath to them an inheritance of genius "which would not fade away," and was to live in the memory, reverence, and love of remotest generations.

We have enlarged on Milton's character, not only from the pleasure of paying that sacred debt, which the mind owes to him who has quickened and delighted it, but from an apprehension that Milton has not yet reaped his due harvest of esteem and veneration. The envious mists, which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson spread over his bright name, are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. We wish not to disparage Johnson. We could find no pleasure in sacrificing one great man to the manes of another. But we owe it to Milton and to other illustrious names, to say, that Johnson has failed of the highest end of biography, which is to give immortality to virtue, and to call forth fervent admiration towards those who have shed splendour on past ages. We acquit Johnson, however, of intentional misrepresentation. He did not and could not appreciate Milton. We doubt whether two other minds, having so little in common as those of which we are now speaking, can be found in the higher walks of literature. Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was comparatively "of the earth;" whilst Milton's was only inferior to that of angels. It was customary in the day of Johnson's glory, to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature. In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming either, never entered his mind but to disturb and provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived, seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be improved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter, by an enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence, a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government, marks his works. Hence we find so little in his writings, which is electric and soul-kindling, and which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of loftier thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. "Reformation" was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was a fire in his aged breast. The difference between Milton and Johnson, may be traced not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined

to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempe or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton! The comparison, which we have instituted, has compelled us to notice Johnson's defects. But we trust we are not blind to his merits. His stately march, his pomp and power of language, his strength of thought, his reverence for virtue and religion, his vigorous logic, his practical wisdom, his insight into the springs of human action, and the solemn pathos, which occasionally pervades his descriptions of life and his references to his own history, command our willing admiration. That he wanted enthusiasm, and creative imagination, and lofty sentiment, was not his fault. We do not blame him for not being Milton. We love intellectual power in all its forms, and delight in the variety of mind. We blame him only, that his passions, prejudices, and bigotry, engaged him in the unworthy task of obscuring the brighter glory of one of the most gifted and virtuous men. We would even treat what we deem the faults of Johnson with a tenderness approaching respect; for they were results, to a degree which man cannot estimate, of a diseased, irritable, nervous, unhappy physical temperament, and belonged to the body more than to the mind. We only ask the friends of genius, not to put their faith in Johnson's delineations of it. His biographical works are tinged with his notoriously strong prejudices, and of all his "Lives," we hold that of Milton to be the most apocryphal.

Dr Channing.

MARCO BOZZARIS.*

[The Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard.
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a King;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his centries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!
He woke—to die, 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
Like forest pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals

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* Originally published in the "New Times."

Which close the pestilence are broke
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of Fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood bought;
Come in her crowning hour; and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime,
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse-wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp, and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

TOWN AND COUNTRY;

AN ODE.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.*

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust;
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no Eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milkmaid blithe;
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!—
My grass is of that sort—alas,
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
I think of cowslip cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow-buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau review'd
His periwinkles!—mine are strew'd!
My rose blooms on a gown!—
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown:

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye linnet, lark, and thrush!
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door
Are all my "tuneful throng."

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* From "The Amulet for 1828."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning-beams
And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes!

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:—
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
The Arcadian herdsman used to play
Sweetly—here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—"pipe hot."

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
On every hand the sense is shock'd
With objects hard to bear:
Shades—vernal shades!—where wine is sold!
And for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers
Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more:
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
And that bare wood—St John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
With brockers—not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

My gudeman has friens in East Lothian, and upon a notion of visiting them between haytime and har'st, I set out frae hame, about three weeks syne, taking my passage in the steam-boat at Ardrossan for Glasgow, where I staid with my cousin, Mrs Treddles, the manufacturer's wife, and next day went to Port-Dundas, whence I sailed on the canal in the track-boat to Falkirk, with this bundle in my hand.

Being a lanely widow-woman, I was blate amang strangers in the boat; but there was a drummer laddie, with a Waterloo crown hinging at his bosom, and I made up to him, or rather I should say, he made up to me, for he was a gleg and birky callan, no to be set down by a look or a word. I wasna only a widow woman, but a bairnless mother, which made me kindly to a' ramplor weans; for my ain were laddies, stout and stirring, though only ane of them came to manhood. But it was no because I was a forlorn widow that no ither noticed, nor because I was gladdened with the bold and free spirit of the drummer-laddie that I gave him a share, no unasked, it's true, of the store in my bundle—I had a far deeper reason. For my only son had many a year before gone off with the soldiers, and I could never hear aught concerning him. He was a braw and brave lad, a sightlier was not to be met with in a' Carrick, Coil, or Cunningham; but he was of a wild and roving disposition, and wou'd never settle to the plough. It is his bastard bairn that I am bringing up for the mailing. Many a sore heart he gave me; but there was a winsome way about him, that soon made me forgive and forget his faults. Perhaps in that I was overly lenient; but it was a sin that I hope the Lord, in his mercy, will remember in gentleness; for in the wisdom of his dispensations, he had taken from me all his other gifts—the four elder brothers of my gallant and light-hearted prodigal.

But what mother can remember the errors of her fatherless bairn?—I have forgotten a' those of my roving Willy, for he was no man's enemy, but his own. He gaed to the Ayr Races in the year fourteen; and forgathering there with some other free-natured lads like himself, they sat lang singing the sangs of Robin Burns, and dipping o'er deep in the barley bree. In coming out to gang to their lodgings, they happened to fall in with some of the ne'erdoweel gentlemen that was at the races; whether it was in a

house or the crown of the causeway, I never heard the rights o't; but they fell out and fought, and my unlucky bairn, being at the time kindled with drink, and of a natural spirit that wou'dna brook the weight of the king's hand, far less a blow in the face from Sir Patrick Malice; he struck the poor divor with such a dreadful arm, that he made his head dash against the stanes of the causeway. Every body thought Sir Patrick was killed outright. He lay lang senseless, and the fright caused sobriety to a' present. Both sides cried to Willy to flee, for the gentlemen were as convinced of their error as the farming lads. My Willie fled straight to Glasgow, which he reached in the morning. We had credit with our friends the Treddles; there they supplied him with siller, and he went off to London the same day. Pursued by his own conscience, thinking he had committed a murder, and fearing to let any body know where he was, we never had a scrape of a pen from him, till he was on the eve of embarking as a dragoon soldier at Portsmouth for Flanders. Nor would he have written then, but he happened to see as it were a ghost,—Sir Patrick alive and weel, in the Isle of Wight, where he was for the benefit of mild air, having run out his health and fortune.

This was the last and only letter I had ever from him, for he was slain in the great day of Waterloo, and, as one of his comrades wrote to me, died, not leaving a braver heart, or a better man, in the British army.—It was a strange thing; but instead of sorrow, this letter made my heart triumph; and from that day, though the king may boast the victory, and the duke of the fame, there's no a breast in a' the three kingdoms that thinks of Waterloo with more pride than mine. I put on mournings, it's true, but they were to me as garments of praise,—and I thanked the Lord for the manner in which he had rewarded me for the cares and anxieties of being a mother.

This was the chief cause of my discoursing with the drummer-laddie, who I saw had been at Waterloo; and from him I learnt it was neither so far off, nor in a Pagan lan', that the battle was fought, as I fancied. He said I had only to take the smack at Leith for London, and then the coach there for Dover, and I would be in no time at Brussels, where every body could show me the road to the field of battle.

After getting into the coach, at Lock No. 16, for Edinburgh, I thought of what the laddie had said, and I felt it would be a satisfaction to my heart to visit the grave of my brave Willy. As I had come provided with siller to buy some articles on my return at Glasgow, I was in want of nothing for the journey, so instead of going to our cousins in East Lothian, I went directly to Leith, and embarked in a smack, that was to sail the next morning for London. We had a pleasant voyage, and the captain, who was a most discreet man, saw me safe in a coach for Dover. I did not tell him where I was going, but on my coming back, when I said where I had been, he thought it for me a wonderful undertaking, I having no guide nor knowledge of the language. But I followed the drummer-laddie's direction, for after passing the sea in the packet at Dover, I just pointed to the folk that came round me, and said Waterloo, which they all understood. A grand English gentleman came up to me on the shore, as I was standing inquiring my way, and he told me, that I ought to have had a passport; but when I said that I was the mother of a Scotch Grey, going to see my son's grave at Waterloo, he was wonderful affected, and said, that neither money nor interest would be wanting to help me on. I told him, however, that I stood in no need of money; and that it was an old saying, that a woman with a Scotch tongue in her head, was fit to gang over the world. It was surprising the attention he paid me; for being obligated, on account of coming without a pass ticket, to go before a magistrate, he went there with me, and told the magistrate in French all about me, and where I was going, by which he got the magistrate, not only to give me a pass, but likewise he gave me himself a letter to a friend of his own, a high man that was living about the Court at Brussels. Thus did I experience, that it was only necessary for me to say I was going to Waterloo, in order to be well treated.

By the advice of the English gentleman, I went with some French ladies in a coach to a canal, where we embarked in a schuyt, as they called the trackboat; and, after stopping and changing at various

places, and ancient grand towns, which, however, I did not look much at, we came to the city of Brussels, where one of the ladies kept a bookselling shop, who very civilly invited me to stay at her house, and would take nothing for the trouble, saying only, for she could speak no English,—"Waterloo'—meaning, as I thought, that she was paid already by what the bravery of my Willy had helped to do there.

On the next day, she went with me herself to the house of the English gentleman's friend, who was likewise from London, with his lady seated among a nest of bonny bairns, with fair curly heads, that were far more beautiful than clusters of pearl. They read the letter, and treated me as if I was a warld's wonder, saying they would take me in their coach to Waterloo. But I told them I would not put them to that trouble for my thought was to go alone! but it was a proud thing for me, that gentry in their station of life could be so civil, because I had a son lying at Waterloo. They insisted, however, that I should take a refreshment of wine, and wait until they could procure a proper person to go with me to the place.

That day I staid at Brussels, and they sent one of their servant lasses, a French maiden that could speak some English, round the town with me, and she described to me the panic that she was in at the time of the battle, and how the waggons, horses, and cannon, and wounded soldiers, filled the streets. It was indeed such a thing to hear of, that the like is not to be met with in any book out of the Bible.

The English family got a man to go with me, who had been a Highland soldier, from Moidiart, in Lochaber. He lost an arm at Waterloo, and afterwards married a Dutchwoman that keeps a tobacconist's shop in the market, forenent the Town-house, and was settled with his pension at Brussels. Him and me set out on our feet soon in the morning, and as we were walking along, he told me many particulars, but he said overly mickle anent the Highlanders, as if he would have given to them all the glory of the day, although it is well known the Scotch Greys were in the front and foremost with the victory. Except in this, Corporal Macdonald was a sensible man, and showed me both far and near where the fray was bloodiest, and where the Duke fought, and Bonaparte began to run away. But the last place he took me to was a field of strong wheat. "There," said he, "it was that the Scotch Greys suffered most. Their brave blood has fattened the sod, that the corn springs here so greenly."—I looked around with the tear in my e'e, but I could see no hillock to mark where the buried lay, and my heart filled fu', and I sat down on the ground and Macdonald beside me, and he said nothing, but continued for a time silent, till I had poured out my sorrow.

As we were sitting, communing with the dead and gone, he happened to notice a bit of a soldier's coat, and pulling it out of the yird, drew with it an old rusty gully knife. "This," said Macdonald, as he lifted it, "has belonged to some brave fellow." But think what I felt, when, in that same identical knife, I beheld a proof and testimony that my poor Willy could no be far from the spot where we then were. It was a knife that his father bought, and I knew it by the letters of his name, burnt out upon the horn of the heft. I seized upon it in the hands of the corporal, as if it had been a precious relic of a great price, and I have it now in my bundle. But I would weary you to sleep, were I to recount only the half of what I saw and felt on the field of battle at Waterloo.

It was far in the afternoon, indeed gloaming, before we returned to Brussels, and the English family had sent three times to inquire if I had come back. I was fatigued and my heart was heavy, so I did not go to them that night, but took a dish of tea with Mrs Macdonald, the corporal's Dutch wife, who was a remarkable civil woman: but having no knowledge of one another's tongue, we could hold but small discourse. At night I went back to the house of Madam Buckenbacht, the bookselling lady that had been so discreet to me, and there found the servant lass that gaed round the town with me, to interpret between us. By her I heard, that the day following a French millender lady of her acquaintance, was going to London to buy goons; and meaning to take Mechlin in her way, it would be a fine opportunity for me to go with her, which I was glad to hear of

—so Madam Vaurien and me came off by break of day, in a schuyt on the canal; but, although she could speak but little English, and me no French, I soon saw that she was a pawkie carlin, the true end and intent of her journey being to take over a cargo of laces to the London market. For after dark, in the public-house at Mechlin, where we sleeped that night, she persuaded me to sew to my sark tail, and other canny places, mony an ell of fine Flanders lace; and it was well for her I did so, for when we got to the English coast at Harwich, by which round-about gate she brought me, the custom-house officers, like so many ravens, turned Madam Vaurien, with all her bags and bundles, as it were inside out, calling her an old stager; in the doing of which they seized upon all she had, but having no jealousy of me, I escaped untouched, and brought safe to hand in London all the lace about me. At first, Madam Vaurien made a dreadful cry, and when the men were handling her, declared she was a ruined woman, but when she got me and herself safe out of the coach, and into her lodgings in London, she said that she did not care for what had been taken, the same being of no value, compair'd with what was about me.

I was not overly content with Madam Vaurien for this, nor did I think, upon consideration, that either Madam Buckenbacht was so disinterested in her kindness, when I came to understand that the two madams were gude-sisters. But I had been at Waterloo, I had sat near the grave of my gallant Willie, and I had brought with me a token more precious than fine gold—and all other things were as nothing.

On the next day Madam Vaurien, who was well acquaint with the ways of London, got a person to go with me to Wapping, and I saw, in passing, many a farlie and fine thing, such as St Paul's and the Tower, till we came to the Smack's place on the river, where I found the bark I had come in ready to sail that very night. As I carried my bundle aye in my hand, I had nothing to make ready for the voyage, so I steppit on board, and, in four days after, was set on shore at the pier of Leith, and now I am so far in my way back to my own dwelling.

JOHN GALT.

ODE TO SILENCE.

SILENCE, mysterious power!
That wrapp'st the shadowy scene in thy embrace,
At this lone midnight hour,
List to a child of the Poetic Race.

Yon hills, far distant to the view—
The river calmly flowing—
The boundless sky's unclouded blue—
This bosom scarcely glowing—
Tell, mysterious power!
How dread thy reign is at this solemn hour.

When Twilight spreads her thick'ning gloom
Along the daisied vale,
And hides each flower that breathes perfume,
And stills each songster's tale;
While pillow'd on the mirror-wave,
The winds of Heaven are sleeping,
And Silence, thou, on Echo's cave,
Thy evening watch art keeping.
Sublimely o'er his pensive soul,
The Poet feels thy influence roll;
And should a sound along the grove
From wood or hill be driven,
Sweet is it as the tones of Love,—
The melody of Heaven!
The distant horn divinely swelling,—
The sheep-bell tones on zephyr dwelling,
Disturb not, Silence, thy repose.
They are thy music, and the mind,
By its soft influence, is refined,
And half forgets its woes.
Still, at that lone and lovely hour,
May those sweet sounds in grove or bower,
When Fancy's child delights to rove,
Be heard in strains now born—now dying,
While Echo, soft replying,
Breathes harmony and love!
But now no voice in plaintive strain,
From forest, hill, or plain,
Breaks on my list'ning ear;
And all is moveless, save the river,
And those pure gems in yon blue sphere,
That calmly roll, and mildly quiver.

But, hark! what uncongenial sound
Comes from the ruin's ivied walls—
Disturbs the stillness so profound,
And fearfully appals?—
Again!—it is the owl's wild scream—
It now has died away,
And fair again, beneath the pale moonbeam,
Sweet Silence holds her sway.

CRAIG.*

* "Poems by John Craig, Edinburgh, 1827." 12mo.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathise with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over-against St Clement's church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new-pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life) leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of Impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: This made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider

seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning-gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, some body knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: But seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows.

'SIR,

'AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.

'Your humble servant to command,

'THOMAS WHITE.'

'I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.'

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flash'd the sheets of levin-light;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Show'd the dreary bivouac
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again
Though death should come with day.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near
Among the sons of men;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then grey Allan sleepless lay;
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow'd stout and stern
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel
Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid 'mid friends' and foemens' gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morvern long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloft,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrole their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;

But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrole nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,
When down the destined plain
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And doom'd the future slain.—
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Chusers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gesture wild and dread;
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray
And of the destined dead.

SONG.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Makes space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broad-sword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and drearer flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man."

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say;
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOVEMBER.

THIS is the month in which we are said by the Frenchman to hang and drown ourselves. We also agree with him in calling it "the gloomy month of November:" and above all, with our in-door, money-getting, and unimaginative habits, all the rest of the year, we contrive to make it so. Not all of us, however: and fewer and fewer, we trust, every day. It

is a fact well known to the medical philosopher, that in proportion as people do not take air and exercise, their blood becomes darker and darker: now what darkens and thickens the circulation, and keeps the humours within the pores, darkens and clogs the mind; and we are then in a state to receive pleasure but indifferently or confusedly, and pain with tenfold painfulness. If we add to this a quantity of *unnecessary* cares and sordid mistakes, it is so much the worse. A love of nature is the refuge. He who grapples with March, and has the smiling eyes upon him of June and August, need have no fear of November.

And as the Italian proverb says, every medal has its reverse. November, with its loss of verdure, its frequent rains, the fall of the leaf, and the visible approach of winter, is, undoubtedly, a gloomy month to the gloomy; but to others, it brings but pensiveness, a feeling very far from destitute of pleasure; and if the healthiest and most imaginative of us may feel their spirits pulled down by reflections connected with earth, its mortalities, and its mistakes, we should but strengthen ourselves the more to make strong and sweet music with the changeful but harmonious movements of nature. In no system is there really any such thing as death. All is but changed and vitality. We become either spiritual essences, or new physical beings, or rather both; and, with November's leave, if Pythagoras did not shrink from the idea of being a bird, we do not see why Tomkins should be so fastidious. There are but two things that are really horrible,—malignity and superstition: one, which disturbs the present world; and the other, which, besides disturbing the present, makes a Pandæmonium of the greater part of the future. All other painful things are but follies; and indeed, these are but of all follies the most painful.

There are many pleasures in November, if we will lift up our matter-of-fact eyes, and find that there are matters-of-fact we seldom dream of. It is a pleasant thing to meet the gentle fine days, that come to contradict our sayings for us: it is a pleasant thing to see the primrose come back again in woods and meadows: it is a pleasant thing to catch the whistle of the green plover, and to see the greenfinches congregate: it is a pleasant thing to listen to the deep amorous note of the wood-pigeons, who now come back again; and it is a pleasant thing to hear the deeper voice of the stags, making their triumphant love amidst the falling leaves.

Besides a quantity of fruit, our gardens retain a number of the flowers of last month, with the striped lily in leaf; and in addition to several of the flowering trees and shrubs, we have the fertile and glowing china-roses in flower; and in fruit the pyracantha, with its lustrous red berries, that cluster so beautifully on the walls of cottages. This is the time also for domestic cultivators of flowers to be very busy in preparing for those spring and winter ornaments, which used to be thought the work of magic. They may plant hyacinths, dwarf-tulips, polyanthus-narcissus, or any other moderately-growing bulbous roots, either in water glasses or in pots of light dry earth, to flower early in their apartments. If in glasses, the bulb should be a little in the water; if in pots a little in the earth, or but just covered. They should be kept in a warm light room.

The trees generally lose their leaves in the following succession:—walnut, mulberry, horse-chesnut, sycamore, lime, ash; then, after an interval, elm; then beech and oak; then apple and peach trees, sometimes not till the end of November; and lastly pollard oaks and young beeches, which retain their withered leaves till pushed off by their new ones in spring. Oaks that happen to be stripped of their leaves by chaffers, will often surprise the haunter of nature by being clothed again soon after Midsummer with a beautiful vivid foliage.

The farmer endeavours to finish his ploughing this month, and then lays up his instruments for the spring. Cattle are kept in the yard or stable, sheep turned into the turnip-field, or in bad weather fed with hay; bees moved under shelter, and pigeons fed in the dove-house.

Among autumnal pleasures, we ought not to have omitted the very falling of the leaves:—

> To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
> Go eddying round.*

* Mr Lamb's Tragedy of John Woodvil.

Towards the end of the month, under the groves and other shady places, they begin to lie in heaps, and to rustle to the foot of the passenger; and there they will lie till the young leaves are grown overhead, and spring comes to look down upon them with her flowers:

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sadness,
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy, thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding sheet.*

LEIGH HUNT.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
For night and day on me she cries;
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wish'd to be a bride;
For me, in life's sweet morn, she died
On fair Kirkconnel Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival, with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me;
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow,
And now her corse is lying low,
On fair Kirkconnel Lee!

Though HEAVEN forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend that made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me!
For, if where all the graces shine—
O! if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine,
And center'd all in thee!

Ah! what avails it that, amain,
I clove th' assassin's head in twain!
No peace of mind, my Helen slain—
No resting-place for me!

I see her spirit in the air!
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When murder laid her bosom bare
On fair Kirkconnel Lee!

O! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May HE who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel Lee!

JOHN MAYNE.

* Mr Shelley's Revolt of Islam.

WHO COULD HAVE BELIEVED IT?

A GERMAN TALE.

Translated by the late Benjamin Thomson, Esq.

THERE lived in Vienna a young man of rank and fortune, who bore a strong resemblance to many other young men of that and every city, for he was a dupe to all the follies of fashion and high life. He combined a flexible heart with a handsome person; it had cost his mother a great deal of trouble to make him what is called a *puppy;* but, by indefatigable diligence, she had at last effected her purpose. All the ladies, consequently, loved him, and he loved them all in return. It has been said that once or twice his attachments have even been of more than a month's duration, but never did he impose any constraint upon himself or the object of his affection, by an irksome fidelity. He possessed the nicest powers of perception, whenever any word or look summoned him to victory; but he always had the good manners to pay every attention to the clock, when it announced the hour of parting.

With these qualifications, he was certain of success with the ladies. He paid his devoirs to all, enjoyed all, and was at last tired of all. In one of his moments of torpid satiety, our hero had returned home before supper. Happy is he who feels the time least oppressive when at home—he belongs to the better kind of men. Our young count threw himself upon the sofa, stretched his limbs, yawned, and so forth. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was married.—No wonder that we should have forgotten it, since

he himself only just now recollected it. "Apropos," said he, and rung the bell:—a servant entered.

"Go to your mistress and ask if I may have the pleasure of seeing her." The servant listened attentively, not believing the testimony of his own ears. The count repeated his orders, which the servant at length obeyed, shaking his head as he went. The countess was the amiable daughter of a country gentleman—she was a flower which, from the pressure of the court atmosphere, drooped, but did not quite wither; to avoid *ennui*, she had no resource but to swim with the tide of high life. She and her husband sometimes met—they never avoided, nor ever courted each other's society. Before marriage they had seen little of each other, and after it they had no time to devote to such an employment. There were people enough who spared the count the trouble of admiring his wife's perfections, and if they made no impression on her heart, they at least gratified her vanity.

Her husband's message was delivered to her at a moment when her state of mind was much the same as his:—she knew not what to think of this unexpected visit: she replied, however, that she should be happy to see him. He entered—hoped he was not troublesome—took a chair—made remarks on the weather—and recounted the news of the day. The conversation, as far as related to the subjects of it, was quite common, but his vivacity, and Amelia's genius, inspired it with interest. The time passed they knew not how: the count looked at his watch—was surprised to find it so late, and requested permission to sup with his wife. "With all my heart," replied Amelia, "if you can be content with my homely fare." Supper was brought—they eat, and were merry, without being noisy. This calm pleasure possessed to them the charm of novelty; they were both pleasant without wishing to appear so, as is generally the case with most people. They were quite new acquaintances—the hours flew swiftly away, and the time for retiring to rest being arrived, the count took leave of the countess, highly pleased with his visit.

The next day he was invited to a concert, and did not learn, till it was late, that, one of the virtuosos being ill, the concert was deferred. How was he to pass the tedious evening? He inquired, as he passed, after his wife, and was informed she was somewhat indisposed.

"Well," thought he, "common civility requires that I should wait upon her, and ask her personally how she does." He sent a message, requesting that he might be allowed to sit with her till supper, and was very politely received. He was cheerful, lively, and gallant. The supper hour arrived, and this time Amelia begged him to stay. He had been invited to a cassino party after the concert, notwithstanding which he remained with his wife, and their conversation was quite as pleasant, and less reserved than that of the preceding visit.

"Do you know," said Amelia, "that the party to which you were invited would find a little trouble in discovering *the cause* of your absence?" He smiled, and paused for a few moments. "I must tell you something in confidence," began he at length, while he was playing with his fork, "something which you will perhaps think rather candid than gallant; you cannot imagine how much you are improved since your marriage."—"*My* marriage!" answered Amelia, in a jocose tone, "I believe it took place about the same time as your own."—"Very true, my lady," replied he, "but it is inconceivable how so happy an alteration can have taken place in you. At that time—pardon me—you had so much rustic bashfulness, it is scarce possible to recognise you:—your genius is no longer the same; even your features are much improved."

"Well, my lord," replied the countess, "without wishing to return the compliment, all that you have said of me, I thought of you. But upon my word," added she, "it is well that no one hears us; for it almost seems as if we were making love." The dialogue continued long in the same style, till Amelia at length looked at her watch, and in a fascinating tone remarked that it was late. The Count arose unwillingly, slowly took his leave, and as slowly retired to the door—suddenly he again turned round.

"My lady," said he, "I find it very tedious to breakfast alone—may I be allowed to take my chocolate with you?" "If you please," answered Amelia, and they parted, still more pleased with each other.

The next morning it occurred to the count that these frequent visits *to his wife*

might give rise to scandalous reports. He therefore desired his valet not to mention the circumstance to any one.—He then put on an elegant morning gown, and went softly over to Amelia.

Amelia had just risen in the most cheerful humour. The bloom upon her cheek rivalled the blush of morning. She was animated, and witty—in short, she was enchanting, and her husband, in an hour, discovered how much pleasanter it was to breakfast in company, than to sit alone, and opposite a glass, gazing at his own person, and looking into his yawning mouth.

"Why don't you come here every day?" said Amelia; "if my company is pleasant to you?" He answered that he feared his presence might prevent the visits of others.

"I shall miss no one," replied she, "as long as you indemnify me by your society."—"Upon my word," said the count, "I have more than once wished that I was not your ladyship's husband."—"Why so?" demanded Amelia. "That I might be allowed to tell you," returned he, "how much I love you."—"Oh! tell me so I beg," cried she, "if only for the sake of novelty."—"Fear not," answered the count, "I hope, my lady, I shall never so far forget myself; but we have had, I think, two very agreeable *tete-a-tetes* at supper—how if you were this evening to allow me a third." "With all my heart," answered the countess. The appointment was on both sides exactly adhered to. Their conversation was this time less lively, less brilliant—they gazed at each other oftener, and spoke less; the heart began to assert its influence, and even arrived so far, that they once, during a pause, involuntarily squeezed each other's hand across the table, although the servants were still in the room.—*Who could have believed it?*

Amelia very plainly perceived that it was late, but she did not look at her watch. Her husband made not the smallest effort to depart;—he complained that he was somewhat tired, but not sleepy. In a word, from this day they parted in the morning instead of midnight, because they were then both ready to breakfast together.

The count, enchanted with his new conquest, eloped with Amelia into the country, where they, with astonishment, discovered that the theatre of nature, and the concert of the nightingales, surpassed all other theatres and concerts. They at first thought of staying only a few days—every morning they intended to depart, and every evening they changed their intentions. When autumn, however, approached, they returned to Vienna. The same evening they went to the play, and our hero had the courage to sit in the *same box* with Amelia.

Who could have believed it? To such a dreadful extent may a man be led by one thoughtless step. Ye happy husbands in high life, take warning by the mournful example of our count!

LINES,

*On the death of a Gentleman, occasioned by the explosion of a Steam Vessel.**

He paced the deck, and deep in musing thought
Look'd inward on himself.—Bright things were there,
Approving Conscience, and heaven-nourish'd Hope,
And the heart's visions of a hastening home
Where gentle voices breathed, and young brows bloom'd,
Such visions as gleam only in the eye
Of husband and of sire.—Scarcely he mark'd
The clouded skies, and the faint-twinkling stars
Retiring one by one,—for the meek soul
Dwells in such atmosphere, as earth's low fogs
Pollute not long.—
There was a sound!—a shock!—
But not of thunders, or of warring winds.—
God's visitation came,—not on the blast,
Or the red lightning, or the wrathful deep.—
There was a cry of anguish, and of fear
From many voices, a wild struggling rush
As of the perishing, then all was still,
Save the strong gasping wrung from suffering hearts.—
Woe was on many a brow, and death on his
Who but that moment in the joy of life
Stood eminent. Yet undismay'd he seem'd,
And like an infant by its nurse rebuked
Lay peaceful, waiting for a higher will.—
Pain number'd the slow hours,—and that still eve
Came lingering on, which draws its dusky line
Between the Sabbath and man's week-day cares,
Warning to meditation, that the soul
May fit her vestments for the work of praise.—
But he who oft its banner in the sky
Had mark'd with humble gratitude,—was gone:—
Risen to that better Sabbath, which no sound
Of bell announceth,—and no setting sun
May terminate. Risen! and how great his gain.

* From The "Connecticut Observer."

STANZAS,

*By a Member of the Society of Friends.**

When on the mission from his throne in heaven,
In the frail bark the Saviour deign'd to sleep,
The tempest rose with headlong fury driven,
The wave-tossed vessel whirl'd along the deep:
Wild shriek'd the storm amid the parting shrouds,
As the vex'd billows dashed the dark'ning clouds.

Oh then how futile human skill and power!
"Save us—we perish in the o'erwhelming wave,"
They cried, and found in that tremendous hour,
An eye to pity and an arm to save.
He spake, and lo! obedient to his will,
The raging waters and the winds were still.

And thou, poor trembler on life's stormy sea,
When dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,
To Him for refuge from the tempest flee,—
To Him confiding trust thy sinking soul;
For Oh! he came to calm the tempest-tost,
To seek the wandering, and to save the lost.

THE TUTOR.

"Sweet, tender sex! with snares encompass'd round,
On others hang thy comforts and thy rest."

Hogg.

Nature has made woman weak, that she might receive with gratitude the protection of man. Yet, how often is the appointment perverted! How often does her protector become her oppressor! Even custom seems leagued against her. Born with the tenderest feelings, her whole life is commonly a struggle to suppress them. Placed in the most favourable circumstances, her choice is confined to a few objects; and, unless where singularly fortunate, her fondest partialities are only a modification of gratitude. She may reject, but cannot invite; may tell what would make her wretched, but dare not even whisper what would make her happy; and, in a word, she exercises merely a negative upon the most important event of her life. Man has leisure to look around him, and may marry at any age with almost equal advantage; but woman must improve the fleeting moment, and determine quickly, at the hazard of determining rashly. The spring-time of her beauty will not last; its wane will be the signal for the flight of her lovers; and if the present opportunity is neglected, she may be left to experience the only species of misfortune for which the world evinces no sympathy. How cruel, then, to increase the misery of her natural dependence! How ungenerous to add treachery to strength, and deceive or disappoint those whose highest ambition is our favour, and whose only safety is our honesty!

William Arbuthnot was born in a remote county of Scotland, where his father rented a few acres of land, which his own industry had reclaimed from the greatest wildness to a state of considerable fertility. Having given, even in his first attempts at learning, those indications of a retentive memory, which the partiality of a parent easily construes into a proof of genius, he was early destined for the Scottish Church, and regarded as a philosopher before he had emerged from the nursery. While his father pleased himself with the prospect of seeing his name associated with the future greatness of his son, his mother, whose ambition took a narrower range, thought she could die contented if she should see him seated in the pulpit of his native church; and, perhaps from a pardonable piece of vanity, speculated as frequently upon the effect his appearance would have upon the hearts of the neighbouring daughters, as his discourses upon the minds of their mothers. This practice, so common among the poorer classes in Scotland, of making one of their children a scholar, to the prejudice, as is alleged, of the rest, has often been remarked, and sometimes severely censured. But probably the objections that have been urged against it, derive their chief force from the exaggerations upon which they are commonly founded. It is not generally true, that parents, by bestowing the rudiments of a liberal education upon one of the family, materially injure the condition or prospects of the rest. For it must be remembered, that the Plebeian student is soon left to trust to his own exertions for support, and, like the monitor of a Lancastrian seminary,

* From the "New-York Observer."

unites the characters of pupil and master, and teaches and is taught by turns.

But to proceed with our little narrative. —The parish schoolmaster having intimated to the parents of his pupil, that the period was at hand when he should be sent to prosecute his studies at the university, the usual preparations were made for his journey, and his departure was fixed for the following day, when he was to proceed to Edinburgh under escort of the village carrier and his black dog Cesar, two of the oldest and most intimate of his acquaintance. Goldsmith's poetical maxim, that "little things are great to little men," is universally true; and this was an eventful day for the family of Belhervie, for that was the name of the residence of Mr Arbuthnot. The father was as profuse of his admonitions as the mother was of her tears; and had a stranger beheld the afflicted group, he would have naturally imagined that they were bewailing some signal calamity, in place of welcoming an event to which they had long looked forward with pleasure. But the feelings of affectionate regret occasioned by this separation, were most seasonably suspended by the receipt of a letter from Mr Coventry, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, in which that gentleman offered to engage their son for a few years, as a companion and tutor to his children. This was an offer which his parents were too prudent to reject, particularly as it might prove the means of future patronage as well as of present emolument. It was therefore agreed upon that William should himself be the bearer of their letter of acceptance, and proceed forthwith to his new residence. On this occasion he was admonished anew; the advices were different from those formerly given, and were delivered by a different person. His mother was now the principal speaker; and instead of warning him against the snares that are laid for youth in a gross city, she furnished him with some rude lessons on the principles of good-breeding, descending to a number of particulars too minute to be enumerated here. William listened to the harangue with becoming reverence and attention, and on the following morning, for the first time, bade farewell to his affectionate parents.

On the afternoon of the same day he arrived at Daisybank, where he was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. His appearance was genteel and prepossessing; and it was not long before his new friends discovered, that the slight degree of awkwardness which at first clung to his manners, proceeded more from bashfulness and embarrassment than natural rusticity. But as he began to feel himself at home, this embarrassment of manners gradually gave place to an easy but unobtrusive politeness. Indeed, it would not have been easy for a youth of similar views, at his first outset in life, to have fallen into more desirable company. Mr and Mrs Coventry were proverbial among their neighbours for the simplicity and purity of their manners; and they had laboured, not unsuccessfully, to stamp a similar character upon the minds of their children. Their family consisted of two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were confided to the care of William.

Mary, the eldest of the four, now in her sixteenth or seventeenth year, was in every respect the most interesting object at Daisybank. To a mind highly cultivated for her years, she united many of those personal graces and attractions which command little homage in the crowd, but open upon us in the shade of retirement, and lend to the domestic circle its most irresistible charms. In stature she scarcely reached the middle size. To the beauty derived from form and colour she had few pretensions; yet when her fine blue eyes moistened with a tear at a tale of distress, or beamed an unaffected welcome to the stranger or the friend, he must have been more or less than man who felt not for her a sentiment superior to admiration. Hers, in a word, was the beauty of expression; the beauty of a mind reflected, in which the dullest disciple of Lavater could not for a moment have mistaken her real character. Her education had been principally conduted under the eye of her parents, and might be termed domestic rather than fashionable. Not that she was entirely a stranger to those acquirements which are deemed indispensable in modern education. She had visited occasionally a great metropolis, though, owing to the prudent solicitude of her parents, her residence there had been comparatively short, yet probably long enough to acquire all its useful or elegant accomplishments, with-

out any admixture of its fashionable frivolities.

From this hasty portraiture of Miss Coventry, it will easily be believed that it was next to impossible for a youth nearly of the same age, and not dissimilar in his dispositions, to remain long insensible to charms that were gradually maturing before his eyes, and becoming every day more remarkable. Fortunately, however, the idea of dependance attached to his situation, and a temper naturally diffident, determined him to renounce for ever a hope which he feared in his present circumstances would be deemed ungrateful and even presumptuous. But this was waging war with nature—a task which he soon found to be above his strength. He had now, therefore, to abandon the hope of victory for the safety of retreat, and content himself with concealing those sentiments he found it impossible to subdue. Yet so deceitful is love, that even this modest hope was followed with disappointment. One fine evening in June, when he was about to unbend from the duties of the day, and retire to muse on the amiable Mary, he encountered the fair wanderer herself, who was probably returning from a similar errand. He accosted her in evident confusion, and without being conscious of what he said, invited her to join him in a walk to a neighbouring height. His request was complied with in the same spirit it had been made; for embarrassment is often contagious, particularly the embarrassment arising from love. On this occasion he intended to summon up all his powers of conversation, and yet his companion had never found him so silent. Some common-place compliments to the beauty of the evening were almost the only observations which escaped his lips, and these he uttered more in the manner of a sleep-walker than a lover. They soon reached the limit of their walk, and rested upon an eminence that commanded the prospect of an extensive valley below. Day was fast declining to that point which is termed twilight, when the whole irrational creation seem preparing for rest, and only man dares intrude upon the silence of nature. Miss Coventry beheld the approach of night with some uneasiness, and dreading to be seen with William alone, she began to rally him upon his apparent absence and confusion, and proposed that they should immediately return to the house. At mention of this William started as from a dream, and being unable longer to command his feelings, he candidly confessed to her the cause of his absence and dejection. He dwelt with much emotion on his own demerit, and voluntarily accused himself for the presumption of a hope which he never meant to have revealed until the nearer accomplishment of his views had rendered it less imprudent and romantic. He declared that he would sooner submit to any hardship than incur the displeasure of her excellent parents, and entreated, that whatever were her sentiments with regard to the suit he was so presumptuous as to prefer, that she might assist him in concealing from them a circumstance which he feared would be attended with that consequence. To this tender and affectionate appeal, the gentle Mary could only answer with her sighs and blushes. She often indeed attempted to speak, but the words as often died upon her lips; and they had nearly reached home before she could even whisper an answer to the reiterated question of her lover. But she did answer at last; and never was a monarch more proud of his conquest, or the homage of his tributary princes, than William was of the simple fealty of the heart of Mary.

In the bosom of this happy family William now found his hours glide away so agreeably, that he looked forward with real regret to the termination of his engagement. His condition was perhaps one of those in which the nearest approach is made to perfect happiness,—when the youthful mind, unseduced by the blandishments of ambition, confines its regards to a few favourite objects, and dreads a separation from them as the greatest of evils. The contrast between the patriarchal simplicity of his father's fireside, and the comparative elegance of Mr Coventry's parlour, for a season dazzled him with its novelty; while the ripening graces of Mary threw around him a fascination which older and more unsusceptible minds than his might have found it difficult to resist. In his domestic establishment, Mr Coventry aimed at nothing beyond comfort and gentility. William was therefore treated in every respect as an equal, and was never banished from his patron's table to make

room for a more important guest, or condemned to hold lent over his solitary meal, while the family were celebrating a holiday.

All our ideas are relative, and we estimate every thing by comparison. Upon this principle, William thought no female so lovely or amiable as Miss Coventry, and no residence so delightful as Daisybank. And he would not have exchanged his feelings, while seated on a winter evening amidst his favourite circle, scanning, for their amusement, a page of history, or the columns of a newspaper, while the snugness and comfort that reigned within, made him forget the storm that pelted without, for the most delicious paradise an eastern imagination ever painted.

It will thus readily be imagined that the saddest day of our tutor's life was that on which he parted from this amiable family. He had here, he believed, spent the happiest moments of his existence; and instead of rejoicing that he had passed through one stage of his apprenticeship, he dwelt upon the past with pleasure, and looked forward to the future with pain.

Fortune, however, presented an insuperable obstacle to his spending his days in the inaction of private study; and he knew that he could neither gain, nor deserved to gain, the object of his affection, without establishing himself in life, by pursuing the course which had been originally chalked out to him. After, therefore, "pledging oft to meet again," he bade adieu to Daisybank, loaded with the blessings of the best of parents, and followed by the prayers of the best of daughters. He now paid a farewell visit to his parents, and after remaining with them a few days, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and for a short period felt his melancholy relieved by the thousand novelties that attract the notice of a stranger in a great city. But this was only a temporary relief; and as he had no friend in whom he could confide, he soon felt himself solitary in the midst of thousands. Often, when the professor was expatiating upon the force of the Greek particles, his imagination was hovering over the abodes he had forsaken; and frequently it would have been more difficult for him to have given an account of the lectures he had been attending, than to have calculated the probability of what was passing at a hundred miles distance. But this absence and dejection at last wore off, and as he possessed good natural talents, and had been an industrious student formerly, he soon distinguished himself in his classes, and before the usual period, was engaged as a tutor in one of the best families in Scotland.

This event formed another important era in his life. His prospects were now flattering, and as vanity did not fail to exaggerate them, he soon dropped a considerable portion of his humility, and began to regard himself as a young man of merit, to whom fortune was lavish of her favours. In his leisure hours he was exposed to mingle much in society; and as his manners and address were easy and engaging, scarcely a week elapsed that did not add to the number of his friends. The affections, when divided into many channels, cannot run deep in any; and probably, for every new acquaintance whom William honoured with his esteem, it required a sacrifice of friendship at the expense of love, and produced some abatement of that devotion of soul which accompanies every true and permanent attachment. At Daisybank he had seen a simple favourite of the graces, but here he beheld the daughters of wealth and of fashion, surrounded with all the gloss of art, and soon began to waver in his attachment, and even to regard his engagement as little more than a youthful frolic. Still this temper of mind was not attained without many struggles between love and ambition, honour and interest; nor could he ever for a moment commune with himself, without feeling remorse for his inconstancy and ingratitude. He could not annihilate the conviction, that Miss Coventry was as faithful and worthy as ever; and had she been present to appeal to his senses, it is probable he might have been preserved from the crime of apostasy. But these were fits of reflection and repentance which repetition soon deprived of their poignancy. The world returned with all its opiates and charms to stifle in his bosom the feelings of honour, and obliterate every trace of returning tenderness. After this he became less punctual in his correspondence with Miss Coventry, and in place of anticipating the arrival of her letters as he was wont to do, he allowed them to be sent slowly

to his lodgings, opened them without anxiety, and read them without interest. Of all this inconstancy, ingratitude, and neglect, the simple Mary remained a silent though not unconcerned spectator. Kind and generous by nature, and judging of others by herself, she framed a thousand excuses for his negligence; and when he did condescend to write to her, answered him as she had been unconscious of any abatement in his attentions.

Matters remained in this uncertain state for the space of three long years, at least they seemed long to Miss Coventry, when William received his licence as a preacher. He now, therefore, thought of redeeming a pledge he had given to the minister of his native parish, to make his first public appearance in his pulpit; and after giving due intimation, he departed for the parish of ———, with his best sermon in the pocket of his best coat. The account of his visit spread with telegraphic dispatch, long before telegraphs were invented, and was known over half the country many days before his arrival. This was another eventful day for his mother. She blessed Providence that she had lived to see the near fulfilment of her most anxious wish, and rising a little in her ambition, thought she could now die contented, if she should see him settled in a living of his own, and be greeted by her neighbours with the envied name of grandmother. As William was expected to dine with his parents on his way to the parsonage, or, as it is called in Scotland, the manse, of ———, great preparations were made for his reception, and for the appearance of the whole family at church on the following Sunday. Mrs Arbuthnot drew from the family-chest her wedding gown, which had only seen the sun twice during thirty summers; and her husband, for the first time, reluctantly applied a brush to his holiday suit, which appeared, from the antiquity of its fashion, to have descended, like the garments of the Swiss, through many successive generations of the Arbuthnots.

The little church of H——— was crowded to the door, perhaps for the first time, long before the bellman had given the usual signals. Mr Coventry, though residing in a different parish, had made a journey thither, with several of his family, for the purpose of witnessing the first public appearance of his friend. In this party was the amiable Mary, who took a greater interest in the event than any one, save the preacher, was aware of.

William on this occasion recited a well-written discourse with ease and fluency, and impressed his audience with a high opinion of his talents and piety. Some of the elder of them, indeed, objected to his gestures and pronunciation, which they thought "new-fangled" and theatrical; but they all agreed in thinking him a clever lad, and a great honour to his parents. His mother was now overwhelmed with compliments from all quarters, which she received with visible marks of pride and emotion. Mr Coventry waited in the church-yard till the congregation had retired, to salute his friend, and invite him to spend a few days at Daisybank. Mary, who hung in her father's arm, curtsied, blushed, and looked down. She had no well-turned compliment to offer on the occasion, but her eyes expressed something at parting, which once would have been sweeter to his soul than the applause of all the world beside.

Ambition from the beginning has been the bane of love. War and peace are not more opposite in their nature and effects than those rival passions; and the bosom that is agitated with the cares of the one, has little relish for the gentle joys of the other. William beheld in the person of Miss Coventry all he had been taught to regard as amiable or estimable in woman; but the recollection of the respect that had been shown him by females of distinction, mixed with exaggerated notions of his own merit, made him undervalue those simple unobtrusive graces he once valued so highly, and think almost any conquest easy after he had been settled in the rich living of B———, which had been promised him by his patron.

On the following day he paid a visit to Daisybank, and received the most cordial welcome from a family who sympathized almost equally with his parents in his prospects and his advancement. During his stay there, he had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Coventry alone, but he neglected, or rather avoided them all; and when rallied on the subject of marriage, declaimed on the pleasures of celibacy, and hinted, with a good deal of insincerity, his intention of living single.

Although these speeches were like daggers to the mind of her who regretted she could not rival him in inconstancy and indifference, they produced no visible alteration in her behaviour. Hers was not one of those minds in which vanity predominates over every other feeling, and where disappointment is commonly relieved by the hatred or resentment which it excites. Her soul was soft as the passion that enslaved it, and the traces of early affection are not easily effaced from a mind into which the darker passions have never entered.

William bade adieu to Miss Coventry without dropping one word upon which she could rear the superstructure of hope, and carried with him her peace of mind, as he had formerly carried her affections. From that hour she became pensive and melancholy, in spite of all her efforts to appear cheerful and happy. She had rejected many lovers for the inconstant's sake, but that gave her no concern. Her union with him had been long the favourite object of her life; and she could have patiently resigned existence, now that its object was lost. But she shuddered at the thought of the shock it would give her affectionate parents; for the softer feelings of our nature are all of one family, and the tenderest of wives have ever been the most dutiful daughters.

It was impossible for Mary long to conceal the sorrow which consumed her. Her fading cheeks and heavy eyes gave daily indications of what her lips refused to utter. Her parents became deeply alarmed at these symptoms of indisposition, and anxiously inquired into the cause of her illness; but her only answer was, that she felt no pain. The best physicians were immediately consulted upon her case, who recommended change of air and company; but all these remedies were without effect. The poison of disappointment had taken deep root in her heart, and defied the power of medicine.

Her attendants, when they found all their prescriptions ineffectual, began to ascribe her malady to its real cause, and hinted to her parents their apprehensions that she had been crossed in love. The good people, though greatly surprised at the suggestion, had too much prudence to treat it with indifference; and they left no means untried, consistent with a regard for the feelings of their child, to wile from her the important secret. At first, she endeavoured to evade their inquiries; but finding it impossible to allay their apprehensions without having recourse to dissimulation, she confessed to her mother her attachment to William, concealing only the promises he had made to her, and every circumstance that imputed to him the slightest degree of blame. At the same time she entreated them with the greatest earnestness, that no use might be made of a secret which she wished to have carried with her to the grave. This was a hard task imposed on her parents. They felt equally with herself the extreme delicacy of making the disclosure; but, on the other hand, they contemplated nothing but the probable loss of their child—an event, the bare apprehension of which filled their minds with the bitterest anguish. After many anxious consultations, Mr Coventry determined, unknown to any but his wife, to pay a visit to William, and ascertain his sentiments with regard to his daughter.

Upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he found that his friend had departed for the manse of B———, with which he had been recently presented. This event, which in other circumstances would have given him the liveliest pleasure, awakened on this occasion emotions of a contrary nature, as he feared it would make his now reverend friend more elevated in his notions, and consequently more averse to a union with his daughter. He did not, however, on that account conceal the real object of his journey, or endeavour to accomplish his purpose by stratagem or deceit. He candidly disclosed his daughter's situation and sentiments, requesting of his friend that he would open to him his mind with equal candour; and added, that although he held wealth to be an improper motive in marriage, and hoped that his daughter did not require such a recommendation, that in the event of this union, whatever he possessed would be liberally shared with him.

On hearing of the situation of Miss Coventry, William became penetrated with the deepest remorse; and being aware that his affection for her was rather stifled than estranged, he declared his willingness to make her his wife. These words operated like a charm upon the drooping spirits of the father, who

embraced his friend with ardour, and besought him immediately to accompany him home, that they might lose no time in making a communication which, he fondly hoped, would have a similar effect upon the spirits of his daughter.

They departed accordingly together, indulging in the pleasing hope that all would yet be well; but on their arrival at Daisybank, they were seriously alarmed to hear that Miss Coventry had been considerably worse since her father left home. She was now entirely confined to her chamber, and seemed to care for nothing so much as solitude, and an exemption from the trouble of talking. As soon as she was informed of the arrival of their visitor, she suspected he had been sent for, and therefore refused to see him; but upon being assured by her mother, who found deceit in this instance indispensable, that his visit was voluntary and accidental, she at last consented to give him an interview.

On entering the room, which had formerly been the family parlour, William was forcibly struck with the contrast it exhibited. Every object seemed to swim before his sight, and it was some moments before he discovered Miss Coventry, who reclined on a sofa at the further end of the room. He advanced with a beating heart, and grasped the burning hand that was extended to meet him. He pressed it to his lips and wept, and muttered something incoherent of forgiveness and love. He looked doubtingly on Mary's face for an answer; but her eye darted no reproach, and her lips uttered no reflection. A faint blush, that at this moment overspread her cheek, seemed a token of returning strength, and inspired him with confidence and hope. It was the last effort of nature; and ere the blood could return to its fountain, that fountain had closed for ever. Death approached his victim under the disguise of sleep, and appeared divested of his usual pains and terrors.

William retired from this scene of unutterable anguish, and for a long period was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy and remorse. But time gradually softened and subdued his sorrow, and, I trust, perfected his repentance. He is since married and wealthy, and is regarded by the world as an individual eminently happy. But, amidst all his comforts, there are moments when he would exchange his identity with the meanest slave that breathes, and regards himself as the murderer of Mary Coventry.

JOHN MACDIARMID.

I HEAR IT YET.

I HEAR it yet, that bugle-note,
Far down our peaceful valley float;
And 'tis the self-same mournful blast
They blew, the very day
My love upon me look'd his last,
And went away.

Again it peals—so wild a strain
Were fitter for the battle-plain:
Alas! 'tis thence indeed it comes,
Mix'd with the cannon's roar,
And maddening shouts, and deafening drums,
Heard evermore!

No marvel they should haunt me still,
In sadness, wander where I will,
These notes, to love's last deep adieu,
So closely, darkly bound:
No marvel if all senses grew
Absorbed in sound.

O wo! his was a bloody bed!
With Spain's far earth beneath his head,
Not one to watch by him, and mourn,
Not one to say, farewell!
But that heart-breaking bugle-horn,
And battle's swell!

KENNEDY.*

THE PLAGUE SHIP.

SOME years ago, Carl Andersen, the mate of the May-flower, and the original narrator of the following occurrences, was associated, by necessitous circumstances, with the mob of ragged and sun-burnt adventurers that infest the quays and landing places of Campeachy, and gather their miserable livelihood by assisting in the shipment of sugar and indigo cargoes, or any other office of drudgery at which the slave is permitted to turn up his nose.

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* "Fitful Fancies, by William Kennedy. Edin. 1827," fs. 8vo.

These sort of rabble are common to all the seaports of the West Indies, but in particular to those of Havannah and Campeachy. In the latter place they are very numerous, and are mostly to be met with on the moles and quays near the harbour, sauntering idly up and down, or squatted in the dirt, playing at cards, or extracting chiggers and worms from their feet, exhibiting the most disgusting picture of filth and indolence the traveller can meet with either in Europe or America,—the Neapolitan lazzaroni, and the Gitanas of Madrid not excepted. The chinganahs or coffee-houses of Campeachy are, particularly during the heat of the day, infested with these vagabonds, though their beverage is rarely confined to that refreshing liquid. They meet in those places in such numbers that the smoke of their segars may be seen issuing in a continued stream through the gellooseses and other apertures of the house, as if from a confined fire, while the ringing of flagons, the loud discord of voices, among which, ever and anon, the piercing treble to which the angry negress can so well elevate her tones, wakens like the scream of a peacock, strike the ear with a clamour, which, on a near approach, is absolutely deafening. There are many circumstances which combine to render the chinganah a scene of merriment: all sorts of itinerant musicians, jugglers, and mountebanks are there permitted to pursue their vocations; and it is not unfrequent to find a company of dancers and a trained monkey performing antics to the same guitar; sometimes also, Carib children, who are particulary dexterous in the use of the bush knife, exhibit a sort of gladiator game, which consists in throwing these weapons at each other, and catching them in the air before they have time to do injury. I have witnessed those feats at different times, and it is singular that they were never attended with any bad consequences. It is no wonder, therefore, that the chinganahs should be the favourite resort of the rabble I have alluded to, when they afford such ample and constant means of beguiling the time which hangs so heavy on their hands.

It so happened that a group of those worthies was stationed one evening under a bungaloe or small shed, erected for the shelter of goods, upon one of the quays. The sun had descended into an abyss of huge clouds that gathered over him like conquerors, darkening his glorious path with deep and stormy shadows, and reflecting his farewell smile upon the world with a lurid and brassy glare. Those banners of the tempest were not long of imparting their gloomy colours to every object beneath them, and the white-walled houses of Campeachy, which a little while before had blushed beneath the declining ray, now shrunk into obscurity, and specked the gathered darkness like tombs of Italian marble, peering through the gloom of a cemetery. Andersen and his companions had been waiting for the arrival of a vessel, whose approach had been announced by the island telegraph two days before, but which had been kept beating about in the offing by head winds ever since. This day, however, had been remarkably calm and sultry, and the loiterers, who had expected to profit by her arrival, after lingering till expectation became vain, had disappeared one after another, so that the solitary group I have mentioned, was all that remained to face the squall that seemed bearing overland. Before it set in, they were hailed from the water by a negro pilot, named Mingo, who was bringing up his canoe, with an appearance of anxiety and fatigue. Andersen returned his halloo,—"What chear, Mingo?"—"A plague ship,—a plague ship!" was his immediate reply, as with two or three heavy strokes he ran his craft up to the landing. His relation was received with mingled curiosity and indifference. Andersen contemned the idea of danger, and most of his companions had never heard of the contagion, but as a sort of yellow fever to which they were familiar. It was, therefore, a matter of speculation and interest to them, but not of alarm. The pilot informed them that the strange vessel was a brig from Cadiz, which he had gone out to meet in the morning. She was now brought to anchor on the lea side of a small key covered with mangroves, and had suffered much from stress of weather; the island, however, presented a sort of shelter for the meantime, and she was likely to ride out the gale in safety. He had been surprised, on coming within hail of the vessel, to perceive no person upon deck, and was at a loss whether to make the customary signals, or to run his craft round to leaward at once. He did not

remain long in uncertainty—his first halloo had the effect of calling up a single figure from the forehatch, who invited his approach with hurried and frequent gestures, and he ran his doree alongside.—The sailor leaned over the gangway, and as Mingo raised his eyes towards him—he was struck with the appearance of ghastly and deathlike languor which he presented. He spoke in Spanish, with a low exhausted voice, and informed the terrified pilot that the vessel contained the plague—that it had first broken out in the gulf of Florida, when the hatches were opened to stop a leak, and that it had been brought from Barcelona with some bales of cloth, which had been shipped at Cadiz for Vera Cruz. "We are all dying," said the poor wretch, wringing his hands. "We are all dying." Mingo set his feet in the chains and sprang up to look over the sideway; two men were lying dead upon their faces in the lea-scuppers—and a third was reclining against the cabousse with his head thrown back, his teeth set, his eyes strained, and his hands clenched as if he had expired in despair. One look of those dismal objects was sufficient for the little pilot—who leaped back into his canoe instantly, and put off from the vessel, regardless of the melancholy cry that adjured his stay, only to convey a message to the shore; and it was not until he had almost exhausted himself in rowing, that he ventured to rest his paddle, and pause for respiration. The vessel was still within hail, and Mingo could perceive the same solitary individual pacing the deck, and tossing his arms distractedly above his head. After several turns in this manner he appeared to stop opposite the cabousse, as if he was contemplating, with a sort of desperate firmness, the object from which the pilot had retreated.—Mingo then observed him stoop, as if to raise the dead body from its recumbent position, and having lifted it with great apparent effort to the taffrill, let it drop overboard. The white spray leaped up against the ship's side for a moment as it fell, and the sailor leaned faintly over the bulwarks, either overcome by the exertion, or watching the eddies which the sinking carcass left upon the surface of the water. Mingo's heart sickened within him, and feeling a kind of insecurity while he shared the same element with the infested vessel he made for the land with the utmost eagerness. Andersen and his associates were the first who received his intelligence. I recollect well the manner in which Andersen related this part of the story, and it will be told better in his own words.

"What was the plague to us," said he, "who were compelled to risk our lives for almost every mouthful we swallowed, —*to us* who had spent merry privateering lives through all the long French war,—*to us* who had tracked the Guineamen to their bushlair—and waded up to the very ankles in blood before we left it. Had we not besides seen the eyes running out of their heads with the horrid disease which is peculiar to slave traders:—what was the plague to us?—not the whiff of a cigarita! 'Come, my lads,' cried I, 'we will count the *pesos* of the Spanish skipper—we will see whether the sea water will not wash the plague from his Barcelona cravats.' They would have followed me to Davy Jones, who was just beginning to sound his whistle overhead; but the scud was fair for the ship, and we had all seen the weather side of Davy's face before now; so we unfastened Mingo's *doree*, as soon as the cowardly lubber, who was lip-full of the story, had gone up with the news to the commandant's house, and put off for the plague-ship. It was now as dark as the grave, but we kept her close before the wind, which was almost due south; and we knew that, in that case, we were standing fair for the Mangrove Key. It was then, skipper, while Mingo's cock-boat was mounting like one of Mother Carey's birds over the black waves, that were rising, like leviathans around us—it was then—I remembered the osier sledges that used to carry me, like a Will o' the wisp, over the icy tracks of my own country, and my whole heart leaped up to my throat, with a feeling of wild and measureless exultation. As the surges tossed our slight craft in the air, I recollected all those happy feelings; and, wringing the spray from my hair, I called to mind one of my old Norse ditties, and piped it loudly and willingly to the gale that was passing over us. Ha, ha!—I did not think I had so much of the young slip left in me; but I neither feared the devil nor the deep sea."

There are very few better sea-boats than the creears of the West Indian pilots, and few who are more expert in manag-

ing them than the stivee doers, as they are called, of Campeachy. The reckless adventurers reached their destination in safety. The Mangrove Keys were an archipelago in miniature, and formed a kind of semicircle, in the centre of which, sufficiently screened from the weather, the "pesthouse of the waters" floated in perfect security. There was a dim light twinkling in the binnacle, that discovered to Andersen and his companions the same solitary wretch mentioned by the pilot, still reclining on the taffrill, with his arms folded drowsily beneath his head, as if he had been yet watching the body he had consigned to the waters. He did not appear to distinguish the canoe, though the desperadoes that manned her ran her close up to the ship's side, and shouted lustily for a rope's-end; neither was there the slightest attention paid to the demand, though it was urged with a volley of Spanish execrations, which could not fail at least to be understood. A wave hove the slight craft near to the gangway, and one of the crew laying hold of the chains —the canoe yawed close, and the whole company leaped easily on board. Andersen, as self-appointed leader of the enterprise, was the first who approached the "watch on deck,"—and he shouldered his long paddle with an air of menace as he did so, which was meant to impress the sufferer with the conviction that in this case "might would constitute right." The watchman did not move, however, and a suspicion, which a moment's scrutiny confirmed, occurred to Andersen, and overcame his determined indifference —with a feeling of involuntary dread. The Spaniard was a corpse—and at the very time when Andersen became aware of the fact, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the body fell back upon the quarter-deck. Andersen retreated in disgust, and the creoles lifted the body, and threw it overboard. They then advanced to the companion; and looking down, Andersen perceived that the cabin, which the creoles were in some hesitation to enter, was lighted by a small lantern suspended from a bulk head. "Pray for me, my hearties," cried the Norwegian, "for I'll bide this risk by myself," and he descended the trap-stair at two steps.

Oh! what a scene of utter misery and desolation did that dark and confined apartment present to him; and how welcome was the first breath of the cold and pure atmosphere that he inhaled as he retreated at first with an impulse of horror from its infected precincts. It was the very charnel house of the plague, and the crew of the vessel were mingled there without distinction—some dead—and some, whose feeble moanings, were the last exertions of exhausted nature. Its victims in the first stages of the disease had forsaken the forecastle, the close contaminated air of which was imbued with destruction, and had gathered in the cabin, whose lattices gave a free current to the breeze, and made it therefore the most eligible situation for the sufferers. The first object that arrested Andersen's attention, as he entered, was the countenance of a negro, probably the steward of the vessel, which was still distorted by the convulsions in which he had expired. He was reclining upon a locker immediately opposite the light which fell upon his sable visage, with an imposing and frightful effect. His large white eyeballs were dilated with a rigid and glassy stare —and his clenched teeth disclosed by a grin which might have belonged to Beelzebub. Turning from this hideous object, the regards of the Norwegian were attracted to an obscure corner of the cabin, where, stretched on a low mattress, in an attitude of exhaustion and despair, lay the figure of a young female. A profusion of dark hair lay dishevelled on her pillow, and formed a strong constrast to the ashy paleness of her features; and her heavy voluptuous eyelids, deeply marked by long black fringes, appeared closed in a stupor from which she was never to awake. One white arm was folded listlessly over her bosom, as if to watch the expiring struggles of nature, and the other sustained a rosary of very large amber beads, that reflected the light of the cabin lantern with a warm and steady lustre. The sight of this valuable object restored the Norwegian to a sense of his interest, and at once swallowed up every feeling that interfered with it. It was, he considered, now perfectly useless to its possessor; and he approached to claim it before the creoles, who had apparently mustered courage from his example, had descended the trap stair. He plucked it hastily from the relaxed fingers of the dying girl, who opened her dim eyes for an instant, with a feeble exclamation in Spanish, and, immo

diately closing them again, breathed out her spirit with a heavy and convulsive sigh. It was the action of a moment, —and before any of his associates had entered the cabin, he had secreted his prize under his Guernsey frock;—and, if any human eye in that dismal place was aware of the theft, death had sealed it up ere it could betray it.

To dwell upon the proceedings of those desperadoes, during that long stormy night, and the feeble and unavailing resistance that was offered to them by a few dying wretches, who lay in an adjoining birth, would compel me to enter upon a detail of cruelties of which Andersen had long and sincerely repented before he related the adventure, and which, for his sake, I would now willingly forget. The centinels and night-watchers of Campeachy and its neighbourhood were astonished by an apparition, which borrowed a deeper character of terror from that wild and squally night, and was not soon forgotten by those that witnessed it. The midnight gun had discharged its wonted signal; and though the gale was somewhat abated, the sky was loaded with black and dreary clouds, which still sent out arrows of fire as if the angels of the tempest were unwilling to forego their warfare. But though less vivid than those "electric wanderers," there suddenly arose through the blackness that pervaded the offing,—a long fiery train which appeared to be carried away by the wind as it ascended, as if some "mysterious monster of the deep" were flying up to heaven, and had tinged with a red lurid glare the low hung clouds that were drifting over it. This phenomenon lasted for at least an hour. At the end of that time it passed away with an explosion like the discharge of a cannon, which came booming over the disturbed waters with a lulled and heavy sound. The plague snip was swallowed up in that dreadful conflagration, the dying and the dead were mingled in one funeral pile, and those who had set forth on that evening on their errand of plunder, had concluded it with the act of desperate and merciless incendiaries.

"We stood up in our creear, skipper," said Andersen, "when we had rowed to a safe distance, and watched the progress of the flames—which were already bursting through the hatchways enveloped in sheets of smoke, and were reflected from the wet sails that flapped above them. There was one devoted sinner, strong in his agony, who staggered about the deck like "an antic fiend," exulting in his own element. I think I still hear the shrill searching cries of that doomed wretch—that rose above the gale in tones that were almost heartbreaking—but I dared not listen to them. Sometimes the fiery smoke whirled round him as if impatient for its prey, and for a moment stifled the accents of his despair, but the next they rose louder and louder, and ran through my head like a knife. Woe for me, skipper, if my penitence has been rejected in Heaven, for I shall hear those screams of agony again when the anchor of fate is fixed for ever."

Edinburgh Observer.

THE WILD NAVIGATOR.

"Why this is very Midsummer madness!"

Oh Father Sea, Oh Father Sea!
Whether grim powers or smiles may be
Thy mood—thou art the throne for me—
Hurra!

Away my little boat and I,
Over thy broad breast how we fly!
And faith, thou bear'st us gloriously!
Hurra!

How now, old father!—art thou vex'd?
Eh? whither wilt thou hurl us next?—
Angry with me?—pshaw!—state pretext—
Ha! ha!

Look on me, father! how I lie
In thy broad bosom trustingly!
'Hast thou the heart?' I shall not die
By thee, Dadda!

Ay—shake thy foam-wreathed curls—what care
I, for thy wrath? thou wilt not dare
Wet one lock of my raven hair!
Bah! Bah!

What! thou wilt really have it so!—
Up—up—on thy topmast wave I go!
Now—down—to the dark abyss below!
But, safe we are!

Now, thy tremendous bosom riven—
Forward, like lightnings light, I'm driven,
Darting along thy briny heaven—
A shooting star!

What, up again? and bellowing loud,
Wilt hurl me up to yonder cloud?
It shall not serve me for a shroud—
But victory's car!

What, ho!—Curlew!—successful winner
Of our dad's spoils, as I'm a sinner,
I'm hungry—ask me to thy dinner—
Ah! Ah!

Come! close thy weary wing, and sit
Upon my light sail—resting it,
And thou and I will chat—as fit
Brothers we are.

Both children of one sire—the sea—
Thou scream'st ass nt—that's brotherly!
Come—tell the news thou'st heard to me—
From far.

I understand thy hint—and mark
Thine eye cast through the waters dark!—
I see—a dead man, stiff and stark—
My joy to mar.

Yet not for that, shall I refrain
To launch my little boat again—
And, fearless clutch old Ocean's mane,
Shall I, Dadda?

And let me tell thee, wild Curlew—
What gone?—by Ocean, off he flew,
Like—ha!—yon troop of gray Seamew—
He found a spar.

Why thou wild, hissing, sputtering wave,
Thou foaming mischief—what would'st have,
Thou art my cradle,—not my grave—
Bah! Bah!

Aye, run, and howl, and foam, and roar,
The screaming, scourging wind before—
Thou'lt daunt me not one whit the more—
Hurra!

For even should thy Father Sea,
Engulph my little boat and me,
Thou know'st I should but laugh at thee—
Ha! ha!

For by to-morrow's burning sun,
I'd mount thy back, and make thee run,
And snort, and bear, as now I've done—
Hurra!

Oh, glorious sun, and sea unite
To give mine eyes a wondrous sight—
Oh! when saw earth such sunset bright—
Hurra!

O mine own glorious Father Sea!
Thou art the dearest thing to me,
And I shall ne'er know wrong from thee—
Hurra! hurra!

Anon.

A TALE FOR TWILIGHT.

As far as I am myself concerned with the following facts, I am fully prepared to vouch for their authenticity; but the reliance to be placed on the other parts of the recital must be at the option of the reader, or his conviction of their apparent truth. I am neither over-credulous nor sceptic in matters of a superhuman nature; I would neither implicitly confide in unsupported assertions, nor dissent from well-attested truths; but at the same time I must confess, that, although rather inclined to be a non-believer, I have sometimes listened to details of supernatural occurrences so borne out by concurring testimony as almost to fix my wavering faith. It is now nearly thirty years since I was a partial witness to the following circumstance, at my father's house in Edinburgh; and though, during that period, time and foreign climates may have thinned my locks and furrowed my brow a little, they have neither effaced one item of its details from my memory, nor warped the vivid impression which it left upon my recollection. It was in the winter of 1798 the occurrence took place: I remember the time distinctly, by the circumstance of my father's being absent with his regiment, which had been ordered to Ireland to reinforce the troops then engaged in quelling the insurgents, who had risen in rebellion in the summer of that year. There was an old retainer of our house, who used at that time to be very frequently about us; she had nursed my younger brother and myself, and the family felt for her all the attachment due to an old and faithful inmate. Her husband had been a serjeant in the army of General Burgoyne, and was killed at the attack on Valencia de Alcantara, in the early part of his late Majesty's reign, when the British crossed the Portugnese frontier, in order to check the advance of the Spaniards upon Alentejo; and perhaps this circumstance created an additional sympathy towards her in my mother's breast. I remember her appearance distinctly; her neatly plaited cap and scarlet riband, her white fringed apron and purple quilted petticoat, are all as fresh in my memory as yesterday, and though nearly sixty at the period I

speak of, she retained all the activity and good-humour of sixteen. Her strength was but little impaired; and as she was but slightly affected by fatigue or watching, she was in the habit of engaging herself as a nurse-tender in numerous respectable families, who were equally prepossessed in her favour.

The winter was drawing near a close, and we were beginning to be anxious for the return of my father, who was expected home about this time; when old Nurse, as we always called her, came to tell us of an engagement she had got to attend a young gentleman, who was lying dangerously ill in one of the streets of the Old Town; for at that time few of the fine palaces of the New Town had been even thought of, and many a splendid street now covers what was then green fields and waving meadows. She mentioned that a physician, who had been always very kind to her, had recommended her to this duty; but as the patient was in a most critical state, the manner of her attendance was to be very particular. She was to go every evening at eight o'clock, to relieve another who remained during the day; and to be extremely cautious not to speak to the young man, unless it was urgently necessary, nor make any motion which might in the slightest degree disturb the few intervals of rest which he was enabled to enjoy; but she knew neither the name nor residence of the person she was to wait on. There seemed to be something past the common in all this, and I remember perfectly well my mother desiring her to call soon, and let her know how she was coming on, and any farther matters she might be able to learn; but nearly six weeks had elapsed, and we had never once seen or heard of her, when my mother at last resolved on sending to learn whether she was sick, and to say she was longing to see her again. The servant, on his return, informed us that poor Nurse had been dangerously ill, and confined to her bed almost ever since she had been with us; but she was now some little better, and had purposed coming to see us the following day. She came accordingly; but oh, so altered in so short a time no one would have believed it! She was almost double, and could not walk without support; her flesh and cheeks were all shrunk away, and her dim lustreless eyes almost lost in their sockets. We were all startled at seeing her: it seemed that those six weeks had produced greater changes in her than years of disease in others; but our surprise at the effect was nothing, when compared to that which her recital of the cause excited, when she informed us of it; and as we had never known her to tell a falsehood, we could not avoid placing implicit confidence in her words.

She told us that in the evening, according to appointment, the physician had conducted her to the residence of her charge, in one of the narrow streets near the abbey. It was one of those extensive old houses, which seem built for eternity rather than time, and in the constructing of which the founder had consulted convenience and comfort more than show or situation. A flight of high stone steps brought them to the door; and a dark staircase of immense width, fenced with balustres a foot broad, and supported by railing of massy dimensions, led to the chamber of the patient. This was a lofty wainscoted room, with a window sunk a yard deep in the wall, and looking out upon what was once a garden at the rear, but now grown so wild that the weeds and rank grass almost reached the level of the wall which inclosed it. At one end stood an old-fashioned square bed, where the young gentleman lay. It was hung with faded Venetian tapestry, and seemed itself as large as a moderate-sized room. At the other end, and opposite to the foot of the bed, was a fire-place, supported by ponderous stone buttresses, but with no grate, and a few smouldering turf were merely piled on the spacious hearth. There was no door, except that by which she had entered, and no other furniture than a few low chairs, and a table covered with medicines and draughts beside the window. The oak which covered the walls and formed the panels of the ceiling, was as black as time could make it, and the whole apartment, which was kept dark at the suggestion of the physician, was so gloomy that the glimmering of the single candle in the shade of the fire-place could not penetrate it, and cast a faint gleam around, not sad, but absolutely sickening. Whilst the Doctor was speaking in a low tone to the invalid, Nurse tried to find out some farther particulars from the other attendant, who

was tying on her bonnet, and preparing to muffle herself in her plaid before going away; for, as I said before, it was winter and bitterly cold. She could gain no information from her, however, although she had been in the situation for a considerable time. She could not tell the name of the gentleman; she only knew that he was an Oxford student; but no one, save herself and the doctor, had ever crossed the threshold to inquire after him, nor had she ever seen any one in the rest of the house, which she believed to be uninhabited. The doctor and she soon went away, after leaving a few unimportant directions; Nurse closed the door behind them, and shivering with the cold frosty gust of air from the spacious lobby, hastened to her duty, wrapped her cloak about her, drew her seat close to the hearth, replenished the fire, and commenced reading a volume of Mr Alexander Peden's Prophecies, which she had brought in her pocket. There was no sound to disturb her, except now and then a blast of wind which shook the withering trees in the garden below, or the "death-watch," which ticked incessantly in the wainscot of the room. In this manner an hour or two elapsed, when concluding, from the motionless posture of the patient, that he must be asleep, she rose, and taking the light in her hand, moved on tiptoe across the polished oaken floor, to take a survey of his features and appearance. She gently opened the curtains, and, bringing the light to bear upon him, started to find that he was still awake; she attempted to apologise for her curiosity by an awkward tender of her services, but apology and offer were equally useless; he moved neither limb nor muscle; he made not the faintest reply; he lay motionless on his back, his bright blue eyes glaring fixedly upon her, his under-lip fallen, and his mouth apart, his cheek n perfect hollow, and his long white teeth projecting fearfully from his shrunken lips, whilst his bony hand, covered with wiry sinews, was stretched upon the bedclothes, and looked more like the claw of a hird than the fingers of a human being. She felt rather uneasy whilst looking at him; but when a slight motion of the eyelids, which the light was too strong for, assured her he was still living, which she was half inclined to doubt, she returned to her seat and her book by the fire. As she was directed not to disturb him, and as his medicine was only to be administered in the morning, she had but little to do, and the succeeding two hours passed heavily away; she continued, however, to lighten them by the assistance of Mr Peden, and by now and then crooning and gazing over the silent flickering progress of her turf fire, till, about midnight, as near as she could guess, the gentleman began to breathe heavily and appeared very uneasy; as, however, he spoke nothing, she thought he was perhaps asleep, and was rising to go towards him, when she was surprised to see a lady seated on a chair near the head of the bed beside him. Though something startled at this, she was by no means alarmed, and, making a curtsey, was moving on as she had intended, when the lady raised her arm, and turning the palm of her hand, which was covered with a white glove, towards her, motioned her silently to keep her seat. She accordingly sat down as before, but she now began to wonder within herself how and when this lady came in: it was true she had not been looking towards the door, and it might have been opened without her perceiving it; but then it was so cold a night, and so late an hour, it was this which made it so remarkable. She turned quietly round, and took a second view of her visitor. She wore a black veil over her bonnet, and, as her face was turned towards the bed of the invalid, she could not in that gloomy chamber perceive her features, but she saw that the shape and turn of her head and neck were graceful and elegant in the extreme; the rest of her person she could not so well discern, as it was enveloped in a green silk gown, and the fashion at that period was not so favourable to a display of figure as now. It occurred to her that it must be some intimate female friend who had called in; but then the woman had told her that no visitors had ever come before: altogether, she could not well understand the matter, but she thought she would observe whether she went off as gently as she had entered; and for that purpose she altered the position of her chair so as to command a view of the door, and fixed herself with her hook on her knees, but her eye intently set upon the lady in the

green gown. In this position she remained for a considerable time, but no alteration took place in the room; the stranger sat evidently gazing on the face of the sick gentleman, whilst he heaved and sighed and breathed in agony as if a night-mare were on him. Nurse a second time moved towards him in order to hold him up in the bed, or give him some temporary relief; and a second time the mysterious visitant motioned her to remain quiet; and unwillingly, but by a kind of fascination, she complied, and again commenced her watch. But her position was a painful one, and she sat so long and so quietly that at last her eyes closed for a moment, and when she opened them the lady was gone, the young man was once more composed, and, after taking something to relieve his breathing, he fell into a gentle sleep, from which he had not awakened when her colleague arrived in the morning to take her place, and Nurse returned to her own house about daybreak.

The following night she was again at her duty; she came rather beyond her time, and found her companion already muffled and waiting impatiently to set out. She lighted her to the stairs, and heard her close the hall-door behind her; when, on returning to the room, the wind, as she shut the door, blew out her candle. She relighted it, however, from the dying embers, roused up the fire, and resumed, as before, her seat and her volume of prophecies. The night was stormy, the dry crisp sleet hissed on the window, and the wind sighed in heavy gusts down the spacious chimney; whilst the rattling of the shutters, and the occasional clash of a door, in some distant part of the house, came with a dim and hollow echo along the dreary silent passages. She did not feel so comfortable as the night before; the whistling of the wind through the trees made her flesh creep involuntarily; and sometimes the thundering clap of a distant door made her start and drop her book, with a sudden prayer for the protection of Heaven. She was thinking within herself of giving up the engagement, and was half resolved to do so on the morrow; when all at once her ear was struck with the heavy throes and agonised breathing of her charge, and, on raising her head, she saw the same lady in the green gown seated in the same position as the night before. Well, thought she, this is unusually strange; but it immediately struck her that it *must* be some inmate of the house, for what human being could venture out in such a dreary night, and at such an hour?—but then her dress: it was neither such as one could wear in the streets on a wintry night, nor yet such as they would be likely to have on *in the house* at that hour; it was, in fact, the fashionable summer costume of the time. She rose and made her a curtsey, and spoke to her politely, but got no reply save the waving of her hand, by which she had been silenced before. At length the agitation of the invalid was so increased, that she could not reconcile it to her duty to sit still whilst a stranger was attending him. She accordingly drew nearer to the bed, in spite of the repeated beckonings of the lady, who, as she advanced, drew her veil closer across her face, and retired to the table at the window. Nurse approached the bed, but was terrified on beholding the countenance of the patient: the big drops of cold sweat were rolling down his pale brow; his livid lips were quivering with agony; and, as he motioned her aside, his glaring eyes followed the retreating figure in the green gown. She soon saw that it was in vain to attempt assisting him; he impatiently repulsed every proffer of attention, and she again resumed her seat, whilst the silent visitor returned to her place by his bedside. Rather piqued at being thus baffled in her intentions of kindness, but still putting from her the idea of a supernatural being, the old woman again determined to watch with attention the retreat of the lady, and observe whether she resided in the house, or took her departure by the main door. She almost refrained from winking in order to *secure* a scrutiny of her motions; but it was all in vain; she could not remember to have taken off her glance for a moment, but still the visitant was gone. It seemed as if she had only changed her thoughts for an instant, and not her eyes, but that change was enough; when she again reverted to the object of her anxiety, the mysterious lady had departed. As on the foregoing night, her patient now became composed, and enjoyed an uninterrupted slumber till the light of morning, now reflected from beams of dazzling

snow, brought with it the female who was to relieve guard at the bed of misery.

The following morning Nurse went to the house of the physician who had engaged her, with the determination of giving up the task in which she was employed. She felt uneasy at the thoughts of retaining it, as she had never been similarly situated before; she always had some companion to speak to, or was at least employed in an inhabited house; but besides she was not by any means comfortable in the visits of the nightly stranger. She was disappointed, however, by not finding him at home, and was directed to return at a certain hour; but as she lay down to rest in the meantime, she did not awake till that hour was long past. Nothing then remained but to return for another night, and give warning of her intention on the morrow; and with a heavy discontented heart she repaired to the gloomy apartment. The physician was already there when she arrived, and received her notice with regret; but was rather surprised when she informed him of the attentions of the strange lady, and the manner in which she had been prevented from performing her duty: he, however, treated it as a common-place occurrence, and suggested that it was some affectionate relative or friend of the patient, of whose connexions he knew nothing. At last he took his leave, and Nurse arranged her chair and seated herself to watch, not merely the departure but the arrival of her fair friend. As she had not, however, appeared on the former occasions till the night was far advanced, she did not expect her sooner, and endeavoured to occupy her attention till that time by some other means. But it was all in vain, she could only think of the one mysterious circumstance, fix her dim gaze on the blackened trellis-work of the ceiling, and start at every trifling sound, which was now doubly audible, as all without was hushed by the noiseless snow in which the streets were imbedded. Again, however, her vigilance was eluded, and as, wearied with thought, she raised her head with a long-drawn sigh and a yawn of fatigue, she encountered the green garments of her unsolicited companion. Angry with herself, and at the same time unwilling to accuse herself of remissness, she determined once again that she should not escape unnoticed. There hung a feeling of awe around her whenever she approached this singular being, and when, as before, the lady retired to another quarter of the room as she approached the bed, she had not courage to follow her. Again the same distressing scene of suffering in her unfortunate charge ensued; he gasped and heaved till the noise of his agony made her heart sicken within her; when she drew near his bed, his corpse-like features were convulsed with a feeling which seemed to twist their relaxed nerves into the most fearful expression, while his ghastly eyes were straining from their sunken sockets. She spoke, but he answered not; she touched him, but he was cold with terror, and unconscious of any object save the one mysterious being whom his glance followed with steady fixed intensity. I have often heard my mother say that Nurse was naturally a woman of very strong feelings, but here she was totally beside herself with anxiety. She thought that the young gentleman was just expiring, and was preparing to leave the room, in search of farther assistance, when she saw the lady again move towards the bed of the dying man; she bent above him for a moment, whilst his writhings were indescribable; she then moved stately towards the door. Now was the moment! Nurse advanced at the same time, laid her one hand on the latch, whilst with the other she attempted to raise the veil of the stranger, and in the next instant fell lifeless on the floor. As she glanced on the face of the lady, she saw that a lifeless head filled the bonnet; its vacant sockets and ghastly teeth were all that could be seen beneath the folds of the veil. Daylight was breaking the following morning, when the other attendant arrived, and found the poor old woman cold and benumbed, stretched upon the floor beside the passage; and when she looked upon the bed of the invalid, he lay stiffened and lifeless, as if many hours had elapsed since his spirit had shaken off its mortal coil. One hand was thrown across his eyes, as if to shade them from some object on which he feared to look; and the other grasped the coverlit with convulsive firmness.

The remains of the mysterious student were interred in the old Calton burying-ground, and I remember, before the new

road was made through it, to have often seen his grave; but I never could learn his name, what connexion the spirit had with his story, or how he came to be in that melancholy deserted situation in Edinburgh. I have mentioned at the commencement of this narration, that I will vouch for its truth as far as regards myself, and that is, merely, that I heard the poor old woman herself tell all the extraordinary circumstances as I have recited them, a very few weeks before her death, with a fearful accuracy. Be it as it may, they cost her her life, as she never recovered from the effects of the terror, and pined and wasted away to the hour of her death, which followed in about two months after the fearful occurrence. For my part, I firmly believe all she told us; and though my father, who came home the spring following, used to say it was all a dream or the effects of imagination, I always saw too many concurrent circumstances attending it to permit me to think so.

New Monthly Mag.

DIRGE

Of a Highland Chief, executed after the rebellion.

Son of the mighty and the free!
Loved leader of the faithful brave!
Was it for high-rank'd chief like thee,
To fill a nameless grave!
Oh, had'st thou slumber'd with the slain,
Had glory's death-bed been thy lot,
E'en though on red Culloden's plain,
We then had mourn'd thee not!

But darkly closed thy morn of fame,
That morn whose sunbeam rose so fair,
Revenge alone may breathe thy name,
The watch-word of despair!
Yet oh! if gallant spirit's power
Has e'er ennobled death like thine,
Then glory mark'd thy parting hour,
Last of a mighty line!

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,
But cannot cheer their lonely gloom,
Those beams, that gild thy native walls,
Are sleeping on thy tomb.
Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,
Thy green woods wave in vernal air,
But the loved scenes may vainly smile,
Not e'en thy dust is there!

On thy blue hills no bugle sound
Is mingling with the torrent's roar;
Unmark'd the red deer sport around,
Thou lead'st the chase no more.
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,
Those halls where swell'd the choral strain,
They hear the wild winds murmuring chrill,
And all is hush'd again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke,
His fire, his joy of song is past;
One lay to mourn thy fate he woke,
His saddest and his last:
No other theme to him was dear,
Than lofty deeds of thine;
Hush'd be the strain thou can'st not hear,
Last of a mighty line!

Edin. Annual Register.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

A SKETCH OF IRISH MANNERS.

About thirty miles to the west of Cork is a beautiful and romantic glen, called the Leap, which, in the history of the county, has long been of great importance, and still marks the boundary between the savage and the civilized; for the old adage even yet retains its full force; of "beyond the Leap, beyond the law." For the space of two miles along the valley, one side of the road is shadowed by a thick forest of oak, forming a strange but pleasing contrast to the high and barren hills which rise upon the other; and after passing the bridge, situated at the extremity of the dell, the traveller is instantly struck with the wildness of the scenery, which increases at every step. But, wild as it appears, it still has its peculiar charms; and though, over a plain of miles in extent, little is to be seen but bogs and morasses, yet it is so interspersed with innumerable lakes, some of them highly picturesque, that, to the eye of a poet, or a painter, the prospect must be one of interest, if not of beauty; and the political economist only would exclaim, "All is barren!" To the traveller, its charm is heightened by the change from the gloom of the dark forest to the level plain; whilst a few broken relics of some old castles, over many parts of which the plough has passed, and weeds have grown, serve as a relief to the sameness of the view, and afford subjects for

meditation as he travels on his bleak and barren journey. In the distance he beholds the high hills rising above the valley in rude magnificence; with here and there a little cultivated spot, on which its smoke only enables him to distinguish the clay-built cottage from the rocks around it. Miles beyond them he perceives Hungary mountain towering above the rest, and seeming to look with equal scorn upon the hills and the valleys beneath, proud only of its barrenness; for its whole extent does not afford pasture for a flock of sheep; whilst man, the lord of the creation, shuns it equally with the beings of the lower world. Its summit is crowned by an unfathomable lake, with which the peasantry have long associated tales of superstitious wonder, many of them having seen its only inhabitant, an enormous serpent, stretch forth its head, until they have lost sight of it in the clouds!

A road to the left, towards the sea coast, leads to the village of Glandore, but it is little better than a footpath, totally impassable to carriages of every description, and dangerous even to horses. The road, however, is not altogether cheerless; for, on one side, is Brade, and the beautiful demesne of Lord Kingston; and, on the other, the old mansion and rookery of Castle Jane, gives a pleasing and romantic cast to the landscape, whilst the river is seen, at intervals, between the thick wood that slopes from the road to the shore. At the distance of nearly a mile from it, is situated the village, in a valley, surrounded on every side by lofty hills, consisting of a number of straggling cottages built along the strand, with the potato-garden behind each, and fronted by the dunghill, formed as a sort of wall on either side the door. It was evening when I first approached it; an evening in autumn, and the sun was setting in all its splendour. It was the yigil of the Sabbath-day, and the villagers were assembling to pass it in their customary amusement, and, at least, harmlessly, to welcome the approach of the day of rest. At the entrance of the village I had to encounter the inquisitive gaze of many a country lass, sitting at her cabin door, braiding her tresses, and arranging her rustic finery, in preparation for the evening dance. A countryman, who, if he was not going my way, made it his, addressed me with 'It's a fine evening, your honour, God bless it!' This blessing is the general accompaniment of the Irish to every thing they admire. I have frequently heard it bestowed on things animate and inanimate—and "that's a fine cow, God bless it!' or, 'it's a beautiful tree, God bless it!' are constant and favourite expressions. My companion, for he became one, was an old and weather-beaten sailor, who had visited one half the globe, and knew something of the other: he seemed not a little vain of his superiority over his fellow-villagers, and it was with some difficulty I prevailed on him to forget the Esquimaux and the Hottentots, and to leave St Lawrence and the Table mountain, for the Glandore hill and river. At length, in his own dialect, half seaman, and half rustic, he commenced his account of the neighbouring villas and their inhabitants, and continued to point out to me the most attractive scenes as we walked along. 'Do you see that house upon the hill yonder? that's Mr R's. Oh! he's a hard man to the poor, that; 'tis a bad life that his tenants have of it; I'd as live be a slave in an Algee rover, and I was once, and by the same token I'll remember it to my death: we fought hard, but they shot away our jib-boom, and so took us. And that little island that runs away from the shore, like the deserters at Madeira,—that's Mr M.'s; that is, it isn't now, for he's dead. Och! it's he was the good man in his time, any how. No cratur ever passed his door, without the bit and the sup, barring the exciseman, the *blagard* that tuck his potteen, and kill't his illegant little bit of a mare: Oh wisha! every thing's bad luck to him for that same. Look at that ould castle upon the grey rock; that's Mr O.'s. Him as made a will, and made his dead uncle put his name on it, by holding the corpse's hand, and then he swore he'd life in him; and so he had, faith! for he put a live worm in the dead man's mouth. And that house in the glen yonder, that's the clargyman's, with sixteen Protestants in his rich parish; and not one more!'

By this time we had reached the middle of the village; and my companion thinking it now necessary for me to give some account of myself, were it but in gratitude for his confidence and communications, questioned and cross-questioned me, though to no purpose. An Irish peasant is like a black-letter book, which though

difficult to peruse, generally rewards the labour by opening sources of new and curious information, and is seldom closed with dissatisfaction. The very causes that have conspired to depress them, and still keep them but a half civilized race, have at the same time given them that quickness of intellect, and that penetrating shrewdness, by which they are so generally distinguished. Believing themselves, as they certainly do, mastered by strangers in their own land, they feel, or fancy themselves, called upon to act on the defensive, and to overbalance might by cunning. They are, therefore, frequently ungrateful, because unaccustomed to kindness, they often look on a favour as a bribe; or, at best, as the offering of self-interest and policy. After having borne patiently the examination of my companion, like a shrewd witness before a long-headed lawyer, who thinks before he opens his lips, and never replies until he has well conned his answer, I pointed towards one of the cottages, round the door of which a number of the peasantry were assembled, and asked him what was doing there. 'It's the potteen, your honour; may be your honour would like to see the gossoons dancing; and sure now there'll be many a nate girl and boy tripping it there, when blind Jerry, the piper, that's on the hill yonder, is to the fore.'

We advanced towards the house, over the door of which was a large sign, with a grim figure of Saint Patrick, mitred and clad in his robes, bearing a cross in one hand, and a book in the other; before him were toads and serpents in abundance, creeping out of the way of his curse; while one or two, more courageous than the rest, had ventured to turn round and hiss at the holy man who was thus dispossessing them of their territory. We entered the cabin, and the attention of the company was divided between the strange gentleman, and Jerry, the blind piper, who arrived at the same moment, the squeaking sound of whose music, as he filled the bellows of his pipes, immediately set the party in motion. 'Arrah, Jerry,' said one, 'what kept you now? and here's Nelly Vaughan's toes cramped wid waiting for you.'—'And the stuff you like to taste growing could,' said another. 'Well, he's here now,' exclaimed several; 'and girls, if ye have no corns, dance away! and see which'll be tired first, honies, your legs or Jerry's music.'

A stranger never requires an introduction, and is always sure of a welcome. A seat was handed to me, and I accepted the invitation. 'Will your honour be pleased to sit down? it's little the likes of us has to give your honour, but the quality likes the mountain-dew, as they call it; and here it is, nate and beautiful, sure enough!' Some whiskey-punch accompanied the recommendation, in a sort of mutilated tumbler, tied round the top, which a large crack made necessary, by a piece of tarred string: 'It isn't the best glass, but it's the largest, sir,' said the man who presented it to me, and added, with a wink and a smile, 'your honour isn't an officer?' thus sufficiently intimating that my liquor had paid no duty to the king. I had now leisure to make my remarks on the group around me; they were principally gazing on the four dancers, and, by a 'well done, Paddy!' or, an 'illegantly danced, Judy!' applauding the endeavours of the young peasants, who certainly footed it with all their hearts. Among the lookers-on, the old people, of whom there were but few present, only had seats; the rest were either standing, or sitting cross legged around the ring. The room was crowded, and I never saw an apparently more happy group: for there was not a single countenance among them that bore any traces of care. The evening was like one of those green spots on their barren mountains; and if they did not at times enjoy such, the lot of the Irish peasants would be indeed one of wretchedness and misery.

I had scarcely finished my beverage, when a smart young damsel advanced towards me, and dropped her curtsey; though, as I did not wish to show the non-education of my toes, I pretended not to understand her, when a matron, who sat beside me, undertook the office of interpreter, saying, 'She wants to dance wid your honour.' In common politeness, as I had been drinking with the men, I could not avoid dancing with the women; so I arose, and hopped, and hobbled through an Irish jig. My buxom partner far outshone me in agility; and when she withdrew another came forward, and another, and another, who seemed determined to tire me; but I was determined not to be tired. At length

there was an universal cry of 'Fadda! fadda!' *(fie for shame!)* 'lave the gentleman sit,' and I was left leaping alone. But to show that I was not wearied, I made my rustic scrape and bow to a pretty and interesting girl who was seated in a corner; 'I don't dance, O wisha! I could not; God knows, sir, I could not,' was her reply to my invitation. 'Och, Mary! hurra!' echoed several of the party, two of whom advanced and forced her from her seat, when I discovered the reason of her bashful tardiness was, that the feet of my chosen one were naked; so, with a natural gallantry, I threw off my own shoes, and we footed it together gaily on the earthen floor.

We were thus engaged, when an old man burst into the room, exclaiming, 'The old ferry-boat is gone down, and they're all lost!' The music instantly ceased, and the whole party hurried towards the shore; where we found that the boat had indeed gone down, but that the passengers were not all lost. On the beach men and women were running, and asking of all they met who were drowned; each fearing to hear of a husband, or brother, among the victims; while the joy of those who clasped their fainting and dripping relatives, was scarcely less agonizing than the fearful anxiety of others who as yet knew not the fate of their own friends. I soon saw my former companion, and his wet clothes witnessed for him that he had not been idle; three times had he plunged into the waves, and as often returned, bearing a fellow-creature from the waters. Others had exerted themselves with equal success; and one only of the hapless party was brought lifeless to the land. A few drops issued from a wound on the young man's forehead, and he must have received a fatal blow when the boat struck. Sadly and slowly the party returned to the house, where, but a few minutes before, they had been gay and happy, following mournfully the body of him who had been thus cut off in the April of his days. It was dark, but I heard deep sobs from the midst of the crowd; and I knew that he was not the only being to be wept for. The corpse was laid on the table in the room where the dance had so lately been; and there were two female figures standing beside it, the mother and sister of the dead youth. The young girl was moaning and weeping bitterly, while the crowd stood sorrowfully by. One of them tried to soothe her with 'Mary, Mary, dear! 'tis God's will!' She turned towards the man who had spoken, and pointed to the body; and then, with the action of frenzy, she shook the pale corpse, shrieking, 'Tom! Tom, dear! why won't ye wake? oh! wake! wake!' and she fell senseless on the floor. It was the very barefooted partner with whom, but a little while before, I had been dancing. The noise roused the mother, who had stood beside the corpse, wiping off the chill damp, and the drops of blood that still oozed from the forehead, with a sorrow too deep for tears. 'I tell ye, Mary, he's dead!' she murmured, 'and will never wake again!' and she bent lifelessly over the body, while her hand was laid on his pale brow; and she muttered, as if unconscious of the presence of any one save her dead child, 'You were a good son, agra! how like his father he is now, when I see him last, before they put him in his could grave:—What'll Mary do when I'm gone? God be with her, and him that's dead, him that's a corpse before me, and I not by with a blessing for him!' Most of the villagers had left the scene of sorrow; and as I saw those who remained were all the young man's relatives and friends, I departed also, with an aching heart, to reflect on the melancholy close of this evening of gaiety and joy; and once more to bear testimony to the truism that pleasure and happiness are, too often, but

"The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!"

Literary Magnet.

AN APOLOGUE.

'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the titles of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted.
But vain the thought! by sleep oppressed,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or nodding rolled from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed,"
More I had scarce had time to say,
When the poor urchin raised his head,
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused; away his steps he bent
With tearful eye and aching heart,
But claimed his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

Still for delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded,—wildly craved the boon;—
Though past his usual hour, he cried
At being sent to bed so soon!
If stern to him, his grief I shared,
(Unmoved who sees his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him I half despaired;
When all his cares were lost in sleep.

"Alas, poor infant!" I exclaimed,
Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all that he so lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret—the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Portrayed of man the idle grief,
When doom'd to slumber with the dead.

And more I thought, when up the stairs
With longing, lingering looks he crept,
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When nature claims their perfect breath,
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

'Tis morn, and see my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light;
To fearless laughter, boundless joy!
Forgot the tears of yesternight!
Thus shall not man forget his woe;
Survive of age and death the gloom;
Smile at the cares he knew below,
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

T. Gaspey.

LINES.

In the thick city's smoke, can beauty find
A charm,—a solace for the charms resign'd?
When at soft noon, the river,—that had glowed
A flood of sunshine, dazzling as it flowed,
Bent, where the woodhung rocks its course forbid,
Sinks into sweeter shade, oft seen, oft hid;
And airs so fresh are flowing, that on high,
Their very breath would tell of waters nigh;
While through the air a thousand warblings run,
And many a wing is glittering to the sun;
And on some sheltered slope, where hillocks meet,
Glad echo answers to the lamb's fond bleat,
O! loves she rather then such gloom, as falls
Where the same windows front the same dull walls
To see new weary idlers tread once more
The mud or dust, which crowds had trod before,—
Or the gay chariot loiter, as it waits
Some fool she scorns, or envious flirt she hates,—
Or in the Park, where slow-drawn coaches pass,
And all is worsted-lace, and trees, and grass,
Of dusty verdure 'twixt bright liveries green,
Just snatch enough to know that groves are green

Yet sometimes, not forgetful of the shade,
She calls my blooms, her feeble pomps to aid.
Then from the hall, gay bowers the myrtle weaves,
And powder'd lackeys half are lost in leaves;
Through full saloons, or where the dancer flies,
And a fair world of chalk in chaos dies,
The towering orange flames, with roses mix'd,
And gems and nodding feathers flash betwixt.
Vain artifice! can hues and colours pour'd
'Mid essenced crowds, or on the steamy board,
Recal the simple vale, where violets drink
Sweet dews, and glisten o'er the runnel's brink?

Dr Thomas Browne.*

THE PONS ASINORUM.

"The reputation of a man depends upon the *steps* he takes in his early life."—*Pope.*

There is a sort of middle stage in every one's life, (that is, if he lives to seventy,) a sticking place,

> ———like the swan's down feather,
> That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
> And neither way inclines,"———

at which one feels by certain signs that he cannot exactly be called, that is, that all people do not agree in calling him, young, and that *he* cannot permit himself to be denominated old. This point has been often varied: those who are not twenty declaring it to be thirty-five, or at farthest forty;—but no sooner have they reached the last mentioned age, than they insist that they feel quite as young as they did at twenty-four, and agree that when indeed they are ten or twenty years older, they may begin to think of an easy chair, a Regent's rest, an extra bottle of port, and the et cetera of a middle-aged man. My exact age is—at least I am generally understood to be—in short, I have been thirty for the last twenty years,

* "The Bower of Spring, with other poems, by the author of the Paradise of Coquettes. Edin. 1817," 8vo.

according to the bon mot of Cicero, (vid. Quin. lib. vii. ch. 2.) and notwithstanding it is asserted that my ringlets have withstood the sheers of time too long to be my own, and a young rogue of a nephew declares he recollects laughing twenty years ago at my yellow teeth, which are now as white as a chimney sweeper's; yet if he saw me in my green surtout and black cravat, I am persuaded that I should be taken for something under forty. But I have griefs to unfold,—"fatal to hear, and fatal in the telling,"—so let me not pause.

A man in my situation of life is nothing, unless he sports a toe and shakes in a bravura: consequently I am indifferently good in "Love's Young Dream," and "The Trumpet of Victory;" and though my voice is somewhat tremulous in the higher notes, I am in the base decidedly effective. I also dance, and am proud to say, that many young ladies have preferred me to a younger partner—no wonder! *very* young men dance so languidly now-a-days. Well, I was considered an adept; "I didn't value your cross over two couple, figure in, right and left;" as Acres says; no! I threaded the mysteries of swing corners, and capered round in a poussette, to the admiration of the whole room. Waltzing was introduced—can a man of between thirty and fifty shine in a waltz? But I had excellent excuses:—"Extremely indelicate! no sister or wife of mine should waltz—it did well enough on the continent: I had waltzed at Gottingen; but it would not do in England!" This, though it displeased all the young ladies of fifteen, gave infinite pleasure to all the ladies who were double fifteen. But—quadrilles, (nomen quantas tragœdias excitat!) were brought into England, and they spread like a typhus fever. Infants in leading strings were taught the steps; schoolboys were connoisseurs; older young ladies and gentlemen could think of nothing but quadrille clubs and practising parties; and my ancient subjects, the spinsters of thirty, rebelled; girls of forty ambled in a side couple; babes of fifty sidled in a trenise. I was now come to the Rubicon; I must either sink into an old man, for whom, if he danced at all, a country-dance would be got up at the end of the night; one who must catch at a place in a rubber, or jump at a hand at twopenny loo in the parlour, when the young folks were dancing up stairs, or—I must learn quadrilles. I chose the latter, and went to M. Pas-bas.

It was not long before a "request the honour of Mr B.'s company to a small quadrille party," was laid on my table. I tied on my starched cravat with peculiar care, and as I buckled my knee breeches, and practised a pas-seul, I felt an exultation that nothing before had given me: I thought at least with Napoleon, "La balle qui me tuera, portera mon nom." Imagine my having paid coachy, announcing, and making my bow to the lady of the house. I cast a timorous glance to the fair partners of the evening, who, as usual, sat giggling together on one side of the room; not one did I know—not one to whom I could say, that "I hoped she'd excuse me if I blundered."

Mrs T. soon came up to me: "You don't dance quadrilles, I suppose, Mr B." said she, "we shall get up a country-dance." I assured her that I did walk through them. "O! I beg your pardon then," answered the lady, with something of a smile, "Come with me, Sir, and I'll introduce you—Miss S." leading me into the very middle of the ring, "allow me to present you a partner, Mr B." I bowed, ventured some common-place compliment, which was not audible, and retired amidst the titters of the circle. Some peculiarly harsh sounds now told me that the music was going to begin.—"Gentlemen, take your partners," echoed from all parts of the room; and I hastened to give my partner my arm. Time was when it was only the hand. She took it even without looking at me. "Where would you like to stand, Ma'am?" said I. "Here, Sir!" said the lady, placing herself at the top of the first quadrille. "If you please," cried I, with some hesitation, "not being quite—as yet—a proficient, providing you had no objection, I would rather stand"—"Sir," replied the fair one, "I never stand at the side." During these words, the first part of the tune, according to custom, and without my attending to it, was played over, and at the first bar of the second, out I stepped; my partner frowned. "Not you yet, Sir." I obeyed, although I was sure I was right, and she was turned by the opposite gentleman. I declared "I never danced it so." "Avancez!" cried the side couples. I stuck in my place. "The

devil! it's lady's chain," said I. "No, no, ballancez to the corner lady—tours de mains!—You're wrong, Sir! Avancez! Turn! Ballancez!" I did neither, and the figure had now finished. I turned to the lady, who did not look very kind: "Why, Madam!" I exclaimed, "I never danced a quadrille in this way. At Monsieur Pas-bas's"—the lady stared. "Perhaps," said she, "you may not know, Sir, that we are dancing 'the Lancers.'" "The what, Madam?" cried I, in a voice of terror; "The Lancers." I then recollected that I had only learned the first set; and the compassionate reader may have a faint idea of my situation. I was standing in the first set, with the first dancer in the room; all eyes were upon me, and I was to dance from figures of which I had never heard before!—All the people of my own standing seemed peculiarly to enjoy the joke. Lodoiska was now played—it thrilled through my brain—my partner dragged me forward; a thousand voices shouted out and endeavoured to put me right, and only caused me to stray the more. "Ballancez—eight bars—now turn your partner—fall into two lines—avancez." In vain: I went wrong myself and put every body else wrong; I cut twice in the air when I should have remained in my place; I stood there like a mountain when I should have advanced—every thing seemed to swim before me—I could bear it no longer—I made my way to the door, ran down stairs,—flew home in spite of rain and mud, and am resolved never again to attempt a quadrille:

——————et, saltu in contraria facto
Colla jugo excutiunt, abrupta loraque relinquunt.

GOD.*

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great;
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.*

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;

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* Translated from the Russian of Derzhaving by Mr Bowring. Mr Bowring informs us, that this poem has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin.—*Ed.*

* "The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow, and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light, and beautiful rainbow hues, dazzle and weary the eye."

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions bless'd!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

BOWRING.

THE DUN.

COLONEL PEMBROKE had not, at the time his biographer first became acquainted with him, 'grown familiar with falsehood;' his conscience was not entirely callous to reproach, nor was his heart insensible to compassion, but he was in a fair way to get rid of all troublesome feelings and principles. He was connected with a set of selfish young men of fashion, whose opinions stood him instead of law, equity, and morality; to them he appealed in all doubtful cases, and his self-complacency being daily and hourly dependent upon their decisions, he had seldom either leisure or inclination to consult his own judgment. His amusements and his expenses were consequently regulated by the example of his companions, not by his own choice. To follow them in every absurd variety of the mode, either in dress or equipage, was his first ambition; and all their factitious wants appeared to him objects of the first necessity. "No matter how good the boots, the hat, the coat, the furniture, or the equipage might be, if they had outlived the fashion of the day, or even of the hour; they were absolutely worthless in his eyes. *Nobody* could be seen in such things—then of what use could they be to *any body?*" Colonel Pembroke's finances were not exactly equal to the support of such *liberal* principles, but this was a misfortune which he had in common with several of his companions. It was no check to their spirit—they could live upon credit—credit, 'that talisman, which realizes every thing it imagines, and which can imagine every thing.' Without staying to reflect upon the immediate or remote consequences of this system, Pembroke in his first attempts found it easy to reduce it to practice: but as he proceeded, he experienced some difficulties. Tradesmen's bills accumulated, and applications for payment became every day more frequent and pressing. He defended himself with much address and ingenuity, and practice perfected him in all the Fabian arts of delay. '*No faith with duns,*' became, as he frankly declared, a maxim of his morality. He could now, with the most plausible face, protest to a *poor devil*, upon the honour of a gentleman, that he should be paid to-morrow; when nothing was further from his intentions or his power, than to keep his word. And when *to-morrow* came, he could with the most easy assurance *damn the rascal* for putting a gentleman in mind of his promises. But there were persons more difficult to manage than *poor devils*. Colonel Pembroke's tailor, who had begun by being the most accommodating fellow in the world, and who had in three years run him up a bill of thirteen hundred pounds, at length began to fail in complaisance, and had the impertinence to talk of his large family and his

urgent calls for money, &c. And next the colonel's shoe and boot maker, a man from whom he had been in the habit of taking two hundred pounds worth of shoes and boots every year, for himself and his servants, now pretended to be in distress for ready money, and refused to furnish more goods upon credit. 'Ungrateful dog!' Pembroke called him; and he actually believed his creditors to be ungrateful and insolent, when they asked for their money; for men frequently learn to believe what they are in the daily habit of asserting, especially if their assertions be not contradicted by their audience. He knew that his tradesmen overcharged him in every article he bought, and therefore he thought it but just to delay payment whilst it suited his convenience. 'Confound them, they can very well afford to wait.' As to their pleas of urgent demands for ready money—large families, &c., he considered these merely as words of course, tradesmen's cant, which should make no more impression upon a gentleman, than the whining of a beggar.

One day when Pembroke was just going out to ride with some of his gay companions, he was stopped at his own door by a pale, thin, miserable-looking boy, of eight or nine years old, who presented him with a paper, which he took for granted was a petition; he threw the child half-a-crown.—'There, take that,' said he, 'and stand out of the way of my horse's heels, I advise you, my little fellow.' The boy, however, pressed closer; and without picking up the half-crown, held the paper to Colonel Pembroke, who had now vaulted into his saddle, 'O no! no! That's too much, my lad—I never read petitions—I'd sooner give half-a-crown at any time than read a petition.' 'But, Sir, this is not a petition————indeed, Sir, I am not a beggar.' 'What is it then?—Heyday! a bill!—Then you're worse than a beggar—a dun!—a dun! in the public streets, at your time of life! You little rascal, why, what will you come to before you are your father's age?' —The boy sighed—'If,' pursued the colonel, 'I were to serve you right, I should give you a good horse whipping. Do you see this whip?' 'I do, sir,' said the boy, 'but——' 'But what? you insolent little dun!—But what?' 'My father is dying,' said the child, bursting into tears, 'and we have no money to buy him bread, or any thing.' Struck by these words, Pembroke snatched the paper from the boy, and looking hastily at the total and title of the bill, read—'Twelve pounds, fourteen—John White, Weaver.' —'I know of no such person!—I have no dealings with weavers, child,' said the colonel, laughing—'My name is Pembroke—Colonel Pembroke.' 'Colonel Pembroke—yes, Sir, the very person Mr Close, the tailor, sent me to!' 'Close the tailor! damn the rascal, was it he sent you to dun me?—for this trick he shall not see a farthing of my money this twelvemonth. You may tell him so, you little whining hypocrite!—And hark you! the next time you come to me, take care to come with a better story—let your father and mother and six brothers and sisters be all lying ill of the fever—do you understand?' He tore the bill into bits as he spoke, and showered it over the boy's head: Pembroke's companions laughed at this operation, and he facetiously called it 'powdering a dun.' They rode off to the Park in high spirits, and the poor boy picked up the half-crown, and returned home. His home was in a lane in Moorfields, about three miles distant from this gay part of the town. As the child had not eaten any thing that morning, he was feeble, and grew faint, as he was crossing Covent Garden. He sat down upon the corner of a stage of flowers. 'What are you doing there?' cried a surly man pulling him up by the arm; 'What business have you lounging and loitering here, breaking my best balsam?' I did not mean to do any harm—I am not loitering indeed, Sir—I'm only weak,' said the boy, 'and hungry.' 'Oranges! oranges! fine China oranges!' cried a woman, rolling her barrow full of fine fruit towards him. 'If you've a two pence in the world, you can't do better than take one of these fine ripe China oranges.' 'I have not two pence of my own in the world,' said the boy. 'What's that I see through the hole in your waistcoat pocket,' said the woman; 'is not that silver?' 'Yes, half-a-crown, which I am carrying home to my father, who is ill, and wants it more than I do.' 'Pooh! take an orange out of it—it's only two pence—and it will do you good—I'm sure you look as if you wanted it badly enough.' 'That may be—but father

wants it worse—no, I won't change my half-crown,' said the boy, turning away from the tempting oranges. The gruff gardener caught him by the hand. 'Here, I've moved the balsam a bit, and it is not broke, I see; sit ye down, child, and rest yourself, and eat this,' said he, putting into his hand half a ripe orange, which he had just cut. 'Thank you!—God bless you, sir!—How good it is—but,' said the child, stopping after he had tasted the sweet juice, 'I am sorry I have sucked so much, I might have carried it home to father, who is ill, and what a treat it would be to him!—I'll keep the rest.' 'No—that you sha'n't,' said the orange woman. 'But I'll tell you what you shall do—take this home to your father, which is a better one by half—I'm sure it will do him good—I never knew a ripe China orange do harm to man, woman, or child.' The boy thanked the good woman, and the gardener, as only those can thank, who have felt what it is to be in absolute want. When he was rested, and able to walk, he pursued his way home. His mother was watching for him at the street door. 'Well, John, my dear, what news? Has he paid us?' The boy shook his head. 'Then we must bear it as well as we can,' said his mother, wiping the cold dew from her forehead. 'But look, mother, I have this half-crown, which the gentleman, thinking me a beggar, threw to me.' Run with it, love, to the baker's—No, stay, you're tired—I'll go myself, and do you step up to your father, and tell him the bread is coming in a minute.' 'Don't run, for you're not able, mother; don't hurry so,' said the boy, calling after her, and holding up his orange; 'See, I have this for father whilst you are away.' He clambered up three flights of dark, narrow, broken stairs, to the room in which his father lay. The door hung by a single hinge, and the child had scarcely strength enough to raise it out of the hollow in the decayed floor into which it had sunk. He pushed it open with as little noise as possible, just far enough to creep in. This room was so dark, that upon first going into it, after having been in broad day-light, you could scarcely distinguish any one object it contained—and no one, used to breathe a pure atmosphere, could probably have endured to remain many minutes in this garret. There were three beds in it—one on which the sick man lay; divided from it by a tattered rug, was another for his wife and daughter, and a third for his little boy in the furthest corner. Underneath the window was fixed a loom, at which the poor weaver had worked hard many a day and year—too hard, indeed—even till the very hour he was taken ill. His shuttle now lay idle upon the frame. A girl of about sixteen—his daughter—was sitting at the foot of his bed, finishing some plain work. 'O Anne! how your face is all flushed!' said her little brother, as she looked up when he came into the room. Have you brought us any money?' whispered she: don't say *no* loud, for fear father should hear you.' The boy told her in a low voice all that had passed. 'Speak out, my dear, I'm not asleep;' said his father. 'So you are come back as you went.' 'No, father, not quite - - - - there's bread coming for you.' 'Give me some more water, Anne, for my mouth is quite parched.' The little boy cut his orange in an instant, and gave a piece of it to his father, telling him at the same time how he came by it. The sick man raised his hands to Heaven, and blessed the poor woman who gave it to him. 'O how I love her! and how I hate that cruel, unjust, rich man, who won't pay father for all the hard work he has done for him!' cried the child; 'How I hate him!' 'God forgive him!' said the weaver. 'I don't know what will become of you all, when I'm gone; and no one to befriend you—or even to work at the loom.—Anne, I think if I was up - - - -,' said he, raising himself - - - - 'I could still contrive to do a little good.' 'Dear father, don't think of getting up; the best you can do for us, is to lie still and take rest.' 'Rest!—I can take no rest, Anne—Rest! there's none for me in this world—And whilst I'm in it, is not it my duty to work for my wife and children?—Reach me my clothes, and I'll get up.' It was in vain to contend with him, when this notion seized him, that it was his duty to work till the last. All opposition fretted and made him worse, so that his daughter and his wife, even from affection, were forced to yield, and to let him go to the loom, when his trembling hands were scarcely able to throw the shuttle. He did not know how weak he was, till he tried to walk. As he stepped out of bed,

his wife came in with a loaf of bread in her hand—at the unexpected sight he made an exclamation of joy; sprang forward to meet her, but fell upon the floor in a swoon, before he could put one bit of the bread which she broke for him into his mouth. Want of sustenance, the having been overworked, and the constant anxiety which preyed upon his spirits, had reduced him to this deplorable state of weakness. When he recovered his senses, his wife showed him his little boy eating a large piece of bread—she also eat, and made Anne eat before him, to relieve his mind from that dread which had seized it—and not without some reason—that he should see his wife and children starve to death. 'You find, father, there's no danger for to-day,' said Anne, 'and to-morrow I shall be paid for my plain work, and then we shall do very well for a few days longer, and I dare say in that time Mr Close the tailor will receive some money from some of the great many rich gentlemen, who owe him so much, and you know he promised, that as soon as ever he was able he would pay us.' With such hopes, and the remembrance of such promises, the poor man's spirits could not be much raised; he knew, alas! how little dependence was to be placed on them. As soon as he had eaten, and felt his strength revive, he insisted upon going to the loom: his mind was bent upon finishing a pattern, for which he was to receive five guineas in ready money—he worked and worked, then lay down and rested himself, then worked again, and so on during the remainder of the day, and during several hours of the night he continued to throw the shuttle, whilst his little boy and his wife by turns wound spools for him. He completed his work, and threw himself upon his bed quite exhausted, just as the neighbouring clock struck one.

At this hour Colonel Pembroke was in the midst of a gay and brilliant assembly at Mrs York's, in a splendid saloon illuminated with wax lights in profusion, the floor crayoned with roses and myrtles, which the dancers' feet effaced; the walls hung with the most expensive hot-house flowers; in short, he was surrounded with luxury in all its extravagance. It is said, that the peaches alone at this entertainment amounted to six hundred guineas. They cost a guinea a piece; the price of one of them, which Colonel Pembroke threw away because it was not perfectly ripe, would have supported the weaver and his whole family for a week.

Amongst the masks at Mrs York's were three, who amused the company particularly; the festive mob followed them as they moved, and their bon-mots were applauded and repeated by all the best, that is to say, the most fashionable male and female judges of wit. The three distinguished characters were a spendthrift, a bailiff, and a dun. The spendthrift was supported with great spirit and *truth* by Colonel Pembroke, and two of his companions were *great* and *correct* in the parts of the bailiff and the dun. The happy idea of appearing in these characters this night had been suggested by the circumstance that happened in the morning. Colonel Pembroke gave himself great credit, he said, for thus 'striking novelty even from difficulty;' and he rejoiced that the rascal of a weaver had sent his boy to dun him, and had thus furnished him with diversion for the evening as well as the morning. We are much concerned, that we cannot, for the advantage of posterity, record any of the innumerable *good things*, which undoubtedly were uttered by this trio. Even the newspapers of the day could speak only in general panegyric.

Colonel Pembroke, notwithstanding his success at Mrs York's masquerade in his character of a spendthrift, could not by his utmost wit and address satisfy or silence his impertinent tailor. Mr Close absolutely refused to give further credit, without valuable consideration, and the colonel was compelled to pass his bond for the whole sum which was claimed, which was fifty pounds more than was strictly due, in order to compound with the tailor for the want of ready money. When the bond was fairly signed, sealed, and delivered, Mr Close produced the poor weaver's bill. 'Colonel Pembroke,' said he, 'I have a trifling bill here—I am really ashamed to speak to you about such a trifle—but as we are settling all accounts—and as this White the weaver is so wretchedly poor, that he or some of his family are with me every day of my life dunning me to get me to speak about their little demand - - - -' 'Who is this White?' said Mr Pembroke. 'You re-

collect the elegant waistcoat pattern of which you afterwards bought up the whole piece, lest it should become common and vulgar;—this White was the weaver from whom we got it.' 'Bless me! why that's two years ago: I thought that fellow was paid long ago!' 'No, indeed, I wish he had! for he has been the torment of my life this many a month—I never saw people so eager about their money.' 'But why do you employ such miserable, greedy creatures? What can you expect but to be dunned every hour of your life?' 'Very true, indeed, colonel; it is what I always, on that principle, avoid as far as possibly I can: but I can't blame myself in this particular instance: for this White, at the time I employed him first, was a very decent man, and in a very good way for one of his sort: but I suppose he has taken to drink, for he is worth not a farthing now.' 'What business has a fellow of his sort to drink? he should leave that for his betters,' said Colonel Pembroke, laughing. 'Drinking's too great a pleasure for a weaver. The drunken rascal's money is safer in my hands, tell him, than in his own.' The tailor's conscience twinged him a little at this instant, for he had spoken entirely at random, not having the slightest grounds for his insinuation, that this poor weaver had ruined himself by drunkenness. 'Upon my word, Sir,' said Close, retracting, 'the man may not be a drunken fellow for any thing I know positively—I purely surmised *that* might be the case, from his having fallen into such distress, which is no otherwise accountable for, to my comprehension, except we believe his own story, that he has money due to him which he cannot get paid, and that this has been his ruin.' Colonel Pembroke cleared his throat two or three times upon hearing this last suggestion, and actually took up the weaver's bill with some intention of paying it; but he recollected, that he should want the ready money he had in his pocket for another indispensable occasion; for he was *obliged* to go to Brooke's that night, so he contented his humanity by recommending it to Mr Close to pay White and have done with him. 'If you will let him have the money, you know, you can put it down to my account, or make a memorandum of it at the back of the bond. In short, settle it as you will, but let me hear no more about it. I have not leisure to think of such trifles—Good morning to you Mr Close.' Mr Close was far from having any intentions of complying with the colonel's request: when the weaver's wife called upon him after his return home, he assured her, that he had not seen the colour of one guinea, or of one farthing, of Colonel Pembroke's money, and that it was absolutely impossible that he could pay Mr White till he was paid himself—that it could not be expected he should advance money for any body out of his own pocket—that he begged he might not be pestered and dunned any more, for that *he really had not leisure to think of such trifles.*

For want of this trifle, of which neither the fashionable colonel, nor his fashionable tailor, had leisure to think, the poor weaver and his whole family were reduced to the last degree of human misery—to absolute famine. The man had exerted himself to the utmost to finish a pattern, which had been bespoken for a tradesman who promised upon the delivery of it to pay him five guineas in hand. This money he received; but four guineas of it were due to his landlord for rent of his wretched garret, and the remaining guinea was divided between the baker, to whom an old bill was due, and the apothecary, to whom they were obliged to have recourse, as the weaver was extremely ill. They had literally nothing now to depend upon but what the wife and daughter could earn by needle-work; and they were known to be so miserably poor, that the *prudent* neighbours did not like to trust them with plain-work, lest it should not be returned safely. Besides, in such a dirty place as they lived in, how could it be expected, that they should put any work out of their hands decently clean.—The woman to whom the house belonged, however, at last procured them work from Mrs Carver, a widow lady, who, she said, was extremely charitable. She advised Anne to carry home the work as soon as it was finished, and to wait to see the lady herself, who might perhaps be as charitable to her as she was to many others. Anne resolved to take this advice; but when she carried home her work to the place to which she was directed, her heart almost failed her; for

she found Mrs Carver lived in such a handsome house, that there was little chance of a poor girl being admitted by the servants further than the hall door or the kitchen. The lady, however, happened to be just coming out of her parlour at the moment the hall door was opened for Anne; and she bid her come in, and show her work—approved of it—commended her industry—asked her several questions about her family—seemed to be touched with compassion by Anne's account of their distress—and after paying what she had charged for the work, put half a guinea into her hand, and bid her call the next day, when she hoped, that she should be able to do something more for her. This unexpected bounty, and the kindness of voice and look, with which it was accompanied, had such an effect upon the poor girl, that if she had not caught hold of a chair to support herself, she would have sunk to the ground. Mrs Carver immediately made her sit down—'O Madam! I'm well, quite well now—it was nothing—only surprise,' said she, bursting into tears. 'I beg your pardon for this foolishness—but it is only because I'm weaker to day than usual for want of eating.' 'For want of eating! my poor child! how she trembles!—she is weak indeed—and must not leave my house in this condition.' Mrs Carver rang the bell, and ordered a glass of wine; but Anne was afraid to drink it, as she was not used to wine, and as she knew that it would affect her head if she drank without eating. When the lady found that she refused the wine, she did not press it, but insisted upon her eating something. 'O Madam!' said the poor girl, 'it is long, long indeed, since I have eaten so heartily; and it is almost a shame for me to stay eating such dainties, when my father and mother are all the while in the way they are. But I'll run home with the half-guinea, and tell them how good you have been, and they will be so joyful and so thankful to you! My mother will come herself, I'm sure, with me to-morrow morning—She can thank you so much better than I can!' Those only who have known the extreme of want, can imagine the joy and gratitude with which the half-guinea was received by this poor family.—Half a guinea!—Colonel Pembroke spent six half-guineas this very day in a fruit shop, and ten times that sum at a jeweller's on seals and baubles for which he had no manner of use. When Anne and her mother called the next morning to thank their benefactress, she was not up; but her servant gave them a parcel from his mistress: it contained a fresh supply of needle-work, a gown, and some other clothes, which were directed *for Anne.* The servant said, that if she would call again about eight in the evening, his lady would probably be able to see her, and that she begged to have the work finished by that time. The work was finished, though with some difficulty, by the appointed hour, and Anne, dressed in her new clothes, was at Mrs Carver's door, just as the clock struck eight. The old lady was alone at tea; she seemed to be well pleased by Anne's punctuality; said that she had made inquiries respecting Mr and Mrs White, and that she heard an excellent character of them; that therefore she was disposed to do every thing she could to serve them. She added, that she 'should soon part with her own maid, and that perhaps Anne might supply her place.' Nothing could be more agreeable to the poor girl than this proposal; her father and mother were rejoiced at the idea of seeing her so well placed; and they now looked forward impatiently for the day when Mrs Carver's maid was to be dismissed. In the meantime, the old lady continued to employ Anne, and to make her presents, sometimes of clothes, and sometimes of money. The money she always gave to her parents; and she loved her 'good old lady,' as she always called her, more for putting it in her power thus to help her father and mother, than for all the rest. The weaver's disease had arisen from want of sufficient food, from fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind; and he grew rapidly better, now that he was relieved from want, and inspired with hope. Mrs Carver bespoke from him two pieces of waistcoating, which she promised to dispose of for him most advantageously, by a raffle, for which she had raised subscriptions amongst her numerous acquaintance. She expressed great indignation when Anne told her how Mr White had been ruined by persons, who would not pay their just debts; and when she knew that the weaver was overcharged for all his working materials, because he took

them upon credit, she generously offered to lend them whatever ready money might be necessary, which she said Anne might repay, at her leisure, out of her wages. 'O Madam!' said Anne, 'you are too good to us, indeed! too good! and if you could but see into our hearts, you would know, that we are not ungrateful.' 'I am sure, *that* is what you never will be, my dear,' said the old lady; 'at least such is my opinion of you.' 'Thank you, Ma'am! thank you from the bottom of my heart!—We should all have been starved if it had not been for you. And it is owing to you, that we are so happy now — quite different creatures from what we were.' 'Quite a different creature, indeed, you look, child, from what you did the first day I saw you. To-morrow my own maid goes, and you may come at ten o'clock; and I hope we shall agree very well together—you'll find me an easy mistress, and I make no doubt I shall always find you the good grateful girl you seem to be.' Anne was impatient for the moment when she was to enter into the service of her benefactress; and she lay awake half the night, considering how she should ever be able to show sufficient gratitude. As Mrs Carver had often expressed her desire to have Anne look neat and smart, she dressed herself as well as she possibly could; and when her poor father and mother took leave of her, they could not help observing, as Mrs Carver had done the day before, that 'Anne looked quite a different creature, from what she was a few weeks ago.' She was, indeed, an extremely pretty girl; but we need not stop to relate all the fond praises, that were bestowed upon her beauty by her partial parents. Her little brother John was not at home, when she was going away; he was at a carpenter's shop in the neighbourhood mending a wheelbarrow, which belonged to that good-natured orange woman, who gave him the orange for his father. Anne called at the carpenter's shop to take leave of her brother. The woman was there waiting for her barrow—she looked earnestly at Anne when she entered, and then whispered to the boy, 'Is that your sister?'—'Yes,' said the boy, 'and as good a sister she is as ever was born.' 'May be so,' said the woman, 'but she is not likely to be good for much long, in the way she is going on now.' 'What way?—what do you mean?' said Anne, colouring violently. 'O you understand me well enough, though you look so innocent.' 'I do not understand you in the least.' 'No!—Why, is not it you, that I see going almost every day to that house in Chiswell-street?' 'Mrs Carver's?—Yes.' 'Mrs Carver's indeed!' cried the woman, throwing an orange-peel from her with an air of disdain—'a pretty come off indeed! as if I did not know her name, and all about her as well as you do.' 'Do you?' said Anne, 'then I am sure you know one of the best women in the world.' The woman looked still more earnestly than before in Anne's countenance; and then taking hold of both her hands exclaimed—'You poor young creature! what are you about?—I do believe you don't know what you are about—if you do, you are the greatest cheat I ever looked in the face, long as I've lived in this cheating world.' 'You frighten my sister,' said the boy—'do pray tell her what you mean at once, for look how pale she turns.' 'So much the better, for now I have good hope of her—then to tell you all at once—no matter how I frighten her, it's for her good—this Mrs Carver, as you call her, is only Mrs Carver when she wants to pass upon such as you for a good woman.' 'To *pass* for a good woman!' repeated Anne with indignation —'O she is, she is a good woman—you do not know her as I do.' 'I know her a great deal better, I tell you—if you choose not to believe me—go your ways—go to your ruin—go to your shame—go to your grave—as hundreds have gone, by the same road, before you. Your Mrs Carver keeps two houses, and one of them is a bad house—and that's the house you'll soon go to, if you trust to her—Now you know the whole truth.' The poor girl was shocked so much, that for several minutes she could neither speak nor think. As soon as she had recovered sufficient presence of mind to consider what she should do, she declared, that she would that instant go home and put on her rags again, and return to the wicked Mrs Carver all the clothes she had given her. 'But what will become of us all?—She has lent my father money—a great deal of money.—How can he pay her?—O, I will pay her all—I will go into some honest service, now I am well

and strong enough to do any sort of hard work, and God knows I am willing.'

Full of these resolutions, Anne hurried home, intending to tell her father and mother all that happened; but they were neither of them within. She flew to the mistress of the house, who had first recommended her to Mrs Carver, and reproached her in the most moving terms, which the agony of her mind could suggest. Her landlady listened to her with astonishment, either real or admirably well affected—declared, that she knew nothing more of Mrs Carver, but that she lived in a large fine house, and that she had been very charitable to some poor people in Moorfields—that she bore the best of characters, and that if nothing could be said against her but by an orange woman, there was no great reason to believe such scandal. Anne now began to think, that the whole of what she had heard might be a falsehood, or a mistake; one moment she blamed herself for so easily suspecting a person who had shown her so much kindness; but the next minute the emphatic words and warning looks of the woman recurred to her mind; and though they were but the words and looks of an orange woman, she could not help dreading, that there was some truth in them. The clock struck ten, whilst she was in this uncertainty. The woman of the house urged her to go without farther delay to Mrs Carver's, who would undoubtedly be displeased by any want of punctuality; but Anne wished to wait for the return of her father and mother. 'They will not be back, either of them, these three hours; for your mother is gone to the other end of the town about that old bill of Colonel Pembroke's, and your father is gone to buy some silk for weaving—he told me he should not be home before three o'clock.' Notwithstanding these remonstrances, Anne persisted in her resolution—she took off the clothes, which she had received from Mrs Carver, and put on those which she had been used to wear. Her mother was much surprised, when she came in, to see her in this condition; and no words can describe her grief, when she heard the cause of this change. She blamed herself severely for not having made inquiries concerning Mrs Carver, before she had suffered her daughter to accept of any presents from her; and she wept bitterly, when she recollected the money which this woman had lent her husband. 'She will throw him into jail, I am sure she will—we shall be worse off a thousand times, than ever we were in our worst days. The work that is in the loom, by which he hoped to get so much, is all for her, and it will be left upon hands now; and how are we to pay the woman of this house for the lodgings? - - - O! I see it all coming upon us at once,' continued the poor woman, wringing her hands. 'If that Colonel Pembroke would but let us have our own!—But there I've been all the morning hunting him out; and at last, when I did see him, he only swore, and said we were all a family of *duns*, or some such nousense. And then he called after me from the top of his fine stairs, just to say that he had ordered Close the tailor to pay us; and when I went to him, there was no satisfaction to be got from him—his shop was full of customers, and he hustled me away, giving me for answer, that when Colonel Pembroke paid him, he would pay us and no sooner.—Ah! these purse-proud tradesfolk, and these sparks of fashion, what do they know of all we suffer?—What do they care for us?—It is not for charity I ask any of them—only for what my own husband has justly earned, and hardly toiled for too; and this I cannot get out of their hands—If I could we might defy this wicked woman—but now we are laid under her feet, and she will trample us to death.' In the midst of these lamentations, Anne's father came in. when he learned the cause of them, he stood for a moment in silence; then snatched from his daughter's hand the bundle of clothes, which she had prepared to return to Mrs Carver. 'Give them to me; I will go to this woman myself,' cried he with indignation. 'Anne shall never more set her foot within those doors.' 'Dear father,' cried Anne, stopping him as he went out of the door, 'perhaps it is all a mistake, do pray inquire from somebody else before you speak to Mrs Carver—she looks so good, she has been so kind to me, I cannot believe that she is wicked. Do pray inquire of a great many people before you knock at the door.' He promised that he would do all his daughter

desired. With most impatient anxiety they waited for his return: the time of his absence appeared insupportably long, and they formed new fears and new conjectures every instant. Every time they heard a footstep upon the stairs, they ran out to see who it was: sometimes it was the landlady—sometimes the lodgers or their visitors—at last came the person they longed to see; but the moment they beheld him, all their fears were confirmed. He was pale as death, and his lips trembled with convulsive motion. He walked up directly to his loom, and without speaking one syllable began to cut the unfinished work out of it. 'What are you about, my dear?' cried his wife. 'Consider what you are about—this work of yours is the only dependence we have in the world.' 'You have nothing in this world to depend upon, I tell you,' cried he, continuing to cut out the web with a hurried hand—'you must not depend on me—you must not depend on my work—I shall never throw this shuttle more whilst I live—think of me as if I was dead—to-morrow I shall be dead to you—I shall be in a jail, and there must lie till carried out in my coffin. —Here take this work just as it is to our landlady—she met me on the stairs, and said she must have her rent directly—that will pay her—I'll pay all I can.—As for the loom, that's only hired—the silk I bought to-day will pay the hire—I'll pay all my debts to the utmost farthing, as far as I am able—but the ten guineas to that wicked woman I cannot pay—so I must rot in a jail—Don't cry, Anne, don't cry so, my good girl—you'll break my heart, wife, if you take on so. Why! have not we one comfort, that let us go out of this world when we may, or how we may, we shall go out of it honest, having no one's ruin to answer for, having done our duty to man and God, as far as we were able?—My child,' continued he, catching Anne in his arms, 'I have you safe, and I thank God for it.' When this poor man had thus in an incoherent manner given vent to his first feelings, he became somewhat more composed, and was able to relate all that had passed between him and Mrs Carver. The inquiries which he made before he saw her sufficiently confirmed the orange woman's story; and when he returned the presents which Anne had unfortunately received, Mrs Carver, with all the audacity of a woman hardened in guilt, avowed her purpose and her profession—declared, that, whatever ignorance and innocence Anne or her parents might now find it convenient to affect, she 'was confident, they had all the time perfectly understood what she was about, and that she would not be cheated at last by a parcel of swindling hypocrites.' With horrid imprecations she then swore, that if Anne was kept from her she would have vengeance—and that her vengeance should have no bounds. The event showed, that these were not empty threats—the very next day she sent two bailiffs to arrest Anne's father. They met him in the street, as he was going to pay the last farthing he had to the baker. The wretched man in vain endeavoured to move the ear of justice, by relating the simple truth. Mrs Carver was rich—her victim was poor. He was committed to jail; and he entered his prison with the firm belief, that there he must drag out the remainder of his days.

One faint hope remained in his wife's heart—she imagined, that if she could but prevail upon Colonel Pembroke's servants, either to obtain for her a sight of their master, or if they would carry to him a letter containing an exact account of her distress, he would immediately pay the fourteen pounds, which had been so long due. With this money she could obtain her husband's liberty, and she fancied all might yet be well. Her son, who could write a very legible hand, wrote the petition.—'Ah, mother!' said he, 'don't hope that Colonel Pembroke will read it—he will tear it to pieces, as he did one that I carried him before.' 'I can but try,' said she; 'I cannot believe that any gentleman is so cruel, and so unjust—he must and will pay us when he knows the whole truth.' Colonel Pembroke was dressing in a hurry to go to a great dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern. One of Pembroke's gay companions had called, and was in the room waiting for him. It was at this inauspicious time, that Mrs White arrived. Her petition the servant at first absolutely refused to take from her hands; but at last a young lad whom the colonel had lately brought from the country, and who had either more natural feeling, or less acquired power of

equivocating than his fellows, consented to carry up the petition, when he should, as he expected, be called by his master to report the state of a favourite horse that was sick. While his master's hair was dressing the lad was summoned; and when the health of the horse had been anxiously inquired into, the lad with country awkwardness scratched his head, and laid the petition before his master, saying—'Sir, there's a poor woman below waiting for an answer; and if so be what she says is true, as I take it to be, 'tis enough to break one's heart.' 'Your heart, my lad, is not seasoned to London yet, I perceive,' said Colonel Pembroke, smiling; 'why your heart will be broke a thousand times over by every beggar you meet.' 'No, no: I be too much of a man for that,' replied the groom, wiping his eyes hastily with the back of his hand—'not such a noodle as that comes to neither—beggars are beggars, and so to be treated—but this woman, Sir, is no common beggar—not she; nor is she begging any ways—only to be paid her bill—so I brought it as I was coming up.' 'Then, Sir, as you are going down you may take it down again, if you please,' cried Colonel Pembroke, 'and in future, Sir, I recommend it to you, to look after your horses, and to trust me to look after my own affairs.' The groom retreated, and his master gave the poor woman's petition, without reading it, to the hair dresser, who was looking for a piece of paper to try the heat of his irons. 'I should be pestered with bills and petitions from morning till night, if I did not frighten these fellows out of the trick of bringing them to me,' continued Colonel Pembroke, turning to his companion. 'That blockhead of a groom is but just come to town; he does not know yet how to drive away a dun—but he'll learn. They say that the American dogs did not know how to bark, till they learned it from their civilized betters.' Colonel Pembroke habitually drove away reflection, and silenced the whispers of conscience, by noisy declamation, or sallies of wit. At the bottom of the singed paper, which the hair-dresser left on the table, the name of White was sufficiently visible. 'White!' exclaimed Mr Pembroke, 'as I hope to live and breathe, these Whites have been this half year the torment of my life.' He started up, rang the bell, and gave immediate orders to his servant, that *these Whites* should never more be let in, and that no more of their bills and petitions in any form whatever should be brought to him. 'I'll punish them for their insolence—I wont pay them one farthing this twelvemonth, and if the woman is not gone, pray tell her so—I bid Close the tailor pay them: if he has not, it is no fault of mine. Let me not hear a syllable more about it—I'll part with the first of you who dares to disobey me.' 'The woman is gone, I believe, Sir,' said the footman; 'it was not I let her in, and I refused to bring up the letter.' 'You did right. Let me hear no more about the matter. We shall be late at the crown and Anchor. I beg your pardon, my dear friend, for detaining you so long.' Whilst the colonel went to his jovial meeting, where he was the life and spirit of the company, the poor woman returned in despair to the prison where her husband was confined.

We forbear to describe the horrible situation to which this family were soon reduced. Beyond a certain point the human heart cannot feel compassion. One day, as Anne was returning from the prison, where she had been with her father, she was met by a porter, who put a letter into her hands, then turned down a narrow lane, and was out of sight before she could inquire from whom he came. When she read the letter, however, she could not be in doubt—it came from Mrs Carver, and contained these words:

"You can gain nothing by your present obstinacy—you are the cause of your father's lying in jail, and of your mother's being, as she is, nearly starved to death. You could relieve them from misery worse than death, and place them in ease and comfort for the remainder of their days. Be assured, they do not speak sincerely to you, when they pretend not to wish that your compliance should put an end to their present sufferings. It is you that are cruel to them—it is you that are cruel to yourself, and can blame nobody else. You might live all your days in a house as good as mine, and have a plentiful table served from one year's end to another, with all the dainties of the season, and you might be dressed as elegant as the most elegant lady in London (which by the bye your beauty deserves), and you would have servants of your own, and a carriage of your own, and nothing to do all day long but take your pleasure. And after all, what is asked of you?—only to make a person happy, that half the town would envy you, that would make it a study to gratify you in every wish of your heart. The person alluded to you

have seen, and more than once, when you have been talking to me of work in my parlour. He is a very rich and generous gentleman. If you come to Chiswell-street about six this evening you will find all I say true—if not, you and yours must take the consequences.'

Coarse as the eloquence of this letter may appear, Anne could not read it without emotion: it raised in her heart a violent contest. Virtue, with poverty and famine, were on one side—and vice, with affluence, love, and every worldly pleasure, on the other. Those who have been bred up in the lap of luxury; whom the breath of heaven has never visited too roughly; whose minds from their earliest infancy have been guarded even with more care than their persons; who in the dangerous season of youth are surrounded by all that the solicitude of experienced friends, and all that polished society can devise for their security; are not perhaps competent to judge of the temptations by which beauty in the lower classes of life may be assailed. They who have never seen a father in prison, or a mother perishing for want of the absolute necessaries of life—they who have never themselves known the cravings of famine, cannot form an adequate idea of this poor girl's feelings, and of the temptation to which she was now exposed. She wept—she hesitated—and 'the woman that deliberates is lost.' Perhaps those who are the most truly virtuous of her sex, will be the most disposed to feel for this poor creature, who was literally half-famished before her good resolutions were conquered. At last she yielded to necessity. At the appointed hour she was in Mrs Carver's house. This woman received her with triumph—she supplied Anne immediately with food, and then hastened to deck out her victim in the most attractive manner. The girl was quite passive in her hands. She promised, though scarcely knowing that she uttered the words, to obey the instructions that were given to her, and she suffered herself without struggle, or apparent emotion, to be led to destruction. She appeared quite insensible—but at last she was roused from this state of stupefaction, by the voice of a person with whom she found herself alone. The stranger, who was a young and gay gentleman, pleasing both in his person and manners, attempted by every possible means to render himself agreeable to her, to raise her spirits, and calm her apprehension. By degrees, his manner changed from levity to tenderness. He represented to her, that he was not a brutal wretch, who could be gratified by any triumph in which the affections of the heart have no share, and he assured her that in any connexion which she might be prevailed upon to form with him, she should be treated with honour and delicacy. Touched by his manner of speaking, and overpowered by the sense of her own situation, Anne could not reply one single word to all he said—but burst into an agony of tears, and sinking on her knees before him, exclaimed—'Save me! save me from myself!—Restore me to my parents, before they have reason to hate me.' The gentleman seemed to be somewhat in doubt, whether this was *acting*, or nature; but he raised Anne from the ground, and placed her upon a seat beside him.—'Am I to understand, then, that I have been deceived, and that our present meeting is against your own consent?' 'No, I cannot say that—O how I wish that I could—I did wrong—very wrong, to come here—but I repent—I was half-starved—I have a father in jail—I thought I could set him free with the money——but I will not pretend to be better than I am—I believe I thought, that, besides relieving my father, I should live all my days without evermore knowing what distress is—and I thought I should be happy—but now I have changed my mind—I never could be happy with a bad conscience—I know—by what I have felt this last hour.' Her voice failed; and she sobbed for some moments without being able to speak. The gentleman, who now was convinced, that she was quite artless, and thoroughly in earnest, was struck with compassion; but his compassion was not unmixed with other feelings, and he had hopes, that, by treating her with tenderness, he should in time make it her wish to live with him as his mistress. He was anxious to hear what her former way of life had been, and she related, at his request, the circumstances by which she and her parents had been reduced to such distress. His countenance presently showed how much he was interested in her story—he grew red and pale—he started from his seat, and walked up and

Drawn by D. Scott

Engd on Steel by R. Scott Edin.r

LEILA.

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down the room in great agitation, till at last, when she mentioned the name of Colonel Pembroke, he stopped short, and exclaimed—'I am the man—I am Colonel Pembroke—I am that unjust, unfeeling wretch!—How often, in the bitterness of your hearts, you must have cursed me!' —'O no—my father, when he was at the worst, never cursed you; and I am sure he will have reason to bless you now, if you send his daughter back again to him, such as she was when she left him.' 'That shall be done,' said Colonel Pembroke; 'and in doing so, I make some sacrifice, and have some merit. It is time I should make some reparation for the evils I have occasioned,' continued he, taking a handful of guineas from his pocket: 'but first let me pay my just debts.' 'My poor father!' exclaimed Anne—'To-morrow he will be out of prison.' 'I will go with you to the prison, where your father is confined—I will force myself to behold all the evils I have occasioned.' Colonel Pembroke went to the prison; and he was so much struck by the scene, that he not only relieved the misery of this family, but in two months afterwards his debts were paid, his race horses sold, and all his expenses regulated, so as to render him ever afterwards truly independent. He no longer spent his days, like many young men of fashion, either in dreading or in damning duns.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

LEILA.

"TELL me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbb'd to the very brain as now:
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear:
I wish'd it then, I wish it still,
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
I would not, if I might be blcss'd;
I want no paradise, but rest.
'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
I saw her; yes, she lived again;
And shining in her white symar,*
As through yon pale gray cloud the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her,
Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
Dimly I view its trembling spark;
To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
And I, before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander, father! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal.
I saw her, friar! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
And rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not; so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold.
Alas! around a shadow press'd,
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!
But he is dead! within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not, for he cannot break
From earth; why then art thou awake?
They told me wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail;
If true, and from thine ocean-cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart:
But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!
Or farther with thee bear my soul
Than winds can waft or waters roll!"

LORD BYRON.*

THE CURTIUS AND THE RUSSELL.†

IN the proud Forum's central space
Earth yawned—a gulf profound!
And there, with awe on every face,
Rome's bravest gather'd round;
Each seeming, yet with startled ear,
The Oracle's dread voice to hear.

Young CURTIUS on his war-horse sprung,
'Mid plaudits deep—not loud,
For admiration check'd each tongue
In all the circling crowd:—

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* Shroud,

* "The Giaour."
† From "The Literary Souvenir for 1828."

He gave his noble steed the rein!
Earth's closing gulf entomb'd the twain!

Grant that the deed, if ever done,
Was chivalrous, and bold;
A loftier and a nobler one
Our history can unfold:
Nor shall our heroine, meekly calm,
To Rome's proud hero yield the palm.

The RUSSELL stood beside her lord
When evil tongues were rife;
And perjury, with voice abhorr'd,
Assail'd his fame and life:—
She stood there in the darkest hour
Of Tyranny's and Faction's power.*

No stern oracular behest
Her gentle courage gave;
No plaudits, utter'd or suppress'd,
Could she expect or crave;
Duty, alone, her Delphic shrine,
The only praise she sought—divine.

She sate at Guilt's tribunal bar
In virtue's noblest guise:
Like a sweet, brightly shining star
In night's o'erclouded skies:
Still, in that scene of hopeless strife,
Southampton's daughter, Russell's wife!

Fearless in love, in goodness great,
She rose—her lord to aid;
And well might he entrust his fate
To one so undismayed,
Asking, with fond and grateful pride,
No help but that her love supplied.

Her's was no briefly-daring mood,
Spent on one fearful deed!
The gentle courage of the good
More lasting worth can plead;
And her's made bright in after years
The mother's toils, the widow's tears.

Woman of meek, yet fearless soul!
Thy memory aye shall live;
Nor soon shall history's varied scroll
A name more glorious give:—
What English heart but feels its claim
Far, far beyond the Roman's fame?

BERNARD BARTON.

* The poet here alludes to the following passage in the account of Lord Russell's trial:—

'*Lord Russell.* May I have somebody write to help my memory?

'*Mr Attorney General.* Yes, a servant.

'*Lord Chief Justice.* Any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please for you.

'*Lord Russell.* My WIFE is here, my Lord, to do it.'

Mr Jeffrey, in reviewing Rogers' 'Human Life,' (Edin. Rev. No. 62.) in which the above dialogue is quoted, says: "We know of nothing at once so pathetic and sublime than these few simple sentences. When we recollect who Russell and his wife were, and what a destiny was then impending, this one trait makes the heart swell almost to bursting."—*Ed.*

MARY DHU.*

Song adapted to the music of an ancient Gaelic air.

SWEET, sweet is the rose-bud
Bathed in dew;
But sweeter art thou
My Mary dhu.
Oh! the skies of night,
With their eyes of light,
Are not so bright
As my Mary dhu.
Whenever thy radiant face I see,
The clouds of sorrow depart from me;
As the shadows fly
From day's bright eye,
Thou lightest life's sky,
My Mary dhu!

Sad, sad is my heart,
When I sigh, Adieu!
Or gaze on thy parting,
My Mary dhu!
Then for thee I mourn,
Till thy steps' return
Bids my bosom burn,—
My Mary dhu.
I think but of thee on the broom-clad hills
I muse but on thee by the moorland rills:
In the morning light,
In the moonshine bright,
Thou art still in my sight,
My Mary dhu.

Thy voice trembles through me
Like the breeze,
That ruffles, in gladness,
The leafy trees;
'Tis a wafted tone
From heaven's high throne,
Making hearts thine own,
My Mary dhu.
Be the flowers of joy ever round thy feet
With colours glowing, and incense sweet;
And when thou must away,
May life's rose decay
In the west wind's sway—
My Mary dhu!

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* From the "Forget me Not, for 1828."

ADVENTURE IN HAVANA.

I HAD not spent more than a fortnight in Havana, when I was seized with the yellow fever. This disease prevails there to a great degree, during summer and autumn, and makes dreadful ravages among foreigners of every description. It sometimes attacks people very suddenly, and almost without any previous warning.

When first taken ill, I was in a merchant's warehouse, making inquiries about a vessel in which I proposed going to the eastern extremity of the island. As the owner was out, I determined to wait until he came home, and accordingly seated myself on a bale of goods. I gradually sunk into a state of feverish torpidity, during which I had an indistinct conception of where I was, but could not rouse myself, or make any resistance whatever. At last, I lost all sense of external objects. I dreamed that I went on board the vessel I had been inquiring about, and that we sailed down the harbour with a fair wind. Suddenly, from some cause or other, I fell overboard, and sunk to a considerable depth. When I regained the surface, I saw the vessel a little way before me, and called loudly for help, but she swept along, under a press of canvass, and no one in her seemed to hear, or pay the least attention to my cries. I looked behind me in despair, to discover if any boat was approaching to afford assistance, but, to my horror, saw the whole surface of the harbour covered with the floating bodies of dead seamen tied upon planks. The vessels around seemed deserted, rotten, and falling to pieces, and the most awful stillness prevailed in every direction. In my agonies I caught hold of one of the corpses, and seated myself upon it. The limbs and muscles of the dead man were instantaneously relaxed—he uttered a horrible shout, burst the cords that tied him, and caught me firmly in his arms. We immediately began to sink, and the struggles I made to extricate myself from his grasp awakened me.

I continued for some time in a state of overpowering agitation and giddiness; and on recovering a little, perceived that there was no one in the warehouse but an old Spaniard, to whom I could not explain my situation, as he did not understand a word of English. I therefore walked out, and endeavoured to make my way to the boarding-house where I lodged; but my confusion was such, that in spite of all my efforts at recollection, I got bewildered, and at the same time so fatigued, that I was obliged to take refuge in a coffee-house near the church of St Domingo.

Here I sat upon a bench, stunned by the rattling of billiards, and unheeded by the crowds of Spaniards that bustled around. I knew that I was attacked by the yellow fever, and I also knew that few of my age or temperament ever recovered from it. I was a friendless stranger in a foreign land. But the thoughts of all this did not depress me. I felt as if I could die more calmly in a country, and among a people, whose language I did not even understand, than at home, in the midst of friends and associates. The presence of the latter would endear life, and their grief would embitter its termination;—but when every thing around was revolting, affectionless, and gloomy, the world had no hold upon the heart, and could be relinquished without regret.

Though excessively weak, I immediately left the coffee-room, and soon reached my lodgings, which fortunately were not far distant; and from them I was removed, by the advice of a medical man, to a sick-house.

The establishment which is known by this name in Havana, resembles a private hospital, it being intended for the accommodation of strangers and foreigners who are seized with the fever, and who have no one to take charge of them during their illness. The sick person is provided with an apartment, attendance, medicines, and diet, and may send for any physician he chooses. In summer, houses of this kind are full of Europeans, who die very suddenly, and in great numbers.

One night during my convalescence, I was disturbed, after I had gone to bed, by repeated groans and the sound of hard breathing, which proceeded from the chamber below mine. I next heard some person walking quickly backwards and forwards, and then a noise of a heavy body falling on the floor.

As the people of the house were in

bed, I got up, that I might inquire if any one wanted assistance, and went down to the door of the apartment, which was half open. On looking in, I saw a man dressed in a bed-gown, pacing hurriedly about, and sometimes muttering a few words. A lamp stood upon the table, and when the light fell upon his countenance, I perceived it to be much flushed and agitated.

I entered the room, saying I feared he was ill, and would call up a nurse to attend him. "Ay, ay!" cried he, "all a damned imposition. They've got me here hard and fast, and don't care how it goes with me—But they won't make much more out of me, that's one comfort. Oh, sir! I'm a miserable man—I want to write a letter—I want pen, ink, and paper—A small sheet will do."

"I entreat you to retnrn to bed," said I; "you shall have all these articles to-morrow morning."—

"To-morrow morning!" cried he with vehemence. "You don't know what you're talking about. The doctor told me to-day—yes he did—that I wouldn't live till then—May God Almighty prove him a liar!—I've got into a wrong port here—Why the hell didn't we all go to the bottom last voyage!—This is a dreadful place to die in——Five dollars a-day," continued he, raising his voice; "What confounded sharks they are!—My birth here an't worth the tenth of that—Well, well, when I'm dead I hope my corpse will bring a plague upon the house, and infect every one that comes near it—May every Spaniard that meets my burial in the street drop down dead, and be eternally damned!—I was at Ramsay's funeral the other day—The coffin was hardly big enough to hold him—and what a burying-place!—The coffins are piled above one another, and their corners stick through the ground—The carrion-crows flew about, as if they were glad to see us in our black clothes—I'll be laid there by and bye.—Lord help me!—But I must write that letter."

Perceiving that it would be in vain to attempt to compose him, I went up to my own room, and brought down writing materials. "Ay, that's right," said he; "thank you. I must write to my wife—Poor young creature, she's in the Orkneys now—We could live there for two weeks on the money I'm now paying for a day's board and lodging. I will tell her that I am well, and coming home soon; for if she knew I was dying, she would break her heart—Two three days ago, I hoped to have seen her again, but this infernal fever has taken me aback with a vengeance."

"I suppose you are master of some vessel in the port," said I.—

"No, no, not master," returned he; "my days of being master were over long ago, though I once commanded as nice a sea-boat as ever went before the wind—howsomever, that's neither here nor there now. But I'll tell you the whole. About two years since, I sailed a small vessel, and owned a part of her. Our trade lay chiefly in contraband goods; and well was she fitted for it, for nothing on the seas could keep up with her. Ay, many a time, when chased by a king's cutter, we thought it no more than play, because we knew we could get clear of her the moment we had a mind.

"Well, one day as we were hauling out of a French port, a young man came alongside in a boat, and entreated hard to be taken on board. Now, you know smugglers never like to take passengers; so I flatly refused to have any thing to do with him. However, he told a rigmarole story about his being so short of money, that if he was obliged to remain any longer in France, he would not have enough to pay his passage home, and said I might land him in whatever British port I chose. Well, I took him on board, and we set sail. At first, things went pleasantly enough between us; for he was a clever young man, and had a world of knowledge. I used often to talk to him of the Orkney Islands, of which I was a native, and always spoke of them as partially, as every one must do, who has enjoyed their delightful climate, and all the good things which they abundantly afford. He at last began to joke with me about my fondness for my native place, which, he said, was only fit for the habitation of bears and seals. Now it's so natural for a man to love his country, that none but a wretch would try to put him out of conceit with it; and I should not be surprised to hear even one of these Spaniards say, that this infernal hole of a town was the finest place in the world.

"Well, this young fellow's raillery went farther every day, and began to

cut me to the heart. I often tossed about in my birth for hours together, thinking on his sharp jokes, and wishing to death that I had the power of answering them with effect, and handling him as severely as he did me; for he was easy of speech, and had a cool temper; but I was not gifted in either of these ways.

"One day at dinner, when he was going on in his usual style, I lost patience altogether, and called him a liar, and threw my fork at his head. He turned as white as that sheet of paper for a moment, but soon recovered himself, and did not offer to touch me. I grew more and more provoked; for I had hoped that he would strike me, and so give me a fair reason for closing upon him, and choking him, or beating his life out. But as I could not do this with any show of justice, I ordered him forward among the seamen, forbidding him, at the same time, ever to enter the cabin again.

"He obeyed so quietly, that my mind quite misgave me about what would be the end of the business; for I knew he was a lad of spirit, and never would forgive the disgraceful insult I had put upon him. That afternoon I sent him his trunk, and he never afterwards came farther aft than the main-mast. He used to remain below all day; but generally made his appearance upon deck when it got dark, and sat there in deep thought. Often at night, when all were in their births, except myself and the helmsman, and other two hands, I have observed him gazing steadfastly upon me for hours together. This behaviour would fill my mind with such fearful forebodings, as kept me from sleeping when my watch was over.

"We got into port after a tolerably fair passage. We had scarcely dropped anchor before he came to me, as I stood by the cabin-door, and requested to know how much he owed me for his passage; adding, that I had used him very ill, since he had never yet said any thing with the intention of hurting my feelings in the least degree. These fair words threw me off my guard; for after having received from him the sum due me, I foolishly allowed him to go on shore. He went direct to the Custom-house, and informed against me. Whether he really knew, or only suspected, that I had prohibited articles on board, the devil perhaps knows best; but be that as it may, the officers were alongside in the course of half an hour. The short and the long of it was this—both the vessel and cargo were seized.

"This was a terrible blow. The owners owed me a good round sum of money; but so far from expecting them to pay it, I felt convinced that they would throw me into jail, whenever they got hold of me. I had settled my wife on a small place in the Orkneys. Part of its price was paid, and the remainder had now become due; but the seizure of the vessel at once deprived me of those means of making up the sum that I had counted upon. It was some time before I quite knew the terribleness of my misfortune; but at last it burst upon me like a hurricane—assailing me first in one quarter, and then in another.

"At night I wandered about the streets, not knowing what to do. It was dark, and rained, and blew hard; but I did not mind the weather. In passing a door, where there was a light, I saw the young man who had betrayed me, walking along the opposite side of the way. I followed him, and many a time could have knocked him over, without being seen by any one; but I desisted, for I had not resolved upon what sort of revenge I was to take. Revenge I determined to have, and that very night too. At last he went along the pier—I looked round a moment—every thing seemed quiet—I slipped behind him, and pushed him over. The tide was just coming in, and the dashing of the sea, and the noise of the wind, drowned his cries, if he uttered any. I heard him plunge—that was enough for me.

"That night I slept at a mean tavern. I did not sleep. I lay in bed, repenting that I had taken such a poor revenge. He has only been choked with water, thought I, and the like happens to many an honest seaman.

"Next morning, on going to my window, which looked to the harbour, I observed a great crowd of people gathered round something, but could not see what it was for their heads. I grew quite dizzy, and began to tremble all over. They soon began to move along the street below me. I ran back from the window, and then to it again, four or five times, impelled by a dreadful curiosity, which I feared equally to resist, and to yield to. However, I got a glimpse as they passed

along. His head was sadly mangled; but I didn't do that, you know.

"I was well convinced, that my only safety lay in making off as fast as possible; and I embarked that very day in a sloop bound for the north of Scotland. We had a most baffling time of it, and it appeared doubly so to me, because I was continually thinking what terrible tidings I would bring to my wife and children, and how destitute we would all be.

"From the sloop, I went on board another vessel, which carried me to that part of the Orkneys, where my family were. Notwithstanding the dark weight that lay upon my mind, I felt a pleasantness of heart, when I saw my native place again. It almost set me a crying, and I thought more of my country than ever, when I reflected upon what I had brought myself to, by standing up in its defence.

"I soon broke the disastrous intelligence to my wife. As we were in absolute poverty, I found it necessary to ask relief from my father-in-law. This was a trying business, for he was a hard tyrannical man, and had just married a second wife; however, after a deal of parleying and abuse, he consented to take my family into his own house, provided they would make themselves useful. As for me, he said, I must shift for myself. By his recommendation, I soon got a birth on board a small vessel bound for New York. From that port, I sailed in a ship to this here Havana. A mercantile house lately offered me the charge of a vessel destined for a very unhealthy part of the West Indies, which I immediately accepted, for I knew I could make a good voyage of it. But this accursed fever has moored me fast, and death will soon make all things square. Now I have told you all this black story; I would rather the whole world should know it, than that I should die. Is there no help? is there no power in physic?—Oh, it would be nothing to founder at sea!—Nothing compared with dying in this gloomy deliberate way. But I must begin writing, only I'm afraid I'll not be able to make out a connected letter."

"If you insist upon writing to your wife," said I, "let me persuade you to tell her truly in what state you are."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried he, "I'm not such a wretch. I suppose you think, because I pushed a devil into the sea, I have no mercy about me at all. Revenge is sweet, you know. I like to give every man his own again, be it good or evil; but I would not harm a fly, if it had not injured me. I don't want to kill my wife. I daresay, poor girl, her stepmother makes things go hard enough with her already. I will tell her I am very well, and the hope of seeing me again will keep alive her spirits. You had better go away now—I'll write best alone."

After in vain endeavouring to persuade him to defer his purpose till morning, I returned to my own apartment.

My first thought, when I awakened next day, was about this unfortunate seaman, and I called up a negro man, who belonged to the house, and inquired if he was still in life.

"No," returned the negro, "he's dead—dead sure enough; I've just come from telling them to make his coffin. The coffin-makers like to see me—I go to them often, for white *massas* die very fast now. They die so soon, that my *massa* can't make any thing of them. If they would all get better, and stay long like you, it would answer very fine." I asked at what hour he died.

"Me no know that," answered the negro. "Nobody was beside him; but it could not be long time since, for I heard him fighting hard with death, and wished him far enough, for breaking my sleep. I found him quite stiff this morning, with a sheet of paper held so strong in his hand, that I had some ado to pull it out. He be buried this afternoon; but we no know where his friends are; so *massa* will just take him out to the grave in a volant alone by himself."

Early next morning, the superintendant of the house came into my room, and informed me, that a sick gentleman below wished anxiously to speak with me. I immediately accompanied him to the apartment of the stranger, who took no notice of us when we entered, for he had sunk into a sort of lethargic slumber. His face was deadly pale, and the sharpness of his features indicated approaching death. My attendant having roused him, and mentioned the cause of my visit, left us together.

"I am informed," said he, endeavouring to raise himself up in his bed, "that you are of the medical profession, and I

wish to ask one question, which, for the sake of a dying man, I conjure you to answer truly—Is tha fever under which I now labour infectious ?"

"Assuredly not," returned I; "I never supposed it to be so."

"Thank God!" exclaimed he; "then I shall yet enjoy a few moments of comfort before I die. What a relief this information is! Poor Maria, you will still" ——Here he shook with agitation, and tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"I owe you an explanation of this behaviour," said he, recovering himself a little; "since you have removed an uncertainty which has hitherto increased the disquiets of my deathbed. I arrived here a few days ago, from Baltimore. I intended to have commenced business in this town as a merchant, and accordingly brought along with me a daughter—an only daughter. Being attacked with the fever almost immediately, I was conveyed to this house, for I had not provided any place of my own. My daughter lives at present with an American lady. She has come to see me twice, against my express commands; and I have ever since been full of terror, lest she should have received infection in the course of her visits. But you tell me this cannot be;—trusting in such an assurance, I will send for her—that I may see her again before I die."

"That you can do without risk," said I; "but are you not too ready to yield to desponding thoughts ?"

"No, no, no, I feel something here," returned he, laying his hand on his breast; "I know it is—it must be death. Oh, that the Almighty would yet grant me a little time! I do not ask it for my own sake, but for *her's*.—'Tis hard to be denied, since there is no selfishness in my petition;—but perhaps I'm mistaken. Oh, beware how you contract any ties that will bind your heart to this earth;—our parting is severe enough without *them*."——

He turned his face from me. In a little time I addressed him, but received no reply—for he was dead.

One afternoon, while taking my usual walk round the court, my attention was arrested by the sound of persons speaking in a tone of altercation and entreaty. In a little time, the superintendant of the house looked from the door of one of the apartments, and asked me to come in.

On entering, I perceived a young man, seated on a bed, half-dressed, and in the act of putting on the remainder of his clothes. He was much emaciated, and so weak, that he trembled excessively; but his manner evinced a degree of resolution and impatience, which seemed to supply the place of strength. A mulatto woman stood looking at him with an expression of astonishment and unconcern."

"No person in his senses would think of leaving my house, when in such a state," said the superintendant to me.

I inquired if the young man was delirious. He overheard me, and called out fiercely, "No, sir, I am not delirious—I know what I'm about, and am determined to do as I please. I have given reasons for my conduct already."

"Rather strange ones, though," said the superintendant to me.—"This morning he asked how much he owed me for the time he had been in this house. When I satisfied him on this point, he said he must go away, as he had scarcely money enough to pay what was already due; now I've just been telling him"——"Say no more," interrupted the young man; "I will not contract debts, when I have no possible means of paying them. A friend of mine has a ship in the harbour—I will go on board of her, and die there."

"Why, it's not worth while moving," said the mulatto woman, "for the doctor told me you could not live two days. My master won't mind the expense of keeping you that time, if you can secure him against the charges of your funeral."

"Peace," cried the superintendant; "Sir, I entreat you to remain here for my sake, if you will not for your own. The credit of this house would be injured, if any sick person left it before he had perfectly recovered."

"I am of that opinion too," said I to the young man; "but you shall never be under obligations you cannot cancel, while it is in my power to assist you. Allow me to offer my services in extricating you from your difficulties."

The superintendant and nurse, perceiving that he had abandoned his intention of immediately removing, left the room, and I again asked if I could be useful to him in any way.

"A few days ago," said he, "your generous offers would have proved valuable beyond all description; and I would instantly have accepted of them. But now they are of no avail, unless they could be made the means of purchasing life. Were that granted me, I would soon have it in my power to step into the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But I will tell you my unfortunate story:—

"I arrived in this town about three weeks ago, from Philadelphia, where I have hitherto resided. I was bred to the mercantile business; but as, owing to the depressed state of commerce that has lately existed throughout America, I could not procure either a situation, or any employment, I spent my time in idleness, and at last fell in love with a young lady, who also became attached to me. We wasted away our hours in each other's company, without ever thinking seriously of the future. When my destitute state happened to force itself upon my mind, I smothered the recollection of it, by building castles in the air, and trying to believe that some piece of good fortune awaited me.

"However, I was eventually roused to exertion, by the death of my dear one's mother. In consequence of this event, she was obliged to leave Philadelphia, and reside with a rich brother, who lived in the country. We had no longer any opportunity of seeing each other; and the distress I suffered on this account, and the thoughts of the misery which my supineness would be the means of inflicting upon her, made me determine to push my fortune somewhere abroad. As I understood some Spanish, and could procure a few letters of recommendation to persons in Havana, I soon decided upon coming here.

"Whenever I arrived, I hastened to call upon those people to whom I had introductions. They received me politely enough, and promised to forward my views as much as possible, at the same time encouraging me with flattering hopes. My finances were low when I reached this city, and the brilliant prospects in which I foolishly indulged, did not tend to make me economical. At last, I began to perceive the necessity of limiting my expenses, and retired to obscure lodgings, where I lived in the narrowest manner possible.

"I had made several agreeable acquaintances, though the suspense and anxiety I suffered, made me indifferent about having much intercourse with them. However, there was a young Spaniard, for whom I felt a particular regard. One evening, he called at my rooms, and requested me to accompany him to his aunt's, that he might introduce me to some of his countrywomen. We went and took coffee with the ladies, and it being a festival of the church, it was agreed that we should go to the public ball, that takes place on such occasions.

"It was late when we left the ball-room, and my friend and I accompanied the ladies home. Contrary to my expectation, they requested us to enter the house, and pressed the matter so strongly that we complied. We had not sat long, when cards were proposed; but I took alarm at this, being well aware of the expertness of the Spaniards in playing games of chance, and of my own inability to cope with them, on account of my imperfect acquaintance with their language. I therefore protested against remaining any longer, but without avail, for my friend and the ladies opposed every thing I said. I would have departed notwithstanding all this, but I did not know the way home, and feared to risk my life by wandering alone through the streets of Havana at midnight.

"We accordingly sat down to cards, and I lost so fast that I began to have suspicions of unfair play. I was soon stripped of all the money I had about me, but my friend offered to be security for whatever the ladies should win from me. When I had lost to a large amount, we rose and took leave, but not before some warm words that passed between us, made me give him, in disdain, a promissory note for the sum I had borrowed.

"Next morning, my reflections were not of the most agreeable kind, for my finances could ill support the encroachments which the preceding night's play had made upon them. After breakfast, I went to the coffee-house, and there met a gentleman whom I had seen at the ball. He inquired in a very significant manner for the ladies I had escorted there. On my requesting an explanation, he informed me that they were women of no reputation, and that the young Spaniard, whom I called my friend, was employed

by them to entrap strangers, and bring his dupes to their house, that they might have an opportunity of cheating them at cards, or obtaining money from them in a more licentious way.

"This information wounded my pride as deeply as my losses at cards had drained my purse; and I could not but bitterly repent that I had given a promissory note to one who so little deserved my confidence. However, as things could not be retrieved, I endeavoured to forget my misfortunes, and went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letters for me. I got one which I knew from the superscription to be from my beloved. She informed me, that her brother having died suddenly, had left her thirty thousand dollars, and concluded by requesting, that I would return to Philadelphia immediately, as her fortune and herself were now at my disposal.

"The perusal of this letter made me tremble with joy. Every thing around me seemed delightful, and I even began to regard, with some degree of complacency, my perfidious companion, and his female associates. Having learned from the coffee-house books that a vessel had just cleared out for New York, I immediately went on board of her, and agreed with the captain for a passage, which was to cost me nearly the whole sum I had in my possession.

"On my return home, after having made these arrangements, I suddenly recollected that the young Spaniard had a bill upon me for such an amount, that, if I paid him, it would be impossible for me to go to New York. The agonies I felt, on recalling this circumstance, were succeeded by a severe struggle between love and honour. If I left Havana, without discharging my debt, my unprincipled associate would proclaim and prove me a villain and a fugitive; but if I remained and answered his demands, I would not have it in my power to sail for the United States, until I received remittances from my friends there; and I knew that I could honourably discharge the bond I had given, by sending him the sum when I reached Philadelphia.

"You may easily suppose how this conflict ended. I went on board the vessel, which was to sail that afternoon, and endeavoured to find a justification of my conduct, in the reflection, that almost no person in similar circumstances would have acted otherwise. The thoughts of the happiness that awaited me, had little effect in shortening the hours that were to elapse before we set sail. At last, to my great joy, the seamen began to heave up the anchor. I sat in the cabin, counting the turns of the windlass, and inhaling with delight the favourable breeze that blew through the windows.

"In the midst of all this, the captain called me upon deck. When I got there, I saw the custom-house boat lying alongside, and the harbour-master, who stood in her, immediately demanded my passport.—I attempted to answer, but my alarm was such, that I could not speak. He then addressed me in English, and I so far recovered myself as to tell him, that I had no passport, being ignorant that such a thing was necessary. "You must return ashore then," said he, "I must do my duty." I pleaded against this, but it was all in vain. He probably considered my agitation and distress as proofs of guilt and terror, and the captain himself seemed anxious to get rid of me. My trunks being lowered into the boat, I was obliged to follow, and the harbour-master ordered his men to row to the wharf.

"On reaching it, we found a crowd of people talking together, and among them I recognized the young Spaniard. He was telling the others, in Spanish, what a villain I was, and how I had attempted to run away without paying my debts. As the harbour-master had no accusation against me, he merely bade his men put my trunks on the wharf, and went away. When my treacherous associate perceived this, he advanced towards me, and after using some very insulting language, demanded payment of his note. My feelings were at that time too deep to show themselves externally. I opened my portmanteau, and counted out the sum into his hands, and having called a *volanto*, drove to the lodgings which I had formerly occupied.

"At first, the violence of my resentment against the author of my calamities in some degree prevented the invasions of grief; and the cruel exposure of my conduct, which he had made to persons who were ignorant of my peculiar situation, and who would of course put the worst constructions upon every thing,

stung me even more than the disappointment I had suffered.

"Next morning I made inquiry at the coffee-house, and at several other places, if any vessel was soon expected to sail for the United States, and learned that there would be one in less than a week. My next business was to raise money to pay my passage. I tried various plans without success, till at last overcome with fatigue and misery, I fell sick, and having no one to attend me at my lodgings, was conveyed to this house of disease. I am aware, that death will soon put a period to my agonizing regrets, but you may well suppose, that I am little prepared to meet it; for the happiness, which the fatal incidents just related have bereft me of, appears to grow more and more desirable as life ebbs away, and I would prefer the possession of her, whom I shall never see again, to an assurance that I should henceforth abide in the company of blessed angels."

My health being now re-established, I left the sick-house the following day. However, previous to my departure, I was informed of the death of this young American, and could not but reflect, with gratitude, upon my preservation from the fatal effects of a pestilence, which daily made so many persons its victims.

THE DOWNFAL OF DALZELL.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,
The night is dark and late,
As I lift aloud my voice and cry
By the oppressor's gate.
There is a voice in every hill,
A tongue in every stone;
The greenwood sings a song of joy,
Since thou art dead and gone:
A poet's voice is in each mouth,
And songs of triumph swell;
Glad songs, that tell the gladsome earth
The downfal of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing
I heard the green earth say,
Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
Since thou art past away:
I hear no more the battle shout,
The martyrs' dying moans;
My cottages and cities sing
From their foundation-stones;
The carbine and the culverin's mute—
The deathshot and the yell
Are turn'd into a hymn of joy,
For the downfal of Dalzell.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,
And caused the raven call
From thy bride-chamber, to the owl
Hatch'd on thy castle wall;
I've made thy minstrels' music dumb,
And silent now to fame
Art thou, save when the orphan casts
His curses on thy name.
Now thou may'st say to good men's prayer
A long and last farewell:
There's hope for every sin save thine—
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
Where punish'd spirits wail,
And ghastly death throws wide her door,
And hails her with a Hail.
Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
A voice with hollow tones,
Such as a spirit's tongue would have,
That spoke through hollow bones:—
"Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout
From earth to howling hell;
He comes, the persecutor comes;
All hail to thee, Dalzell."

O'er an old battle-field there rush'd
A wind, and with a moan
The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,
Even fellow bone to bone.
"Lo! there he goes," I heard them cry,
"Like babe in swathing band,
Who shook the temples of the Lord,
And pass'd them 'neath his brand.
Cursed be the spot where he was born,
There let the adders dwell,
And from his father's hearthstone hiss;
All hail to thee, Dalzell!"

I saw thee growing like a tree—
Thy green head touch'd the sky—
But birds far from thy branches built,
The wild deer pass'd thee by:
No golden dew dropped on thy bough,
Glad summer scorn'd to grace
Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds woo'd
Beside thy dwelling place:
The axe has come and hewn thee down,
Nor left one shoot to tell
Where all thy stately glory grew,
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
His head like thine is gray,
Gray with the woes of many years,
Years four-score and a day.
Five brave and stately sons were his;
Two daughters sweet and rare;
An old dame, dearer than them all,
And lands both broad and fair;—
Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
And three in battle fell—
An old man's curse shall cling to thee
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
A warrior tried and true
As ever spurr'd a steed, when thick
The splintering lances flew.
I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
And hew thy foes down fast,
When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fall'd,
And Gordon stood aghast,
And Graham, saved by the sword, raged fierce
As one redeem'd from hell.
I came to curse thee—and I wept:
So go in peace, Dalzell.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

IDLENESS.

EVERY body has his passion; and mine is idleness. The curse which fell upon man, that he should live in the sweat of his brow, was a punishment denounced after a grievous offence; from which it may logically be concluded, that to do nothing is the *summum bonum;* and idleness the supreme pleasure of paradise. The privileged classes, as they are called, have (it may be observed by the way) pretty well absolved themselves from the consequences of this denunciation; which sufficiently proves them to be the peculiar favourites of heaven; and when even I am inclined to think irreverently of the church, the indolence of the cloth at once recalls me from the error, and bows me in submission before the chosen vessels. All men, it is said, are naturally idle. Horace makes ease the common wish of every class, and declares long-spun and ambitious cares to be the extreme of absurdity. The most active and enterprising of men are represented as toiling and plotting through their youth, merely for the sake of the *otium cum dignitate* of old age. The 'prentice boy looks at the dusty roadside villa of his master, and buckles-to with renewed vigour in the hopes of a similar retirement. The soldier thinks of the sunny bench at Chelsea, and marches on, though half dead with watching and fatigue. The East Indian casts a prospective eye to Bath and Cheltenham, and a seat in a certain assembly for his evening's nap, and sets bile and dysentery, and the indolence of a hot climate, at defiance. The labourer alone has no such cheering vision, but toils on from day to day, to support a bare existence, with no other prospect than that antidote to all ease,—a parish workhouse. General, however, as the love of idleness is, there are few persons who really understand the thing. With most men every employment which makes no return in money is considered as idle. The schoolboy who neglects his task, and is ever to seek for a theme or a copy of verses, is called an idle boy; though he has passed the whole day at the long stop at cricket, in climbing the highest trees, rowing upon the river, or other violent exercise; and goes to bed as fatigued as a coal-porter. Nay, though he should have been engaged in turning, painting or music, he will not escape the imputation. So also, at college, I have known many persons enjoying the reputation of idle dogs, whose time was occupied in fox-hunting, or who walked most industriously after a dog, with twenty pounds of gun-metal on their shoulder, "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve." This is obviously erroneous; but the mistake is more excusable respecting that rather numerous category of persons,

———Predoom'd their fathers' hopes to cross,
Who pen a stanza, when they should engross.

The poets in general, it must be confessed, have an exterior of idleness about them that might impose upon the most keen-sighted. "These indeed seem" idlers; but they "have that within which passes show;" theirs "but the trappings and the weeds" of idleness. For whether they linger by the side of brooks, or "lose and neglect the creeping hours of time under the shade of melancholy boughs" in solitude and in silence: or whether they pass their time amidst wine-cups and hilarity, their poor unfortunate brains are ever at work, work, work from morning to night; and teem forth a harvest of bright thoughts as unceasingly as the twirls of a spinning-jenny, or a charity child in a factory. It is by no means the weight or importance of an occupation that entitles it to the appellation of industry. A man's activity may be expended upon a most trivial object, but still it is labour, and the world does but justice to the active-minded citizen, who runs about from house to house spreading scandal, and interfering in all things, when it calls him a *busy body*, although, to all intents and purposes of utility, he would have

been much better occupied in spitting over a bridge into the water. A mistake of an opposite nature is not unfrequent, by which your genuine idler passes for an industrious man. This occurs more especially with respect to collegiates and Templars, who, if they happen to be of a sedentary habit, and do not stir much about the world, are believed to be great saps. I knew a man of this description, who passed his whole life in slippers and dressing-gown; but on whose privacy I never broke in the evening, without finding the snuffs of his candles an inch long, and crowned with a fungus-like protuberance of soot; while a corresponding drowsiness of demeanour in his whole person sufficiently proved that the snuffers had not been overlooked through too close an application to Euclid or Greek metres.

There is indeed something peculiarly ungrateful in the avaricious undervaluing of idleness which is so prevalent. Like a vast many other pretences put forth in this island of false appearances, the affectation of industry has more of hypocrisy than of true zeal in it. With the great majority of men, ambition, or the love of money, is the real spring of action; and industry, though tolerated as a means, is detested as an end. There are thousands and tens of thousands, who would willingly take up with the "*dolcissimo far niente*" if they dared; and Diogenes, with his tub and his cynicism, was less a philosopher than an idler; while Epicurus, in the opposite extreme, turned his philosophy to pretty nearly the same account. For myself, I beg to be understood as loving idleness, pure and perfect idleness, for itself alone,—just as your true sentimental lovers like to be adored, dear souls: and it always struck me that the setting a schoolboy his holiday-task was little better than proffering the cup of Tantalus to be taken under the sword of Damocles. No, sir, none of your constructive idleness for me. Sleeping in the sun, watching the progress of a snail, or the transit of a bubble in the stream, are quite sufficient employment for a genuine idler, and angling is the only sport which does not absolutely break in upon his enjoyment. Idle persons are falsely accused of being ever in mischief; and on this account probably the devil is said to fly away with the roof of a house, if you don't give him an attorney or proctor to carry, or some other such job of journey-work. This is all very false philosophy. Active dispositions may become mischievous, when not profitably employed, exactly as Napoleon went to Moscow, for want of something better to do; but your genuine idler is contented with eating, drinking and sleeping, or at most, with playing the *cicisbeo*, perhaps, or watching a game of chess without understanding the moves. Indeed I question whether Neddy Bray had not a spark of industry in him when he left the cat and the coal-skuttle, to count the hackney-coaches which passed the windows of his lodging. In favour of idleness, it must be observed that the idler has no strong passions. Hence the absurdity of making the idleness of monks and churchmen a matter of reproach. Would to heaven they were all idle, and always idle! for there is nothing so much to be dreaded as that such folks should take a sudden fit of industry, and recommence their old meddlings with politics and literature. I'll be bound the French, for instance, would be well pleased to find old Fressynous lounging in a lady's boudoir, or to catch the whole corps of Jesuits "sleeping upon benches in afternoons." The moment a man has a desire to gratify, he ceases to be an idler; accordingly, the greatest sluggards are on the alert towards dinner-time; and a lazy lover is a contradiction in terms. To be a genuine idler, a man must be content with his own sensations as they come to him, and endure *ennui* without repining. His mind must never go abroad in search of amusement; it must have no world of its own, no castle in the air, the realization of which would cost an effort, and the idea of which would beget discontent. The perfection of idleness is therefore rarely obtained, except through long practice, or under the influence of that morbid state of the biliary system, in which all the finer movements of its vessels are clogged and impeded, and the effort of volition becomes too painful to be attempted. Short of this, indolence is rarely more than occasional; and in youth the merest idler is thrown into activity at the impulse of pleasure. I know a young lady who has very pretty pretensions to idleness, but who has no objection to dancing the livelong night, and who would work at a ball-dress for fifteen hours at a stretch, rather than not go to

the assembly. Of this young lady's life, the following specimen, as set down by her mother, may afford some idea, and it proves her to be a real amateur.

Rose at ten. Regretted not being able to lie an hour longer. Lamented the necessity of cleanliness. Dressing a great bore. Dogs in this respect happier than men. Watch-boxes still better.

Breakfasted till eleven. Sauntered for half an hour, and played with the cat. N. B. She scratched both my hands.

Half-past eleven. Sunk in an arm-chair, with a novel, read the same page three times over, and fell asleep. Got up to walk to another chair, and was told I'd a hole in my stocking. I wonder why the maid does not mend them.

Twelve. Played half a lesson on the piano. What can Rossini mean by writing such difficult music?

One o'clock. Took up a needle and thread, and looked out of the window at the cattle feeding, for three quarters of an hour. Cows lead happy lives. I wonder why man does not ruminate.

At two. Luncheon.

Three. Forced to walk out. I hate exercise. Was told my petticoat is longer than my gown; but what does that signify?

Half-past four. Very tired and very hungry. Played again with the cat. Made Fidelle, the French poodle, fetch a stick three times out of the water. N. B. Fidelle tore my glove to pieces. I wish my brother had been by to take it from him.

Five. Played at scratch-cradle, and then three games of Troumadame till dressing time. Can't think why mamma does not allow me a maid to dress me. N. B. Scolded for throwing my hair-papers about the room. What has the housemaid to do but gather them up? It's monstrous tiresome to be scolded.

Six. Dinner. After coffee sat still doing nothing till bedtime. Thought half-past ten would never come. Went to bed very tired. N. B. Doing nothing is extremely troublesome, and I hate it exceedingly. But then what can one do?

Such, with a few trifling variations, is the life of this young lady, except as before excepted, when pleasure is afloat. During the season, as it is called, the case is different, and she undergoes great fatigues and hardships without repining; sits up half the night, and will dance you three or four miles of quadrille, without "fainting by the way." This however is a defect, of which time, I have little doubt, will cure her; and I dare believe that when she is once married, and has the cares of a family on her hands, her conduct will become "*simplex duntaxat et unus*,"—perfectly consistent throughout; and that she will relapse into an indolence as genuine and perfect as heart could desire.

Heigh ho! I never thought I could have written so long.

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JUAN.

SCENE.—*The Gardens belonging to a Spanish Castle.*
JOAN *and a Boy.*

Juan. The night grows foul: and the thick air doth stir
A beating at my heart, like passion: Hark!
How the winds draw the curtains of the night,
Like ministers to lust. Queen Dian now
Is with her paramour.
Boy. You spoke?
Juan. 'Tis well,
They'll rock her into slumber! yet she'd fain
Be watchful, for she loves to lie upon
The green hill's top, and kiss one pouting lip.
No more, no more: what! are there panders in
The sky, as here, and—how the sultry air
Weighs on my forehead. Break a lemon-branch
And give't me, Lopez: there is a freshness in it,
And very grateful perfume. So, how sweet!
I'll bind it round my brows. What time is it now?
Boy. Near midnight.
Juan. Wants it long?
Boy. No, sir; about
Some quarter of an hour or so.
Juan. That's much: I'll hear
A song; 'twill drive some blacker thoughts away.
Boy. What sort of song?
Juan. Let it be full of love,
But not a jot of kindness: burning passion,
No more—yes, headlong folly—flames that parch
And wither up the heart: fierce jealousy,
And horrid rage, and—aye, then you may tell
How she you loved was false, and that you grew
Mad, and a murderer: any thing.
Boy. But this
Will not become a song.
Juan. Then say how she
Was beautiful as Sin, and that her eyes
Shone like the morning: that her arms were smooth,
And gracefully turned, and that her figure seemed
Shaped from the mould of Dian's. If you can,

You then may tell how her white bosom rose
And sunk voluptuously to the music of
Her beating, passionate heart.—But, out on this,
I'll have no music now; my soul's untuned,
And I've no relish for it, yet I could
Bear well some frightful discord, and might laugh
Haply if heaven's bright rolling stars were driven
Spell-struck from out their paths, and rushed against
Each other grating, till this vile earth shook
To its foundations. Boy, when went my wife hence?

Boy. Sir!

Juan. Where's your lady, fool?

Boy. At prayers, I think.

Juan. Excellent, excellent! the times are good
(Must be) when strumpets pray. My bosom now
Swells like the boiling ocean. How *could* she
Be false to me? I, who did love her as
My soul—better, alas! Oh! how I gazed
Upon her brow, and thought it fairer than
The face of the starry heavens, and that her eyes
Outmatched those floating lights—but what has this
To do with my fierce task? Begone, and send
Your mistress hither.

Boy. She's at prayers, sir.

Juan. Ha!
Forgot: no matter, there is time: now leave me,
And place the lamp upon the dial yonder,
And draw the shade around the flame—Go, go.
[*Boy goes out.*
—Now then I am alone. There's not a sound
To startle or to cheer me. It is dark
As though the grave imprison'd me. This night
Shall be my colleague in a desperate act;
And the blue visiting lightnings, and the winds,
And muttering thunders shall give help; the one
Light if I wish't, and one shall blow about
To the four quarters of the skies my deed
Of justice, and the last shall celebrate
With its immortal noises all I do;
(My bloody victory over love.) A step!
She comes then: not alone: ah! not alone—
Now for my hiding place. [*He retires.*

OLYMPIA *and* BIANCA *enter.*

Olym. Did I believe in fables, I should think
Some evil hung about me: the black night
Has not allowed one small star to escape,
To light us on our path: who's there? I thought
A figure pass'd us. Hark!

Bia. I heard nothing.

Olym. Nor I: and yet when demons walk about
Their steps 'tis said are noiseless. I could now
Think half my nursery stories true, and spurn
My better reason from me.

Bia. Let us talk
Of something else, dear lady.

Olym. Tremble not.
You have no cause to fear; your life has been
Harmless (I hope so,) and the spirits of ill
May never injure goodness. Ha! the worm,
That owes her lustre to the darkness, has
Lit her green lamp: and, look! the fountain which
We've yet bot heard now shoots its silver rain
Up visibly. How fresh and sweet it is!
Bianca, get you homawards; I will sit
Beside the margin of the water and
Enjoy the air awhile.— [BIANCA *exit.*
What a most delicate air this garden hath!
There's scarce a flower or odorous shrub that grows
In Spain we have not: there, I scent the rose;
Now the perfuming limes; and as the wind
Sobs, an uncertain sweetness comes from out
The orange-trees: Their fragrance charms me
Almost to sleep. [*Reclines.*

JUAN *enters.*

Juan. She sleeps at last, then: yet I will not kill
The frail thing sleeping. Why did I delay?
I feared (ah! was that guilt?—no, no) to face
The eye of her whom justice bade me smite.
—Oh! what a beautiful piece of sin is there:
They fabled well who said that woman won
Man to perdition: hark! the thunder mutters
In anger as it seems; then 'twas not fable.
Be silent for a time ye ministers
Of death or darkness (for your voicing doth
Bespeak ye terrible agents;) I am come
To save ye a worthless task. Now then, my soul!
Rise up, Olympia: she sleeps soundly. Ho!
Stirring at last: rise—Fair Olympia, you
Have much to do to-night. The fates have writ
Your doom upon their brazen book, and I
Stand here to do their bidding.

Olym. What is this?

Juan. Now by—but I am quiet: you have sinned
Most foully 'gainst your husband: that's not much;
But you have done a deed at which the skies
Blacken: look up.

Olym. Dear Juan?

Juan. You have made
Me (I forgive that) base: our noble house,
Till now illustrious, you have stain'd. Hark, hark!
The engines of the heavens are now at work;
The voices that you hear amongst the clouds,
(But understand not) say—'confess.' I wait
To hear your guilt: speak.

Olym. Oh! your mind is filled
With terrors. Let us home, dear Juan, now:
We'll talk to-morrow of it.

Juan. Away, away:
Now by the wasting passion that doth stir
Vengeance within me—Olympia! This night
You'll take your leave o' the earth: the fates have said it,
And who may turn the fates! Yet ere you die
I'll tell you how I loved you—doated—oh!
Grew guilty for you—guilty: do you hear?

Olym. Most perfect, and my mind sinks.

Juan. Ere you married
I loved you; that you know: your father shook
A poor petitioner away; and you
Although you own'd to love forsook me. Then
I tried my fortune in the wars: you gave
Your hand to old Ramirez.

Olym. I was bid.

Juan. My uncle's death raised me to wealth, and then
I came home quickly: you were married.

Olym. Well!

Juan. Well!
Why then despair possess'd me. Madness stamped
His iron on my brain, and two years passed

(You still Ramirez' wife) when I became
A man again: The impudent dotard grinned
His lavish fondness publicly upon you.
On me—curses on him!
Olym. Sir, no more.
Juan. Oh! you still love him?
Olym. Not so; but his name
A madman shall not mouth.
Juan. Now shall you die:
Aye, die—by me who love you. I who have
Rioted upon that bosom will at least
Take care that none beside shall sleep there, I
Was mad—and am: but why do you upbraid me?
Was't not for you I grew so? Blighting shame
Weigh on your tongue for that.
Olym. Don Juan, you
Have sported with a gracious name.
Juan. A name!
I slew him, harlot! stabb'd him through and through.
Fool! to believe that common villains struck
Him dead and robbed him not.
Olym. I dream.
Juan. 'Twas I.
Now laugh: yet if thou dost it will be at
My misery likely: I deserve not that.
'Twas all for you, for you, and now you have
Called back the love I bought at such a price,
And sold it to another.
Olym. Sir, 'tis false:
You are all false. Oh! how I abhor you now.
Hearken, Don Juan; I have loved you, (how
You will remember quickly;) 'Twas an error:
For bad I known his blood was spilt by you,
I would have cast you off, as now I do,
For ever; aye, for ever.
Juan. Speak again.
Olym. For ever.
Juan. Will—will your paramour come then? Ha! you see
I know it all—all.
Olym. Sir!
Juan. Do you deny
You love him?
Olym. Dearly.
Juan. Curses light on him:
And thou, thou—perish. [*Stabs her.*
Olym. Stay, ah! Juan, stay.—
It cannot be: you've done ill.
Juan. You—you are
Not hurt much? Speak!
Olym. Oh! save yourself, dear Juan.
That youth—
Juan. Yes, yes.
Olym. He is my brother.
Juan. Hell!
Olym. The Inquisition now are watching for him.
Save him.
Juan. I will.
Olym. By—ah— [*Dies.*
Juan. By my lost soul.
Look up, look up, Olympia! Juan's here;
Thy husband—murderer, that's the name. My love!
My love, Olympia! I—she's dead.—
How's this?
So, where am I? Olympia—she is false:
Dead? Ah! some villain has been busy here.
By heaven the golden hair I used to twine
About my finger's bloody, and her eye
Has lost its beautiful meaning. Life and love
Were struck and fled together—to the grave.
Oh! I have cut those sweet blue veins asunder,
And filled her breast with blood: there's not a touch
Of colour in her lip, (so red once,) and her hand
Lies nerveless like a common lump of flesh.
What a voice she had! 'tis silent: could it die
In a single groan?—impossible.
Voices are heard. My Lord!
Juan. Hark, hark! they call the murderer: but I'll cheat
Justice for once.
Voices. My lord, my lord!
Juan. I'll drag
The body—*body!* hence. So, now lie there.
[*Hides the body.*
And yet I will not fly: why should I? I
Have lost what was my life on earth: what *was*—
A horrid sound. They come—[*Enter Servants.*]
Whom seek ye? She—
Your lady's gone—gone, do you doubt me?—gone.
Serv. My lord! a stranger is arrived, who says
He is her brother.
Juan. Who? She has none—none.
Serv. My lord, he's at the castle.
Juan. Silence. If
He be imperishable, then indeed
He may be kin to her. But she is gone,
On a dark journey—Oh!
Serv. You've cut your hand,
My lord! and terribly.
Juan. I have cut—my heart.
Begone—all but Diego. [*Servants go out.*
Poor old man,
You were my father's servant; nay *his* father's:
We prized you, and you served us faithfully,
But now's your service ended. Old Diego!
Long before sun-rise, I shall be—
Diego, My lord!
Juan. Quiet, Diego. No foul passions then,
No turbulent love, nor fierce idolatry,
Nor bitter hate, nor jealousy, shall mar
My solitary rest: I shall be—dead.
Yet hearken awhile to my last words, and do
My bidding as a friend. I am the last
('Tis pity) of a princely house; therefore
Let not my name be slandered—
Diego. My dear lord!
Juan. It was not always thus: once, (but that's now
Many sad years ago) one old man thought
I should do honour to his name: that's past—
For, look! my star is setting. And *am* I then
The last of a time-honoured line—a stem
That traced its root into the bed of kings,
And shamed it not? and none remain save me!
Ah! where is now my father's prophecy,
And where my own hopes? withered, withered.
Diego. Alas!
Juan. A few more words, and then—good night.
I smote—I smote—now let the black skies fall
And crush me in a moment. Oh! my queen,
My own incomparable wife!—My love!
Oh! all my life has been an error: So,
I'll shift a troublesome burden from my back,
And lay me down to sleep.
Diego. Let us go home,
My lord.

Juan. I will, I will. That potent draught
Which filled the frames of men with youth, were now
To me a faithless medicine: I have quaffed
Life from the lips of beauty, and shall I
Who've banquetted like a god be now content
With meagre fare, or trust to mortal drugs,
And run a common idler through the world,
With not a heart to own me?

Diego. Noble sir!
Let me for once forget my service. Rouse
Your nature, my dear lord.

Juan. No more, no more.
No lord: a vulgar slave am I, who caught
One brief look from the sun. The guiding light
Is out that glanced on me, and here I stand
Lost, and in terrible darkness near my tomb;
And hovering shadows and fierce shapes that come
On no good errand beckon me. I smote—
The story hangs upon my tongue. Diego!
I smote the noblest woman in the land,
And with my cruel dagger cut a way
To—(I was shrined there too, but knew it not)
Her heart. Aye weep, Diego; thou may'st weep:
But for myself my eye stands fixed and burning:
The socket's dry as dust. Your hand, old friend,
For all are equal in the grave: you used
To carry me when a boy; do it once more;
And when I lie stiff on my marble bed
Let no one scoff or curse me. Bless you!—Now,
Open your arms, Olympia! [*Stabs himself.*

BARRY CORNWALL.

INDIAN WIT AND GRATITUDE.*

NOT many years after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day into an inn, in the town of Litchfield, in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to furnish him with some drink and a supper. At the same time, he observed that he could pay for neither, as he had no success in hunting; but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune. The hostess refused him both the drink and the supper; called him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow; and told him that she did not work so hard herself, to throw away her earnings upon such creatures as he was. A man who sat by, and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so inhospitable a place, showed by his countenance that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, directed the hostess to supply him what he wished, and engaged to pay the bill himself. She did so. When the Indian had finished his supper, he turned to his benefactor, thanked him, and assured him that he should remember his kindness, and, whenever he was able, would faithfully recompense it. For the present, he observed, he could only reward him with a story, which, if the hostess would give him leave, he wished to tell. The hostess, whose complacency had been recalled by the prospect of payment, consented. The Indian, addressing himself to his benefactor, said, "I suppose you read the Bible." The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made the world, and then he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made light, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made dry land and water, and sun and moon, and grass and trees, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made man, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then he made woman, and took him, and looked on him, and he no dare say one such word." The Indian, having told his story, withdrew.

Some years after, the man who had befriended him had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield (then a frontier settlement) and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe, on the southern border of the St Lawrence, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death. During the consultation, an old Indian woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in the place of a son, whom she had lost in the war. He was accordingly given to her, and lived through the succeeding winter in her family, experiencing the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer, as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came up to him, and asked him to meet him at a place which he pointed out, upon a given day. The prisoner agreed to the proposal, but not without some appre-

* From Dr Dwight's "Travels in New England and New York."

hensions that mischief was intended him. During the interval these apprehensions increased to such a degree as to dissuade him effectually from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after, the same Indian found him at his work again, and very gravely reproved him for not performing his promise. The man apologised awkwardly enough, but in the best manner in his power. The Indian told him that he should be satisfied if he would meet him at the same place on a future day, which he named. The man promised to meet him, and fulfilled his promise. When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and follow him. The direction of their march was to the south. The man followed without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going; but concluded, that if the Indian intended him harm, he would have despatched him at the beginning; and that, at the worst, he was as safe where he was as he could be in any other place. Within a short time, therefore, his fears subsided, although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of the expedition. In the day-time they shot such game as came in their way, and at night kindled a fire, by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, presenting a prospect of a cultivated country, in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the ground. He replied eagerly, that it was Litchfield. His guide then, after reminding him that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famishing Indian, at an inn in that town, subjoined, "I am that Indian! now I pay you! go home." Having said this, he bade him adieu, and the man joyfully returned to his own house.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gilding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see—
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray,
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnished with the fire already,
Columbia caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!

And, when she fired her altar, high
It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies—
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!

Who next received the flame? alas,
Unworthy Naples—shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And fallen it might have long remain'd,
But Greece, who saw her moment now
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:—

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
Divinest gift of Gods to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
To Greece thy ray returns again.

"Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!"

THOMAS MOORE.

ABDALLAH AND SABAT.*

ABDALLAH AND SABAT were intimate friends, and being young men of family in Arabia, they agreed to travel together, and visit foreign countries. They were both zealous Mahomedans. Sabat was son of Ibraham Sabat, a noble family of the line of Beni Sabat, who trace their pedigree to Mahomed. The two friends left Arabia, after paying their adorations at the tomb of their prophet, and travelled through Persia, and thence to Cabul. Abdallah was appointed to an office of state under Zeman Shah, King of Cabul; and Sabat left him there, and proceeded on a tour through Tartary.

While Abdallah remained at Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith, by the perusal of a Bible, (as is supposed) belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul. In the Mahomedan states, it is death for a man of rank to become a Christian. Abdallah endeavoured for a time to conceal his conversion; but finding it no longer possible, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian Sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had gained the great city of Bochara, in Tartary, when he was met in the streets of that city by his friend Sabat, who immediately recognised him. Sabat had heard of his conversion and flight, and was filled with indignation at his conduct. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat. He confessed he was a Christian, and implored him, by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to let him escape with his life. "But, sir," said Sabat, when relating the story himself "*I had no pity.* I caused my servants to seize him, and I delivered him up to Marad Shah, King of Bochara. He was sentenced to die, and a herald went through the city of Bochara, announcing the time of execution. An immense multitude attended, and the chief men of the city. I also went, and stood near Abdallah. He was offered his life if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing by him with his sword in his hand. 'No,' said he (as if the proposition were impossible to be complied with), 'I cannot abjure Christ.' Then one of his hands was cut off at the wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging by his side, but with little motion. A physician by desire of the king offered to heal the wound if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up steadfastly towards heaven, like Stephen, the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger towards *me*. He looked at *me*, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off. But, sir," said Sabat, in his imperfect English, "he never changed, he never changed! And when he bowed his head to receive the blow of death, all Bochara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?'"

Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah would have recanted when he was offered his life; but when he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. He travelled from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At last he thought he would visit India. He accordingly came to Madras about five years ago. Soon after his arrival, he was appointed by the English government a mufti, or expounder of the Mahomedan law,—his great learning, and respectable station in his own country rendering him well qualified for that office. And now the period of his conversion drew near. While he was at Visagapatam, in the northern Circars, exercising his professional duties, Providence brought in his way a New Testament, in the Arabic language. He read it with deep thought, the Koran lying before him. He compared them together with patience and solicitude, and at length the truth of the gospel fell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood of light. Soon afterwards, he proceeded to Madras, a journey of 300 miles, to seek Christian baptism, and, having made a public confession of his faith, he was baptized in the English church at that place, by the name of Na-

* From Buchanan's "Christian Researches in India."

thaniel, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. When his family in Arabia heard that he had followed the example of Abdallah, and become a Christian, they dispatched his brother to India (a voyage of two months) to assassinate him. While Sabat was sitting in his house at Visagapatam his brother presented himself in the disguise of a faquir, or beggar, having a dagger concealed under his mantle. He rushed on Sabat, and wounded him. But Sabat seized his arm, and his servants came to his assistance. He then recognised his brother! The assassin would have become the victim of public justice; but Sabat interceded for him, and sent him home in peace, with letters and presents, to his mother's house in Arabia.

When Sabat forgave and interceded for his brother, he was no longer the fanatic and pitiless Mahomedan, but the professor of a religion which teaches mercy and forgiveness to our most implacable enemies.

EXTRACTS FROM DUNBAR.*

HERR BEGYNNIS ANE LITIL TRETIS, INTITULIT THE GOLDIN TERGE, COMPILIT BE MAISTER WILYAM DUNBAR.

RICHT as the sterne of day begouth to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed was Vesper and Lucyne,
I raise, and by ane rosere did me rest;
Upsprang the goldyn candill matutine,
With cleir depurit bemys christallyne,
Glading the mery fowlis in thair nest,
Or Phœbus wes in purpour cape revest;
Upraise the lark, the hevenis menstral fyne
In May intill a morrow mirthfullest.

Full angelyk thir birdis sang thair houris
Within thair courtyngis grene, into thair bouris,
Apperrellit quhite and reid, with blumys sweit;
Ennamelit wes the feild with all cullouris,
The perlie droppis schuke in silver schouris;
Quhyle all in balme did branche and levis fleit.
To pairt fra Phœbus did Aurora greit;
Hir cristall teiris I saw hing on the flouris,
Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his heit.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,
The birdis sang upon the tendir croppis,
With curious note, as Venus chapell clarks.
The rosis yung, new spreiding of their knoppis,
Were powderit bricht with hevinly berial droppis,
Throw bemis rede, burnisg as ruby sparkis;
The skyis rang for schoutyng of the larkis,
The purpour hevin our-scailit in silver sloppis,
Owregilt the dreis, branchis, lef, and barkis.

Doun throu the ryce ane revir ran with stremis
So lustely agayn the lykand lemys,
That all the lake as lamp did leme of licht,
Quhilk shaddowit all about with twynkline glemis
The bewis baithit war in secund bemis,
Throu the reflex of Phœbus visage brycht.
On every syde the hegles raise on hicht:
The bank wes grene, the bruke was full of bremys
The stanneris cleir as stern in frosty nycht.

The crystall air, the sapher firmament,
The ruby skyis of the orient,
Kest berial bemis on emerant bewis grene,
The rosy garth depaynt and redolent
With purpour, azure, gold, and goulis gent,
Arrayit wes be Dame Flora the Quene
Sa nobilly, that joy wes for to sene.
The roch agane the rivir, resplendent
As low, enlumynit all the levis schene.

HERR BEGYNNIS ANE LITIL TRETIS, INTITULIT THE TRISTEL AND THE ROSE, COMPILIT BE MAISTER WILYAM DUNBAR.

QUHEN Merche wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had with hir silver shouris,
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair hourls,
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt.

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora, with her cristall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me, with visage paile and grene
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,*
Awalk luvaris out of your slemering!—
Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring!

Methocht fresche May befoir my bed upstude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In bright atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

Slugart, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
And in my honor sumthing thow go wryt;
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt,
Yet nocht incress thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt sumtyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

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* DUNBAR, one of our best old poets, lived in the reign of James IV. of Scotland. The 'Golden Terge' and the 'Thistle and Rose,' (of which the above extracts form the commencements,) are both superb pieces of genuine poetry—rich ro excess in its true essentials. Their antique orthography—a formidable matter to the generality of readers, but which may be somewhat overcome by *pronouncing* the words, the difficulty being greater in appearance than reality—alone prevents us from giving the pieces entire.—*Ed.*

* Fro the splene—*from the heart.*

THE

MYSTERIOUS WEDDING; *

A DANISH STORY.

On the north-west of the Isle of Zealand stretches a small peninsular district, fertile and studded with hamlets, and connected with the mainland by a narrow stripe of sandy waste. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses, the land runs into the restless waves of the Cattegat, and presents an awfully wild and sterile appearance. The living sands have here obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the storms which blow from all points of the wild ocean are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert, whose hills of sand rise and disappear with constant alternation, restless as the waves which roar around them. In travelling through this country, I spent upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

While riding alone through the desolate region, a thunder-storm rose over the ocean towards the north,—the waves roared,—the clouds were driven along before the wind,—the sky grew every instant more gloomy, "menacing earth and sea,"—the sand began to move in increasing masses under my horse's feet,—a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust,—the traces of the path became invisible,—my horse floundered deeper and deeper in the sand,—while sky, earth, and ocean seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapour. I could not discern the slightest trace of life or vegetation,—the storm howled above me,—the waves of the sea lashed mournfully against the shore,—the thunder rolled in the distance,—and scarcely could the lurid lightning-flash pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me; my danger was evident and extreme, when a sudden shower of rain laid the sand and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm I had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all elements. An earthquake has been described as the sigh which troubled Nature heaves from the depth of her bosom: perhaps not more fancifully this chaotic tempest might have typified the confusion of a wildly distracted mind, to which pleasure and even hope itself have been long strangers,—the cheerless desert of the past revealing only remorse and grief,—the voice of conscience threatening like the thunder, while awful anticipations shed their lurid light over the dark spirit,—till at last the long dried-up sources of tears open a way to their powerful floods, and bury the anguish of the distracted soul beneath their waves.

In this desolate country lay, in former times, a village called Roerwig, about a mile distant from the shore. The moving sands have buried the village, and the inhabitants—mostly shepherds and fishermen—have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, the village church, which is situated upon a hill, yet rears its head above the cheerless shifting desert. This church was the scene of the following mysterious transaction.

In an early part of the last century, the venerable cure of Roerwig was one night seated in his study, absorbed in pious meditations. It was near midnight. The house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust that bolts and locks were unknown amongst them, and every door remained open and unguarded.

The night-lamp burned gloomily,—the sullen silence of that dark hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon was reflected, when the cure heard the door below open, and, presently after, the sound of men's steps upon the stair. He was just anticipating a call to administer the last holy offices of religion to some one of his parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners, wrapped up in white cloaks, stepped hastily into the room. One of them approached him

* This story forms the subject of two German novels and a Danish poem. We have been indebted for it to the same source from which "The Dwarf and Invisible Cap" was taken. See p. 365, vol. I. of "The Casquet."

with politeness: "Sir," said he, "you will have the goodness to follow us instantly. You must perform a marriage ceremony; the bride and bridegroom are already waiting your arrival at the church. This sum," continued the stranger—exhibiting to the old man a purse full of gold—"will sufficiently recompense you for the trouble and alarm our sudden demand has given you."

The cure stared in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to have something fearful—almost ghastly in their looks; the demand was repeated in an earnest and authoritative tone. When the old man had recovered from his first surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to perform so solemn an action without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law. The other stranger hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude: "Sir," said he, "you have your choice; follow us and take the sum we now offer you,—or remain, and this bullet goes through your head." He levelled his pistol at the forehead of the venerable man, and waited his answer; whereupon the latter rose, dressed himself, and informed his visitants—who had hitherto spoken Danish but with a foreign accent—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon having already set; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and astonishment that the distant church was all illuminated. Meanwhile his companions, wrapped up in their white cloaks, stepped hastily on before him through the barren sandy plain. On reaching the church they bound up his eyes; a side-door opened with a well-known creaking-noise, and he felt himself violently pushed into a crowd of people; all around him he heard a murmuring of voices, and near to him a conversation carried on in a language quite unknown to him, but which he thought was Russian. As he stood helpless, blindfolded, pressed upon from every side, and in the utmost confusion, he felt himself seized upon by a man's hand and violently drawn through the crowd. At last it seemed to him as if the people fell back, the bandage was loosed, and he found himself standing with one of the two strangers before the altar. A row of large lighted tapers, in magnificent silver candlesticks, adorned the altar, and the church itself was splendidly illuminated by a profusion of candles. If before, while standing blindfolded, the murmur of the surrounding crowd had filled his soul with consternation, not less amazed was he now at the unbroken silence which reigned throughout the church; the side passages and all the seats were crowded to excess, but the middle passage was quite clear, and he perceived in it a newly opened grave, and the stone which had covered it leaning against a bench; around him he only saw male figures, but on one of the distant benches he thought he indistinctly perceived a female form. The silence lasted for some minutes, during which not a motion could be detected in that vast multitude. Thus, when a spirit is bent on deeds of darkness, a silent gloomy brooding of soul often precedes the horrid action.

At last a man, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from all the rest, and bespoke his elevated rank, rose and walked hastily up the empty passage; as he passed along, his steps resounded through the building, and every eye was turned upon him; he appeared to be of middle stature, with broad shoulders and strong limbs; his gait was commanding, his complexion of a yellowish brown, and his hair raven black, his features were severe and his lips compressed as if in wrath, a bold aquiline nose heightened the haughty appearance of his countenance, and dark shaggy brows lowered over his fiery eyes. He wore a green coat, with large golden braids, and a glittering star. The bride, who now kneeled beside him, was magnificently dressed. A sky blue roke, richly trimmed with silver, enveloped her slender limbs, and floated in large folds over her graceful form; a diadem sparkling with diamonds adorned her fair hair; the utmost loveliness and beauty might be traced in her features, although despair now expressed itself in them; her cheeks were pale as those of a corpse,—her features unanimated,—her lips were blanched,—her eyes dimmed,—and her powerless arms hung motionless beside her almost lifeless form. As she kneeled before the altar, the pic-

ture of death itself, terror seemed to have wrapped her consciousness as well as her vital powers in a fortunate slumber.

The cure now discovered near him an old ugly hag, in a party-coloured dress, her head covered with a blood-red turban, who stood gazing with an expression of fury and mockery on the kneeling bride; and behind the bridegroom, he noticed a man of gigantic size and a gloomy appearance, whose eyes were fixed immovably upon the ground.

Horror-struck, the priest stood mute for some time, till a thrilling look from the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony he had come thither to perform. But the uncertainty whether the couple he was now about to marry understood his language afforded him a fresh source of uneasiness. He ventured, however, to ask the bridegroom for his name and that of his bride: "Neander and Feodora," was the answer given in a rough voice.

The priest now began to read the ritual in faltering accents, frequently mistaking and stopping to repeat the words, without however either the bride or bridegroom appearing to observe his confusion, which confirmed him in the conjecture that his language was almost unknown to either of them. On putting the question, "Neander, wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" he doubted whether he should receive any answer: but to his astonishment, the bridegroom answered in the affirmative with a loud and almost screaming voice, which rung throughout the whole church, while deep sighs from the whole spectators accompanied the awful "yes;" and a silent quivering like the reflection of a flash of distant lightning, threw a transitory motion over the death-pale features of the bride. The priest turned to her, speaking louder to raise her from her trance: "Feodora, wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" The lifeless form before him at this question seemed to awake,—a deep convulsive throb of terror trembled on her cheeks,—her pale lips quivered,—a passing gleam of fire shone in her eyes,—her breast heaved,—a violent gush of tears flooded the brilliance of her eyes, and the "yes" was heard pronounced like the scream of anguish uttered by a dying person, and seemed to find a deep echo in the sounds of grief which burst from the surrounding multitude. The bride sank into the arms of the horrid old hag; some minutes passed in awful silence; the pale corpse-like female then kneeled again, as if in a deep trance, and the ceremony was finished. The bridegroom now rose and led the trembling bride to her former place, followed by the tall man and the old woman; the two strangers then appeared again, and having bound the priest's eyes,—drew him with violence through the crowd, and pushed him out at the door, which they then bolted within.

For some minutes he stood endeavouring to recollect himself, and uncertain whether the horrid scene, with all its ghastly attendant circumstances, might not have been a dream; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to believe its reality. To learn the issue, he hid himself in a corner of the building, and while listening here he heard the murmuring within grow louder and louder,—then it seemed as if a fierce altercation arose, in which he thought he could recognize the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence—a long pause followed,—a shot fell,—the shriek of a female voice was heard, which was succeeded by another pause,—then followed a sound of labour, which lasted about a quarter of an hour,—the candles were extinguished,—the murmuring arose again,—the door was flung open, and a multitude of persons rushed out of the church, and ran towards the sea.

The old priest now arose from his hiding place, and hastened back to the village, where he awoke his neighbours and friends, and related to them his incredible and marvellous adventure; but every thing which had hitherto fallen out amongst these simple people, had been so calm and tranquil,—so much measured by the laws of daily routine, that they were seized with a very different terror; they believed that some unfortunate accident had deranged the intellects of their beloved pastor, and it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on some of them to follow him to the church, provided with picks and spades.

Meanwhile the morning had dawned, the sun arose, and when the priest and

his companions ascended the hill towards the church, they saw a man-of-war standing-off from the shore under full sail towards the north. So surprising a sight in this remote district, made his companions already hesitate to reject his story as improbable, and still more were they inclined to listen to him when they saw that the side-door of the church had been violently burst open. They entered full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened in the night-time; it was easily perceived that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again; they put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new richly adorned coffin; the old man descended with almost youthful impatience into the grave, and others followed him, the cover was taken off, and the priest found all his awful forebodings confirmed. In the coffin lay the murdered bride,—a bullet had pierced her breast right to the heart,—the magnificent diadem she had worn had disappeared, but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm seemed spread over her features as she lay there like an angel. The old man threw himself down on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the murdered, while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known, with all its circumstances, to his superior, the bishop of Zealand; meanwhile, until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secrecy by an oath. Shortly afterwards a person of high rank suddenly arrived from the capital; he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commended the silence which had been hitherto observed, and stated that the whole event must remain for ever a secret, threatening at the same time with a severe punishment any person who should dare to speak of it.

After the death of the priest, a writing was found in the parochial register narrating this event. Some believed that it might have some secret connection with the violent political changes which occurred in Russia after the death of Catherine and Peter I; but to resolve the deep riddle of this mysterious affair will ever be a difficult, if not impossible task.

Henry Steffens.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

How bless'd the maid whose heart, yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beats with a fancy running high
Her simple cares to magnify;
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
Hath cherish'd on a healthful soil;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf·
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty self
Reflected in some crystal brook;
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear!

Such, (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's—first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, yon Italian maid,
Our Lady's laggard votaress,
Halting beneath the chesnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness;
Nice aid maternal fingers lead;
A sister serves with slacker hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

How bless'd (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The Helvetian girl—who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep!
—Say whence that modulated shout?
From wood-nymph of Diana's throng?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong?
Jubilant outcry!—rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obey'd,
The voice of an Helvetian maid.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her step the elastic green sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
Blithe paragon of Alpine grace
Be as thou art—for through thy veins

The blood of heroes run its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, life prepares,
The fetters which the matron wears;
The patriot mother's weight of anxious cares!

'Sweet HIGHLAND girl!—a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,'*
When thou didst pass before my eyes,
Gay vision under sullen skies,
While hope and love around thee play'd
Near the rough falls of Inversneyd!
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from thee;
For in my fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality;
And there shall bloom with thee allied,
The votaress by Lugano's side;
And that intrepid nymph, on Uri's steep descried.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SWORD.†

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying,
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red, right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Pass'd, a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrench'd the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften'd brow he leaned o er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

MISS LANDON.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth.
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With headed bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,

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* See THE CASQUET, vol. I. p. 123.
† From the "Forget me Not, for 1828."

Save what from heaven is with breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstacy!
Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night, was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

COUSIN MARY.

ABOUT four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family, a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, Cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries, dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes, (and in her innocent gaiety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same,) she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps for, certain deficiencies, which caused poor Cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death, or that other death, marriage, all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C. at eighteen exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needle-work, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge, positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble like a bird sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of our

sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes Wilson and Hoffland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroidress—she would sit "printing her thoughts on lawn," till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvass. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unhackneyed, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakspeare, and Richardson's novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened, in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her, and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education-mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair Ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady, in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about from morning to night.

It must be confessed, as a counter-balance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident; has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest?—Oh she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes to indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ancle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey cart up a hill one sunny windy day, in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a cele-

brated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high, feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain non-descript machine, a sort of donkey curricle, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards — now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects;—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display, (for her sister was a match-making lady, a manœuvrer,) for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her vocation. They liked her apparently,—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window,—and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutoress had at least done *her* no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—"So you are really a governess?"—"Yes."—"And you continue in the same family?"—"Yes."—"And you like your post?"—"O yes! yes!"—"But, my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?"—"Why, they wanted a governess, so I went."—"But what could induce them to keep you?" The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man in the prime of life showing a port-folio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven, evidently his children. "Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. "We kept her to teach her ourselves," said the young lady. "We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother. "We kept her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me. "She was a bad gover-

ness, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation." And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.

MISS MITFORD.

GLEN-ALMAIN,

OR THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one:
He sung of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heap'd, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And every thing unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.
Does then the Bard sleep here, indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it? I blame them not
Whose fancy in this lonely spot
Was moved; and in this way express'd
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell
Would break the silence of this dell:
It is not quiet, is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
And happy feelings of the dead:
And therefore was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race,
Lies buried in this lonely place.

WORDSWORTH.

THE BEGGAR'S MARRIAGE GIFT,

A TALE,

From the German of F. Kind.

OTTO VON D—, after an absence of several years, two of which he had spent in the luxurious capital of France, was recalled to his native Germany by the unexpected death of his father. He found the family estate involved in difficulties, chiefly occasioned by extravagance and mismanagement, which would have appeared inextricable to a mind possessing less energy than his own; but by at once adopting a system of curtailment and method, he soon succeeded in bringing matters into such a train, as not only enabled him to discharge the accumulated arrears of interest, but also gradually to rednce the principal debt with which his property had been improvidently burthened.

It was not until his mind was relieved of this first care, and he could uninterruptedly form his plans for the future, that Otto thought of choosing a companion who might share with him the sweets of life, and assist him in combating its toils. He had left Adelaide, the youngest daughter of his neighbour Von Z—, an interesting girl of fourteen; on his return, he found her blooming in all the charms of youthful innocence; and he was not slow in observing, as well in the hearty welcome of her parents, as in the tell-tale blush of the maiden herself, that his addresses would not be unacceptable. He, therefore, embraced an early opportunity to declare his sentiments: and, after the preliminaries usual on such occasions, the happy day was fixed, arrived, and was observed with all those ceremonies which the country people, in some parts of Germany, still religiously keep up, according to the good old custom of their forefathers.

First came the wedding-guests, conducting the bride, modestly clad in white with a veil covering her face, and who were met on the lawn by the peasantry preceded by the village musicians. The married women brought their offering o a cradle, and fine baby linen, spun b themselves; the lads presented a hand some plough and harness; the maiden a snow-white lamb; and the children

doves and flowers. Adelaide gave her hand to all in silence; Otto spoke few, but impressive words, and on concluding, invited the whole party, in the name of the bride's father, to a collation and dance on the green, for which preparations had already been made.

The lamps were now lighted up, and fiddle and pipe were sounding merrily under the sweet-scented lindentrees, when a foreign livery-servant, whose coat was rather the worse for wear, made his appearance on the dancing place. His singular tones and strange gesticulations soon collected around him a troop of laughing villagers; but it was not without considerable difficulty gathered from the broken German of the orator (whose hands and feet were equally eloquent with his tongue), that his master's carriage had been overturned in the neighbourhood, and that a wheel was broken to pieces, which he was anxious to have put to rights, in order that he might prosecute his journey.

"Who talks of mending wheels, or going further to-day?" hiccupped the bride's father, whose satisfaction at his daughter's good fortune had displayed itself at table in copious libations. "To-day," added he, patting his ample sides, "let all wheels go in shivers: no man shall pass this house to-day; you may tell your master so; but stay, you may as well take me to him."—So saying, and attended by a crowd of followers, he proceeded to the highway, where they soon perceived a small wax cloth covered carriage lying upset on the road, one of its hinder-wheels being as effectually demolished as if an axe had been used in the operation. A tall thin figure, dressed in a plain blue frock-coat, having his right arm in a sling, a patch over his left eye, and whose woe-begone looks imparted to his general appearance no distant resemblance to the knight of the rueful countenance, stood near the vehicle, holding a jaded rosinante by the bridle. No sooner did he perceive the party approaching, than, hastening towards them, he addressed their leader in French, with much politeness of manner and fluency of utterance. Unfortunately, however, old Z—'s court language had lain too long rusty, and the state of his ideas was too muddled to enable him to brush it up at the moment, so that he was obliged to make the stranger understand, more by signs than words, that he must not think of continuing his journey that day at least, but must remain with them as a wedding guest.

The invitation was accepted with many thanks; and the stranger, having caused his Sancho to wipe the dust from his hat and boots, put his collar to rights, and opened his surtout, under which a sort of uniform modestly peeped out—thus prepared, he set himself in motion, by the help of a stout crutch-stick; and it then further appeared, that his left foot was also disabled, though there was something not ungraceful in its hobble. On reaching the Linden-place, he requested to be introduced to the young couple, and after wishing the bridegroom joy, he kissed the bride's hand, with the air of an old beau, and whispered many flattering things to her in his own language.

When this matter was settled, all hastened again to dance and play. Otto soon removed his bride to another quarter; and it seemed quite natural, that the stiff and wearied old man should choose his seat on a bench apart from persons who neither understood him, nor he them.

On supper being announced, the stranger accompanied the rest to the eating apartment, where he planted himself, with considerable adroitness, between two of the rosiest and plumpest lasses in the room, to the no small mortification of a young lieutenant, who had fixed on this place for himself. Hilarity and mirth now presided over the happy party: the good-humoured joke was bandied about, and the hearty laugh echoed round the room; when one of the servants entered with a packet, which a messenger had just delivered, with directions that it should be given into the bridegroom's own hands. The curiosity of all was excited, and Otto was induced, by their solicitations, to open the packet immediately; and, after removing almost innumerable covers, he at length produced a plain wooden drinking-cup, with a silver rim, on which was engraved, "*Present de noces du Gueux.*"

"Jaques!" cried Otto, kissing the cup with emotion. Adelaide cast an inquiring eye at her lover, and lifted up the cup, to examine it more nearly; but she had scarcely raised it from the table, when its unexpected weight occasioning her to replace it rather smartly, the bottom fell

out, and discovered a rose-coloured case, containing a pair of bracelets, set in brilliants of the purest water, and newest fashion: the words, "*a la belle epouse de mon ami*," were embroidered on the satin.

The surprise and curiosity on all sides may be easily conceived. All the guests rose from their seats, except the stranger, who remained sitting, with the most perfect indifference, and an expression of countenance that almost appeared to indicate contempt for what was going forward. Otto, whose growing dislike to the stranger was not lessened by this conduct, measured him with an eye of indignation, and allowed himself the more readily to be persuaded, by his bride, and the other guests, to satisfy their inquiries.

"Yes!" he began, a fine glow suffusing his manly cheeks; "yes! I am not ashamed to own it: a beggar—Jaques is the worthy man's name—is my dearest friend; is, to express all to you in a few words, the preserver of my life and honour. However painful it may be to me, on an occasion like the present, to accuse myself of a youthful indiscretion, yet I shall not hesitate to do so, as I cannot otherwise, perhaps, do justice to the noble-minded Jaques, whose marriage-present shall ever be dear to my heart, and the most valued ornament of my Adelaide."

"Then let me wear it to-day," said the lovely girl, with tremulous voice; and the bracelets were quickly transferred from their rose-coloured covering to the white satin of her arms. Otto resumed, after a short pause:

"During my residence in Paris, I was almost daily in the habit of passing along the Pont-Neuf. At one end of the bridge, and generally about the same spot, there sat a beggar, who, although he seemed scarcely more than fifty, had frequented the place upwards of thirty years, and was commonly known by the name of 'old Jaques.' Not out of any feeling of compassion, but merely because his general appearance rather interested me, I threw a sous into his hat as often as I chanced to pass near him. This became, at length, so habitual to me, that whenever I approached his station, I put my hand involuntarily into my pocket. He always wished me every possible good—chatted with me, when I was at leisure, about the news of the day—even warned me, now and then, against the dangers of the town; in short, in the course of half-a-year, we stood together on the footing of acquaintances, who, though of different rank, are yet mutually pleased with each other.

"My time in Paris was spent very agreeably, and, I may flatter myself, not altogether without advantage. I lived as decently as my means permitted, but never extravagantly, till, a short time before my departure, my evil stars brought me acquainted with some young men who were addicted to gambling, and who, by little and little, led me on to stake, first small, and then large sums at play. The consequence of this was as may be supposed: but it was not until I had lost all my own money, and had become deeply indebted to my *soi-disant* friends, that I began seriously to reflect on my situation.

"I immediately formed the resolution to pause, ere it was too late, and quit the capital for ever, after discharging the debt which I had contracted. I therefore wrote to my father, requesting such a remittance as might be necessary for this purpose; but that letter, and several which I sent subsequently, remained unanswered. My bills, meanwhile, became due. I was forced to have recourse to the assistance of usurers, and ruin stared me in the face.

"Disheartened, gloomy, and silent, I now passed Jaques without noticing him; his fixed and earnest gaze became intolerable, and I avoided the place where he stood. At length I received the long-looked-for letters from home; but instead of the remittances with which I had hoped to silence the most clamorous of my creditors, they brought me the intelligence of my father's death, after a short illness, and announced the impossibility of sending me more money than would barely suffice for my travelling expenses. Nursed in the lap of affluence, and unused to privation of any sort, it may easily be supposed that I was but little prepared for such news. The death of my good father filled me with sorrow. The involved situation of his affairs, which I now learned for the first time, deprived me of all hope for the future. The idea of having debts which I could not discharge, and the prospect of prison in a

foreign land, threw me into despair. The longer I considered, the more did my situation appear utterly hopeless, till, at length, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, and with a determination which such a state only could inspire, I walked out, after a sleepless night, and bent my course towards the river. I was already within a few paces of the Pont Neuf, when Jaques threw himself, with greater importunity than usual, in my way. I *would* not see him.

"'One word, Sir,' said he, in a tone of entreaty, and taking hold of the skirt of my coat. 'Leave me, old man,' said I, with forced composure; 'to-day I have given *all* away.' He guessed my meaning better than I intended he should.

"'By all that's sacred, my dear young master!' said he, solemnly, 'confide in me. What has happened?'

"'What is that to thee?' I replied; 'thou canst not help me.'

"'Who knows? only speak, Sir! I cannot rest until I learn what has so changed you. Tell me the cause of your dejection.'

"'Why, only a paltry thousand Louis!' said I, with a shrug.

"'And *is* that all? Good! I will lend them to you.'

"'You, Jaques! Good old man, you have been drinking too freely this morning.'

"'Well, only take the trouble of coming to me to-night; and, till then, I conjure you, do nothing rashly.'

"The earnestness of his manner, the firmness with which he spoke, and the reflection that I could at any time carry my intention into effect, brought my thoughts into another channel, and induced me to yield to his request. Jaques gave me his address, in a remote suburb, and I pledged my word of honour to meet him there the same evening.

"Urged by curiosity, more than by hope, I appeared at the appointed time and place, and found Jaques in a small, but extremely clean apartment, plain, but neatly furnished; he now wore a decent coat, and came forward to meet me with a friendly look.

"'Consider all that you see here as your own,' said he. 'I have neither child nor relation, and what I daily receive from the benevolent, suffices for my own and my housekeeper's wants.'

"Little as I had calculated on the old man's assistance, yet this address appeared too ridiculous; and I was hesitating whether I should consider him a fool or a madman, when he at once put an end to my doubts; for, requesting me to partake of the refreshments which he had provided, he raised a part of the floor, and brought, from underneath, a heavy wooden vessel, which he placed with difficulty on the table. On removing the lid, you may figure my astonishment, when I saw that it was filled to the brim with gold pieces.

"'Help yourself, Sir,' said he, smiling, 'here are about twelve hundred Louis. It is all I have by me in ready cash; but I soon can procure more.'

"'Do not mistake me,' continued my honest Jaques, 'I am no common beggar, who drive the trade from love of idleness, and cheat the needy of the charitable gift of the compassionate. I am of noble, though poor birth. Having lost my parents early, I entered the army in my sixteenth year, served under the great Saxe, and if worthy of such a leader, let this testify:' a cross of St Louis lay on the heap of gold. 'In my twentieth year, a cannon-shot carried away my right arm. I received my discharge, and was thrown on the world destitute and hopeless. Ignorant of any trade by which I could gain a livelihood, and rendered incapable of labour by the loss of my arm, I abandoned myself to a profound melancholy, which threw me into a long and severe illness. When I recovered, my disappointed prospects, and a sort of spite at the world, made me a beggar. My youth and infirmities gained me more compassion than I had expected; and I soon earned not only my daily subsistence, but became enabled to lay by a trifle daily, which by little and little, amounted to a considerable sum. Out of this, I assisted such of my companions in misery as had been less fortunate than myself in this calling, and thereby acquired a sort of consideration amongst them, but no disinterested attachment. This vexed me. I adopted a foundling as my own child, and began to live even more sparingly than before, in order to make provision for him. I had him carefully brought up and educated, till his sixteenth year, when a counsellor was pleased with the lad, and took

him into his service. This very boy—O François, François; how many tears have I shed on thy account!—soon began to consider it beneath him to be on terms of intimacy with a beggar; and on the same day that you first gave me an alms, he had the cruelty to pass as if he did not know me. He was ashamed of me—of *me*, who at that moment was begging to make him independent. 'He heeds me not,' said I, and his unnatural conduct drove all the blood to my heart. 'Thou all-powerful Being! give me then another son.' Scarcely had I uttered the prayer, when you approached, and threw, with a compassionate look, a gift into my hat."'

Otto was moved even to tears, and was forced to make a pause.

"'*You* will not be ashamed of me,' continued Jaques. 'You are now unfortunate: make the old beggar happy by accepting his assistance.'

"You may easily imagine how I felt at this moment. The wonderful intervention of Providence, to prevent the commission of a crime at which I shudder; the noble, I may say, the heavenly look of the good old man: but, above all, my own dreadful situation, crowded into my thoughts, and I did not hesitate to avail myself of his generous offer. My intention of disclosing to him the cause of my embarrassments was needless, for he had already informed himself of every particular.

"I allowed him to count out one thousand Louis, and then requested pen and ink, in order to give him an acknowledgment for the amount; but my benefactor would not hear a word of this. 'Take,' said he, 'as much as you require; and, if you die,' added he, 'you can pay me yonder! I want but little here. *You* are sent to me as a son, whether you will or no; and you, at least, cannot deprive me of the secret satisfaction of being your father.'

"'Yes, father! preserver and father,' cried I, falling on his bosom, 'Nature gave me one, and when I lost him heaven replaced him in you.'

"I did not leave Jaques's cottage till a late hour, when I returned home with a lightened heart, and refreshing sleep once more visited my eyelids.

"Early on the following day, I paid off every creditor, had another *tete-a-tete* with Jaques, and prepared immediately to quit France. My first care, on arriving here, would most certainly have been to discharge this, which I could truly call a debt of honour; but as he had expressly required me, at parting, not to think of this till after the end of a year, at soonest, to give him, as he said, a proof of confidence, I deferred doing so till very lately, when, on repaying him his loan, I had the satisfaction of acquainting him with my approaching union."

"And he shall be *my* father, also," said Adelaide, pressing his hand: then rising, and filling the goblet with wine, "Let us drink to the health of my worthy fathers—John Von Z—, and Jaques the beggar."

Every one present pledged the toast with enthusiasm, except the old stranger, who, still evincing the most cutting indifference, pushed his chair back, and hastily rose up, with a countenance on which was written, in pretty legible characters, "What a fuss about a beggar!"

"Sir, you abuse the rights of hospitality!" cried Otto angrily, and going up to the Frenchman, with the determination of making him quit the apartment.

"Mon ami, ah, mon fils!" replied the old man, with the tenderest expression, and removing, at the same time, the bandage from his left eye, "now, indeed, I am satisfied that my choice has not been misplaced. You have not been ashamed to acknowledge the old beggar; your lovely bride, too, has called me father. For this alone have I undertaken a long journey, and caused my carriage to be overturned at your gate." He was now, in his turn, overcome: all the guests crowded round him with praises and caresses; and the grateful Otto, kissing his Adelaide, called this the happiest day of his life.

"Only allow me to pass my few remaining years with you," added Jaques, as he drew from his bosom a packet with his left hand, it being now remarked by all that the right was skilfully formed of wax. "There, my son, are your papers back. I will never be a burthen to you. I have twelve hundred livres yearly of rent; and all I request is, a small apartment in your house, or wheresoever else an honest beggar may patiently await his end."

Otto tenderly embraced his adopted father, and the wooden cup was frequently replenished in the course of the evening.

THE THORN OF PRESTON.

Reviving with the genial airs,
Beneath the azure heaven of spring,
Thy stem of ancient vigour bears
Its branches green and blossoming;
The birds around thee hop and sing,
Or flit, on glossy pinions borne,
Above thy time-resisting head,
Whose umbrage overhangs the dead,
Thou venerable Thorn!

Three ages of mankind have pass'd
To silence and to sleep, since thou,
Rearing thy branches to the blast,
As glorious, and more green than now,
Sheltered, beneath thy shadowy brow,
The warrior from the dews of night;
To doubtful sleep himself he laid,
Enveloped in his tartan plaid,
And dreaming of the fight.

Day opened in the orient sky
With wintry aspect, dull and drear;
On every leaf, while glitteringly
The rimy hoar frost did appear.
The ocean was unseen, though near;
And hazy shadows seem'd to draw,
In azure, with their mimic floods,
A line above the Seaton woods,
And round North Berwick Law.

Hark! 'twas the bagpipe that awoke
Its tones of battle and alarms!—
The royal drum, with doubling stroke,
In answer beat—"to arms—to arms!"—
If tumult and if war have charms,
Here might that bliss be sought and found:
The Saxon line unsheath the sword,
And rush the Gael, with battle word,
Across the stubble ground.

Alas! that British might should wield
Destruction o'er a British plain,
That hands, ordain'd to bear the shield,
Should bring the poison'd lance, to drain
The life blood from a brother's vein,
And steep paternal fields in gore!—
Yet, Preston, such thy fray began;
Thy marsh-collected waters ran
Empurpled to the shore.

The noble Gardner, bold of soul,
Saw, spirit-sunk, his dastards flee,
Disdain'd to let a fear control,
And, striving by the side of thee,
Fell like a champion of the free!
And Brymer, too, who scorn'd to yield,
Here took his death-blow undismay'd,
And, sinking slowly downward, laid
His back upon the field.

Descendant of a royal line—
A race unfortunate and brave!
Success a moment seem'd to shine
On thee—'twas sunbeams on a grave!
Thy home—a hiding-place—a cave
With foxes, destined soon to be:
To sorrow and disaster wed,
A price on thy devoted head,
And blood-hounds tracking thee!

'Twas morn; but ere the solar ray
Shot burning from the west abroad,
The field was still; the soldier lay
Within a cold and lone abode;
Beneath the turf on which he trod;
Beside the spot whereon he fell;
For ever severed from his kind,
And from the home he left behind,—
His own paternal dell!

Sheathed in his glittering panoply,
Or wrapt in war-cloak, blood besprent,
Within one common cemetery,
The lofty and the low were pent:
No longer did the evening tent
Their mirth and wassail clamour hear;—
Ah! many a maid of ardent breast,
Shed for his sake, whom she loved best,
The heart consuming tear!

Thou lonely tree, survivest still—
Thy bloom is white, thy leaf is green,
I hear the tinkling of a rill,
All else is silent; and the scene,
Where battle raged, is now serene
Beneath the purple fall of night;
Yet, oft beside the plough appears
Casques, human bones, and broken spears,
The relics of the fight!

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POCOCURANTE.

I do not care a farthing about any man, woman, or child, in the world. You think that I am joking, Jemmy; but you are mistaken. What! you look at me again with those honest eyes of yours staring with wonder, and making a demi-pathetic, demi-angry appeal for an exception in your favour. Well, Jemmy, I *do* care about you, my honest fellow, so uncork the other bottle.

Did you ever see me out of humour in your life for the tenth part of a second? —Never, so help me God!—Did you ever hear me speak ill of another? I might, perhaps, have cracked a joke—indeed, I have cracked a good many such in my

time—at a man's expense behind his back; but never have I said any thing which I would not say to his face, or what I would not take from him with treble hardness of recoil, if it so pleased him to return it; but real *bona fide* evil-speaking was never uttered by me. I never quarrelled with any one. You are going to put me in mind of my duel with Captain Maxwell. I acknowledge I fought it, and fired three shots. What then? Could I avoid it? I was no more angry with him, when I sent the message, than I was at the moment of my birth. Duelling is an absurd custom of the country, which I must comply with when occasion requires. The occasion had turned up, and I fought of course. Never was I happier than when I felt the blood trickling over my shoulders—for the wise laws of honour were satisfied, and I was rid of the cursed trouble. I was sick of the puppyism of punctilio, and the booby legislation of the seconds, and was glad to escape from it by a scratch. I made it up with Maxwell, who was an honest, though a hot-headed and obstinate man—and you know I was executor to his will. Indeed, he dined with me the very day-week after the duel. Yet, spite of this equanimity, I repeat it, that I do not care for any human being on earth, (the present company always excepted,) more than I care for one of those filberts which you are cracking with such laudable assiduity.

Yes—it is true—I have borne myself towards my family unexceptionably, as the world has it. I married off my sisters, sent my brothers to the colleges, and did what was fair for my mother. But I shall not be hypocrite enough to pretend to high motives for so doing. My father's death left them entirely to me, and what could I do with them? Turn them out? That would be absurd, and just as absurd to retain them at home without treating them properly. They were *my* family. My own comforts would have been materially invaded by any other line of conduct. I therefore executed the filial and fraternal affections in a manner which will be a fine topic of panegyric for my obituary. God help the idiots who write such things! *They* to talk of motives, and feelings, and the impulses that sway the human heart! They, whose highest ambition is to furnish provender, at so much a line, for magazine or newspaper. Yet from them shall I receive the tribute of a tear. The world shall be informed in due time, and I care not how soon, that "DIED at his house, &c. &c. a gentleman, exemplary in every relation of life, whether we consider him as a son, a brother, a friend, or a citizen. His heart," and so on to the end of the fiddle faddle. The winding up of my family affairs, you know, is, that I have got rid of them all; that I pay the good people a visit once a-month, and ask them to a humdrum dinner on my birth-day, which you are perhaps aware occurs but once a-year. I am alone. I feel that I am alone.

My politics—what then? I am, externally at least, a Tory, *a toute outrance*, because my father and my grandfather (and I cannot trace my genealogy any higher) were so before me. Besides, I think every gentleman should be a Tory; there is an easiness, a suavity of mind, engendered by Toryism, which it is vain for you to expect from fretful Whiggery, or bawling Radicalism, and such should be a strong distinctive feature in every gentleman's character. And I admit, that, in my youth, I did many queer things, and said many violent and nonsensical matters. But that fervour is gone. I am still outside the same; but inside how different! I laugh to scorn the nonsense I hear vented about me in the clubs which I frequent. The zeal about nothings, the bustle about stuff, the fears and the precautions against fancied dangers, the indignation against writings which no decent man thinks of reading, or against speeches which are but the essence of stupidity; in short, the whole tempest in a tea-pot appears to me to be ineffably ludicrous. I join now and then, nay very often, in these discussions; why should not I? Am I not possessed of the undoubted liberties of a Briton, invested with the full privilege of talking nonsense? And, if any of my associates laugh inside at me, why, I think them quite right.

But I have dirtied my fingers with ink, you say, and daubed other people's faces with them. I admit it. My pen has been guilty of various political jeux d'esprit, but let me whisper it, Jemmy, on *both* sides. Don't start, it is not worth while. My Tory quizzes I am suspected of;

suspected I say, for I am not such a goose as to let them be any more than mere matters of suspicion; but of quizzes against Tories I am no more thought guilty than I am of petty larceny. Yet such is the case. I write with no ill feeling; public men or people who thrust themselves before the public in any way, I just look on as phantoms of the imagination, as things to throw off commonplaces about. You know how I assassinated Jack ***, in the song which you transcribed for me; how it spread in thousands, to his great annoyance. Well, on Wednesday last, he and I supped tete-a-tete, and a jocular fellow he is. It was an accidental rencounter—he was sulky at first, but I laughed and sung him into good humour. When the second bottle had loosened his tongue, he looked at me most sympathetically, and said, May I ask you a question?—A thousand, I replied, provided you do not expect me to answer them.—Ah, he cried, it was a shame for you to abuse me the way you did, and all for nothing; but, hang it, let bygones be bygones—you are too pleasant a fellow to quarrel with. I told him he appeared to be under a mistake—he shook his head—emptied his bottle, and we staggered home in great concord. In point of fact, men of sense think not of such things, and mingle freely in society as if they never occurred. Why then should I be supposed to have any feeling whatever, whether of anger or pleasure about them?

My friends? Where are they? Ay, Jemmy, I do understand what that pressure of my hand means. But where is the other? Nowhere! Acquaintances I have in hundreds—boon companions in dozens—fellows to whom I make myself as agreeable as I can, and whose society gives me pleasure. There's Jack Meggot, the best joker in the world—Will Thomson, an unexceptionable ten-bottle-man—John Mortimer, a singer of most renowned social qualities—there's—but what need I enlarge the catalogue? You know the men I mean. I live with them, and that right gaily, but would one of them crack a joke the less, drink a glass the less, sing a song the less, if I died before morning? Not one—nor do I blame them, for, if they were ingulfed in Tartarus, I should just go through my usual daily round—keep moving in the same monotonous treadmill of life, with other companions to help me through, as steadily as I do now. The friends of my boyhood are gone—ay—all—all gone!—I have lost the old familiar faces, and shall not try for others to replace them. I am now happy with a mail-coach companion, whom I never saw before, and never will see again. My cronies come like shadows, so depart. Do you remember the story of Abon Hassen, in some of the Oriental tales? He was squandering a fine property on some hollow friends, when he was advised to try their friendship by pretending poverty, and asking their assistance. It was refused, and he determined never to see them more—never to make a friend—nay, not even an acquaintance; but to sit, according to the custom of the East, by the way-side, and invite to his board the three first passers-by, with whom he spent the night in festive debauchery, making it a rule never to ask the same persons a second time. My life is almost the same—true it is that I know the exterior conformation, and the peculiar habits of those with whom I associate, but our hearts are ignorant of one another. They vibrate not together; they are ready to enter into the same communication, with any passer-by. Nay, perhaps Hassan's plan was more social. He was relieved from inquiries as to the character of his table-mates. Be they fair, be they foul, they were nothing to him. I am tormented out of my life by such punctilios as I daily must submit to. I wonder you keep company says a friend—*friend!* well, no matter—with R. He is a scoundrel—he is suspected of having cheated fifteen years ago at play, he drinks ale, he fought shy in a duel business, he is a Whig—a Radical, a Muggletonian, a jumper, a moderate man, a Jacobin; he asked twice for soup, he wrote a libel, his father was a low attorney, nobody knows him in good society, &c. &c. &c. Why, what is it to me? I care not whether he broke every commandment in the decalogue, provided he be a pleasant fellow, and that I am not mixed up with his offences. But the world will so mix me up in spite of myself. Burns used to say, the best company he was ever in was the company of professed blackguards. Perhaps he was right. I dare not try.

My early companions I *did* care for, and where are they? Poor Tom Benson, he was my class-fellow at school; we occupied the same rooms in college, we shared our studies, our amusements, our flirtations, our follies, our dissipations together. A more honourable or upright creature never existed. Well, sir, he had an uncle, lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment, and at his request Tom bought a cornetcy in the corps. I remember the grand-looking fellow strutting about in the full splendour of his yet unspotted regimentals, the cynosure of the bright eyes of the country town in which he resided. He came to London, and then joined his regiment. All was well for a while; but he had always an unfortunate itch for play. In our little circle it did him no great harm; but his new companions played high, and far too skilfully for Tom—perhaps there was roguery, or perhaps there was not—I never inquired. At all events, he lost all his ready money. He then drew liberally on his family; he lost that too; in short, poor Tom at last staked his commission, and lost it with the rest. This, of course, could not be concealed from the uncle, who gave him a severe lecture, but procured him a commission in an infantry regiment destined for Spain. He was to join it without delay; but the infatuated fellow again risked himself, and lost the infantry commission also. He now was ashamed or afraid to face his uncle, and enlisted (for he was a splendid looking young man, who was instantly accepted,) as a private soldier in the twenty-sixth foot. I suppose that he found his habits were too refined and too firmly fixed to allow him to be satisfied with the scanty pay, and coarse food, and low company, of an infantry soldier. It is certain, that he deserted in a fortnight after enlistment. The measure of poor Tom's degradation was not yet filled up. He had not a farthing when he left the twenty-sixth. He went to his uncle's at an hour when he knew that he would not be at home, and was with difficulty admitted by the servant, who recognised him. He persuaded him at last that he meant to throw himself on the mercy of his uncle, and the man, who loved him,—every body of all degrees who knew him loved him,—consented to his admission. I am almost ashamed to go on. He broke open his uncle's escritoire, and took from it whatever money it contained—a hundred pounds or thereabouts—and slunk out of the house. Heavens! what were my feelings when I heard this—when I saw him proclaimed in the newspapers as a deserter, and a thief! A thief!—Tom Benson a thief! I could not credit the intelligence of my eyes or my ears. He whom I knew only five months before—for so brief had his career been—would have turned with scorn and disgust from any action deviating a hair's-breadth from the highest honour. How he spent the next six months of his life, I know not; but about the end of that period a letter was left at my door by a messenger, who immediately disappeared. It was from him. It was couched in terms of the most abject self-condemnation, and the bitterest remorse. He declared he was a ruined man in character, in fortune, in happiness, in every thing, and conjured me, for the sake of former friendship, to let him have five guineas, which he said would take him to a place of safety. From the description of the messenger, who, Tom told me in his note, would return in an hour, I guessed it was himself. When the time came, which he had put off to a moment of almost complete darkness, I opened the door to his fearful rap. It was he—I knew him at a glance, as the lamp flashed over his face—and, uncertain as was the light, it was bright enough to let me see that he was squalid, and in rags; that a fearful and ferocious suspicion, which spoke volumes, as to the life he had lately led, lurked in his side-looking eyes; those eyes that a year before spoke nothing but joy and courage, and that a premature grayness had covered with pie-bald patches the once glossy black locks which straggled over his unwashed face, or through his tattered hat.

I had that he asked,—perhaps more—in a paper in my hand. I put it into his. I had barely time to say "O Tom!" when he caught my hand, kissed it with burning lips, exclaimed "Don't speak to me—I am a wretch!" and, bursting from the grasp with which I wished to detain him, fled with the speed of an arrow down the street, and vanished into a lane. Pursuit was hopeless. Many years elapsed, and I heard not of him—no one heard of him. But about two years ago I was at a coffee-house in the Strand, when an

officer of what they called the Patriots of South America, staggered into the room. He was very drunk. His tawdry and tarnished uniform proclaimed the service to which he belonged, and all doubt on the subject was removed by his conversation. It was nothing but a tissue of curses on Bolivar and his associates, who, he asserted, had seduced him from his country, ruined his prospects, robbed him, cheated him, and insulted him. How true these reproaches might have been I knew not, nor do I care, but a thought struck me that Tom might have been of this army, and I inquired, as, indeed, I did of every body coming from a foreign country, if he knew any thing of a man of the name of Benson. "Do you?"—stammered out the drunken patriot—"I do," was my reply.—"Do you care about him?" again asked the officer. "I did--I do," again I retorted. "Why then," said he, "take a short stick in your hand, and step across to Valparaiso, there you will find him two feet under ground, snugly wrapt up in a blanket. I was his sexton myself, and had not time to dig him a deeper grave, and no way of getting a stouter coffin. It will just do all as well. Poor fellow, it was all the clothes he had for many a day before." I was shocked at the recital, but Holmes was too much intoxicated to pursue the subject any farther. I called on him in the morning, and learned that Benson had joined as a private soldier in this desperate service, under the name of Maberly—that he speedily rose to a command—was distinguished for doing desperate actions, in which he seemed quite reckless of life—had, however, been treated with considerable ingratitude—never was paid a dollar—had lost his baggage—was compelled to part with almost all his wearing apparel for subsistence, and had just made his way to the sea-side, purposing to escape to Jamaica, when he sunk, overcome by hunger and fatigue. He kept the secret of his name till the last moment, when he confided it, and a part of his unhappy history, to Holmes. Such was the end of Benson, a man born to high expectations, of cultivated mind, considerable genius, generous heart, and honourable purposes.

Jack Dallas I became acquainted with at Brazen Nose. There was a time that I thought I would have died for him—and, I believe, that his feelings towards me were equally warm. Ten years ago we were the Damon and Pythias—the Pylades and Orestes of our day. Yet I lost him by a jest. He was wooing most desperately a very pretty girl, equal to him in rank, but rather meagre in the purse. He kept it, however, a profound secret from his friends. By accident I found it out, and when I next saw him, I began to quiz him. He was surprised at the discovery, and very sore at the quizzing. He answered so testily, that I proceeded to annoy him. He became more and more sour, I more and more vexatious in my jokes. It was quite wrong on my part; but God knows I meant nothing by it. I did not know that he had just parted with his father, who had refused all consent to the match, adding injurious insinuations about the mercenary motives of the young lady. Dallas had been defending her, but in vain; and then, while in this mood, did I choose him as the butt of my silly witticisms. At last something I said—some mere piece of nonsense—nettled him so much, that he made a blow at me. I arrested his arm, and cried, "Jack, you would have been very sorry had you put your intentions into effect." He coloured as if ashamed of his violence, but remained sullen and silent for a moment, and then left the room. We never have spoke since. He shortly after went abroad, and we were thus kept from meeting and explaining. On his return, we joined different coteries, and were of different sides in politics. In fact, I did not see him for nearly seven years until last Monday, when he passed me, with his wife—a different person from his early passion, the girl on account of whom we quarrelled—leaning on his arm. I looked at him, but he bent down his eyes, pretending to speak to Mrs Dallas. So be it.

Then there was my brother—my own poor brother, one year younger than myself. The verdict—commonly a matter of course—must have been true in his case. What an inward revolution that must have been, which could have bent that gay and free spirit, that joyous and buoyant soul, to think of self-destruction. But I cannot speak of poor Arthur. These were my chief friends, and I lost the last of them about ten years ago; and since that time I know no one, the pre-

sent company excepted, for whom I care a farthing. Perhaps, if they had lived with me as long as my other companions, I would have been as careless about them, as I am about Will Thomson, Jack Meggot, or my younger brothers. I am often inclined to think, that my feelings towards them are but warmed by the remembered fervour of boyhood, and made romantic by distance of time. I am pretty sure, indeed, that it is so. And, if we could call up Benson innocent from the mould of South America—could restore poor, dear Arthur—make Dallas forget his folly—and let them live together again in my society, I should be speedily indifferent about them too. My mind is as if slumbering, quite wrapped up in itself, and never wakes but to act a part. I rise in the morning to eat, drink, talk—to say what I do not think, to advocate questions which I care not for—to join companions whom I value not, to indulge in sensual pleasures which I despise—to waste my hours in trifling amusements, or more trifling business, and to retire to my bed perfectly indifferent as to whether I am ever again to see the shining of the sun. Yet, is my outside gay, and my conversation sprightly. Within I generally stagnate, but sometimes there comes a twinge, short indeed, but bitter. Then it is that I am, to all appearance, most volatile, most eager in dissipation; but could you lift the covering which shrouds the secrets of my bosom, you would see that, like the inmates of the hall of Eblis, my very heart was fire.

Ha—ha—ha!—say it again, Jemmy—say it again, man—do not be afraid. Ha—ha—ha!—too good—too good, upon honour. I was crossed in love! *I* in love. You make me laugh—excuse my rudeness—ha—ha—ha! No, no, thank God, though I committed follies of various kinds, I escaped *that* foolery. I see my prosing has infected you, has made you dull. Quick, unwire the champagne—let us drive spirits into us by its generous tide. We are growing muddy over the claret. I in love! Banish all gloomy thoughts,

> "A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
> Goes through the world, my brave boys."

What say you to that? We should drown all care in the bowl—fie on the plebeian word,—we should dispel it by the sparkling bubbles of wine, fit to be drunk by the gods; that is your only true philosophy.

> "Let us drink and be merry,
> Dance, laugh, and rejoice,
> With claret and sherry,
> Theorbo and voice.
>
> "This changeable world
> To our joys is unjust;
> All pleasure's uncertain,
> So down with your dust.
>
> "In pleasure dispose
> Your pounds, shillings, and pence,
> For we all shall be nothing
> A hundred years hence."

What, not another bottle?—Only one more!—Do not be so obstinate. Well, if you must, why, all I can say is, good night.

* * * * *

He is gone. A kind animal, but a fool,—exactly what is called the best creature in the world. I have that affection for him that I have for Towler, and I believe his feelings towards me are like Towler's, an animal love of one whom he looks up to. An eating, drinking, good-humoured, good natured varlet, who laughs at my jokes, when I tell him they are to be laughed at, sees things exactly in the light that I see them in, backs me in my assertions, and bets on me at whist. I had rather than ten thousand pounds be in singleness of soul, in thoughtlessness of brain, in honesty of intention, in solid contented ignorance, such as Jemmy Musgrove. That I cannot be. *N'importe.*

Booby as he is, he did hit a string which I thought had lost its vibrations—had become indurated like all my other feelings. Pish! It is well that I am alone. Surely the claret has made me maudlin, and the wine is oozing out at my eyes. Pish!—What nonsense. Ay, Margaret, it is exactly ten years ago. I was then twenty, and a fool. No, not a fool for loving you. By Heavens, I have lost my wits to talk this stuff! the wine has done its office, and I am maundering. Why did I love you? It

was all my own perverse stupidity. I was, am, and ever will be, a blockhead, an idiot of the first water. And such a match for her to be driven into. She certainly should have let me know more of her intentions than she did. Indeed!—Why should she? Was she to caper after my whims, to sacrifice her happiness to my caprices, to my devotions of to-day, and my sulkinesses, or still worse, my levities of to-morrow? No, no, Margaret: never — never — never, even in thought, let me accuse you, model of gentleness, of kindness, of goodness, as well as of beauty. I am to blame myself, and myself alone.

I can see her now, can talk to her without passion, can put up with her husband, and fondle her children. I have repressed that emotion, and, in doing so, all others. With that throb lost, went all the rest. I am now a mere card in the pack, shuffled about eternally with the set, but passive and senseless. I care no more for my neighbour, than the King of Diamonds cares for him of Clubs. Dear, dear Margaret, there is a lock of your hair enclosed unknown to you in a little case which lies over my heart. I seldom dare to look at it. Let me kiss its auburn folds once more, and remember the evening I took it. But I am growing more and more absurd. I drink your health then, and retire.

Blackwood's Mag.

THE VOICES OF MY HOME.

THE voices of my home!—I hear them still!
They have been with me through the dreamy night—
The blessed household voices, wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight!
I hear them still, unchanged:—though some from earth
Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright!
Have died in others,—yet to me they come,
Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

They call me through this hush of woods, reposing
In the grey stillness of the summer morn,
They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born;
Even as a fount's remembered gushings burst
On the parched traveller in his hour of thirst,
E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
By quenchless longings, to my soul I say—
Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,

And find mine ark!—yet whither!—I must bear
A yearning heart within me to the grave.
I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
And sighing through the feathery canes—hath power
To call up shadows, in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave!
So must it be!—These skies above me spread,
Are they my own soft skies?—Ye rest not here, my dead!

Ye far amidst the southern flowers lie sleeping,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear,
Save one!—a blue, lone, distant main is sweeping
High o'er *one* gentle head—ye rest not here!
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
Not thy low ripplings, glassy water, playing
Through my own chesnut groves, which fill mine ear!
But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell,
And for their birth-place moan, as moans the ocean-shell.

MRS HEMANS.*

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARDS.

THERE was in Flanders, once, a company of foolish gallants who spent their time in taverns and stews, and indulged themselves in gambling and debauchery of all kinds. Night and day they did little else, but dance to the sound of lutes and harps, and play at dice, and eat and drink beyond their might; so that by such abominable superfluity, they, in a cursed manner, made sacrifice to the Devil within his

* "The Forest Sanctuary."

own temple; attended in their orgies by tumblers, and young idle fruit girls, and singers with harps, and old bawds, which be the very Devil's officers, kindling and blowing the lecherous fire that is annexed to gluttony.

It was grisly to hear these gallants swear, their oaths were so great and damnable; and, as if the Jews had not done violence enough to our blessed Lord, they, in their imaginations, tore his body, each of them laughing at the daring wickedness of the others.

These three rioters were one morning drinking as usual in a tavern, and as they sate they heard a bell clink before a corpse which was being carried to its grave. Then one of them called to his boy and said: 'Go and ask readily what corpse this is now passing forth by the gate, and look thou report his name well.'

'Sir,' quoth the boy, 'I knew it two hours before you came here. He was an old companion of yours, and was slain suddenly; for as he sate drunken on his bench, there came a secret thief, men call Death, (that kills all the people in this country) and with his spear he smote his heart in two, and then went his way without speaking. He hath slain a thousand this pestilence; and, master, ere you come into his presence, methinks it were full necessary to beware of him, and to be evermore ready to meet him. Thus taught me my dame.'

'By Saint Mary,' said the host of the tavern, 'the child says truly; for this fearful thing hath slain this year, within a village about a mile hence, both men, women, and children, so that I trow he has his habitation there. It were great wisdom to be well advised about him.'

Then up spake one of the rioters and said: 'God's arms! is it such peril to meet with him? I vow by Christ's bones that I'll seek him by stile and street. Hearken, my boys, we three are one: let each hold up his hand, and become brothers, and we will kill this false traitor Death. Before night he shall be slain,—he that so many slayeth.' And so saying, he shouted a terrible oath.

Then these three having plighted their troths to live and die by each other, started up all drunken in their rage, and went towards the hamlet of which the taverner had spoken; and as they went reeling along the way, they roared out with their thick voices, 'Death shall be dead if we can catch him.'

They had not gone half a mile, when lo! just as they were crossing a gate, they saw a poor old man, who greeted them full meekly and said, 'Now, God save you, lords!'

The proudest of these three rioters answered, 'What, thou sorry churl, why art thou wrapped so closely over, save thy face? Why dost continue to live in such great age?'

At this the old man looked him in the visage, and said, 'Because I cannot meet a man, neither in city nor in village, even though I walked into the Indies, who would change his youth for my age; and therefore I must still keep my age, as long as God pleases. Death will not have my life, alas! And thus walk I, like a restless caitiff; and, on the ground which is my mother's gate, I knock night and morning with my staff, crying, 'dear mother, let me in. Lo! how I vanish flesh and blood. When shall my weary bones be still? Mother, with you would I change the chest that has been so long a time in my chamber, yea, for a hair shroud to wrap me in.' But she will not do me such kindness, for which full pale and welked is my face. Yet, sirs, it is not courteous in you to speak roughly to an old man, except he trespass in word or deed; for it is said in holy writ, as you may yourselves see, that ye should not rise against a hoary head; therefore do no more harm now to an old man, than ye would a man should do to you in age, if that ye abide so long; and so God be with you ever! I must go my ways.'

'Nay, old churl, by St John thou partest not so lightly,' swore one of these rioters. 'Thou spakest right now of that traitor Death, that slayeth all our friends in this country. Thou art his spy; and believe me thou shalt either tell where he is, or by the holy sacrament, thou shalt rue it; for, truly, thou art one of his accomplices to kill us young folk, thou false thief.'

'Now sirs,' then quoth this old man, 'if you truly wish to find Death, turn up this crooked way, for by my faith, I left him in that grove under a tree, and there he will stay, nothing hiding himself for all your boasting. See ye that oak? right

there shall ye meet him; and Christ that bought again mankind save and amend you!'

Thus spake the old man; and away ran these three rioters till they came to the tree, under which behold they found well nigh eight bushels of fine gold florins. They were so glad of this sight, that they sought no longer after Death; but looking round them, they sate down on the hard roots of the tree, nothing heeding the uneasiness of the seat, so eager were they to be near the precious hoard.

'Brethren,' said the worst of the three, 'take heed what I shall say. Fortune hath given us this treasure to the end we may live all our lives in mirth and jollity. As it came lightly, lightly let us spend it. Who would have thought,' continued he, swearing a great oath, 'that we should have met such luck to-day? If this gold could but be carried out of this grove home to my house, then were we in high felicity; but it may not be done by day, for men would say we were strong thieves, and hang us for possessing our own treasure; no: it must be carried by night, wisely and slily; therefore I am of opinion that we draw lots, and he who draws the lowest shall run to the town with blythe heart, and bring us bread and wine; while the other two shall subtly keep the treasure, and when it is night, we will take it by one assent where we may think best.'

Then he brought the lots in his hand, and bade them draw, and the lowest fell on the young one; and anon he went forth toward the town. Now all as soon as he was departed, the rioter who spake before said thus unto his fellow:—

'Thou knowest well thou art my sworn brother; therefore will I tell thee thy profit. Our fellow is gone and here is gold, and that full great store, which is to be shared among us three; but if I can shape it so, that it may be parted among us two, had I not done a friend's turn to thee?'

The other answered, 'I cannot think how that may be: he knows well that the gold is with us. What, therefore, should we do?—What could we say to him?'

'Shall it be counsel then?'—said the first: 'If so, I will tell you in few words how we can bring it about.'

And the other answered, 'I plight thee my troth that I will not bewray thee.

'Now,' quoth this wicked hazarder, 'thou knowest well that we are two, and two of us shall be stronger than one. Look, when he is set down, that thou rise anon, and make as though thou playest with him, and while ye are struggling as in game, I will stab him through his two sides; and do thou do the same with thy dagger. And then, my dear friend, shall this gold be parted 'twixt thee and me; and so shall we be able to fulfil our desires, and play at dice at our own will.'

Thus be these two hazarders agreed to slay the third, who, as he went along the road, kept rolling up and down in his heart the beauty of these bright and new florins. 'O Lord!' quoth he, 'that I might but have this treasure to myself alone! There would be no man under the heavens that should live so merry as I.'

And at the last the fiend put it into his thought that he should buy poison to slay his fellows: for the fiend found him living in such a wanton way, that he lusted to bring him to sorrow; therefore he made this hazarder determine to do the homicide, and never to repent. So he went straightways unto an apothecary in the town, and prayed him that he would sell some poison to kill the rats in his house, and there was also a polecat that, as he said, slew his capons, and he would fain be rid of such destroying vermin.

The apothecary answered, 'Thou shalt have a thing, that if it be taken by any creature in this world, though it be no more in quantity than a grain of wheat, he shall anon, lose his life; yea, he shall wither away in less time than thou wilt go a mile, the poison is so strong and violent.'

Then this cursed man took into his hand the poison in a box, and went into the next street, and borrowed three large bottles, and poured the poison into two of them, keeping the third clean for his own drink. And when with sorry grace he had filled his great bottles with wine, he repaired again to his fellows.

What need is there to say more? For even as they had planned his death, even so have they slew him, and that quickly. And when it was done, thus spake the worst of these rioters:—

'Now let us sit and drink, and make us merry, and afterwards we will hide his body in the ground.'

And with these words he took the bottle where the poison was and drank, and gave it to his fellow; and anon there came upon them strange signs of poisoning, and they perished.

Thus ended be these two homicides; and also their false companion; and thus did they find Death under the oak in the old grove.*

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

Sir Walter Scott.

* The above is modernised from one of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer.

THE SPATE.

A TALE OF THE CLYDE. *

It was on the — of ———, 17—, that the fearful rise in the waters of the river Clyde carried away the stone bridge which crossed it at the foot of the Salt-market-Street of Glasgow. It is a day memorable in the annals of that city, but still more so in my private history, and the records of my recollection, and—my love; for, old, and dull, and cold, as I now am, I *have* loved. There is, far up on the wall of a building at a great distance from the usual channel of the stream, an indentation cut, to show the height to which its waters rose, and an inscription to tell the tale. The tablets of my heart have a more deeply engraven line—a more enduring impress and record of that day of desolation. The waves passed not the limits of the one, and they left every thing beneath as it was before. From me, all that preceded that tide-mark of fate is reft away, or is left shattered and broken; and still it would appear as if the gloomy waters rose above and passed beyond even that boundary—for, welling out from the fountains of a melancholy memory, the flood yet seems to sweep along the heart it left a desert, but which must dree its loneliness till the spring-tide of fate shall bear me away in its ebb to peace and—Isabella.

She was the first—the only woman I ever loved. Dark-haired, bright-eyed, and nineteen, it was little wonder she caught my affection. Yet it was her heart that secured the love her charms excited—her mind that fixed into esteem what had else been but fleeting admiration. But I cannot go on to describe her. Suffice it, that in all her girlish beauty she seems still before me: could I paint that vision it would not add to *my* pleasure, nor yet increase the interest of my story. Her father was a highly respectable tradesman, who resided—fatally for me—in the lower part of the city. Modern improvements have

* This excellent story is taken from "The Ant," a Glasgow periodical, published in the years 1826,—7. It is the production of Mr Atkinson, the editor of that work.—*Ed.*

swept away the last relics of a building where Cromwell resided for a time, and Prince Charles is said to have lodged for a night. Its historical associations and venerable exterior long made it an object of interest to the antiquarian and the stranger: its having been the dwelling of Isabella Oswald made me weep its fall.

We never had a cross in our love till—but let me not anticipate. My mistress was too artless and candid to seek to conceal that my passion was reciprocated, and her widowed father too indulgent to his only child to throw any obstacle in the way of her happiness. The day was fixed which was to see her mine, and the wedding garments already waited for the wearers. A trivial circumstance had deferred my happiness and our union for a whole—*month*, as we then thought, for the corresponding day of the succeeding one was determined upon as the one fittest for the festivity, which could not be celebrated on the 16th of ———, but we could then see nothing to prevent its being so on the 16th of ———. Isabella's father was married on this day of the kalendar, and he had been so peculiarly happy as a husband, that he seemed almost to think that no man could be equally so unless he was wedded on that identical day. Alas! this month was to be—*eternity* I had almost said—yet, yet surely I shall meet with my Isabella, and be again united with her in the bonds of enduring affection! It was fated to be lengthened, however, into all the weary years which have since crept along, and have yet to elapse before it is the will of the Giver of my life to resume it to himself, and ask me for my compt.

The winter had been very open, and the great quantities of rain which fell around Glasgow, and in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, had repeatedly swollen the river Clyde to an uncommon height. But the house in which resided Mr Oswald was so far from its banks, that the successive spates never reached, nor even nearly approached it. At length, however, the frost set in with sudden and keen severity. A temporary thaw followed in a day or two, but was speedily succeeded by a considerable fall of snow, which lay on the hills above the county town, and round Tinto, to a great depth. The frost again became intense, but was of brief duration, for, returning from a wedding party at an early hour on the morning of Saturday, it seemed to me increasing in bitterness; but, on rising from bed after a short rest, I found torrents of rain pouring down, the wind blowing a gale from the westward, and the air unnaturally warm. In the city the thaw was instantaneous, and almost magical in its operation, sweeping the streets of their accumulated frost in a few hours. The gale increased as the day wore on, and the rain descended without intermission till evening, when the fury of both seemed to abate. About nine o'clock on the Saturday evening, there was almost what the sailors call a "lull," and every one imagined the storm had altogether ceased.

Although dwelling in a quarter of the city remote from Isabella's home, many of my evenings, as might have been expected, were passed there in the delightful anticipation of the approaching time when all our hours of leisure should be spent together. The business of the week concluded, I hastened to seat myself beside my untiring betrothed, who would hardly cease to ply her needle, or lay aside her work, even when my arm, hanging over her chair, and perhaps even intruding upon her waist, interfered with the swift but ever graceful motion of her hand in sewing. My request itself, that she would be idle for a time, was but half conceded. But then—it was upon preparations for her new station—household comforts for her future husband—becoming garments for a young wife—that she was occupied! And she could speak and look—oh! speak by snatches, and look in glances, as she raised her eyes from her task—when so employed—more beautifully, as it seemed to me, than any other one could, with nothing else to do, and no other object to attain but admiration.

Thus seated, we noticed not that the wind had again risen, and the rain begun to pelt against the casement, until I gave my first threatening motion of departure. This, of course, preceded the actual effecting of it about an hour, but during that time it was evident that the storm had resumed all its violence. We were told, too, that the river was rising, and that those who lived near it were deserting their houses; but the thought of danger to the place where we sat never occurred.

Eleven o'clock arrived, and, with a reluctance I was loath to exhibit, and could not then account for—but which was the sensation the very brutes feel at impending calamity—I bade my Isabella good night, and proceeded to my distant home. It was in vain that I sought by occupation to weary myself into sleepiness when I had arrived there. The tempest increased, and with it my restlessness and agitation. To bed, however, I went; but certainly not to rest—for as the watches of midnight wore on, the gale became a hurricane, and came in such terrific gusts of violence, as at each of them to threaten the destruction of every thing that opposed its fury. In the midst of that, and even louder than its voice, was heard, ever and anon, the crash of some chimney that had given way, or the rattle of slates and shingles torn up from the roofs of tenements, and precipitated into the street. The scream of human voices and the yelling of dogs followed these, and added to their horror; and, Sabbath morning as it was, the rattle of the wheels of carts, hastily summoned to bear away household furniture from dwellings, which the affrighted tenants deemed insecure on account of their exposure to the tempest, to places of greater strength, or better sheltered, had a very peculiar effect in heightening the impression of sudden danger and well-grounded fear. It was as if another element—that of fire—had been ravaging the neighbourhood. And it occurred to almost every one, that if that were to break out, with such a wind to fan it, the consequences would be terrible beyond even apprehension. Twice or thrice the terror led to the anticipation, and the alarm was actually, but erroneously given. —It was impossible to remain in bed.

The frightful thought flashing across my brain, that the gale setting so from the westward, and the snow melting with such unprecedented rapidity—the one swelling, and the other stemming the river—might bring its stormy waters even to the dwelling of my Isabella, I hastily grasped at my clothes, that I might personally ascertain whether there was a chance of her suffering inconvenience. Danger I could not dream of from the stream, and the lowness of the site of her residence, while it might expose it to the flood, protected it from the gale. I dressed, and made for the door. It was impossible, however, to pass through it. Beset by an agitated mother, screaming sisters, and younger brothers, I was alternately taunted with caring for my own safety above theirs, or for that of another individual rather than my "born relations," and assured and reasoned with that there could be no possible danger elsewhere, as the Clyde had never been known to rise to the height of Mr Oswald's dwelling-house. This I was aware of, and hope and entreaty prevailed. I returned to my pillow; but, it is needless to say, I could not sleep. After having, however, procured the promise, that, with the first light of morning, a messenger would be sent to ascertain if our friends in the lower part of the city were in safety, and hearing the wind gradually abate, and the rain cease, I fell into a slumber which continued—agitated, indeed, with dreams of alternate vague delight and dim and dreary horror, but unbroken—until far in the morning, whose rays had been religiously excluded from my pillow. Once awake, it was but the work of a moment to ascertain that no messenger had been sent, and to prepare personally to ascertain the welfare of my future wife. By this time the day was shining as unclouded and bright as if it had been a forenoon in spring, and the wind blew with no more violence than to dry up almost every vestige of last night's deluge, in the higher streets of Glasgow. The bells rung for sermon, and well-dressed crowds passed calmly along as I apparelled myself—with something like deliberation! It seemed impossible that any thing could have happened to Isabella's home, since not one vestige of all the crashing havoc we had heard appeared in the broad and sunny light of day: the few chimney tops and slates which had accidentally been overthrown with a noise so disproportionate to the real danger and destruction, having been decorously removed from the Sabbath path of the church-going crowds. I began to feel in daylight almost ashamed of my midnight apprehensions—and, however rapid my gait might be as I proceeded down the High-Street, I did no more than walk. I even paused for a moment to answer an interrogatory from a passing friend—so assured was I willing to think myself, that my fears had been visionary. The city

cross was at length passed—but I ran as I approached that bend in the Saltmarket which, when turned, permitted me to see the building that held all I loved on earth. A crowd hid its lower part from me, but a glance told that all was secure on its roof. The throng extended, as it seemed, so far above her residence, as to block up the street at where it opens to St Andrew's Square. I was but a moment in penetrating its outer rank—and finding myself, a few steps farther on, on the verge of a vast *body of sullen and muddy water, which stretched thus far up, and onwards beyond where had stood the opposite end of the distant bridge, that now, in vain, I looked for!* It had been swept away in the rapid and mighty current which threw its superabundant streams thus far into the city streets. All was desolation below where I stood. I was horror-struck at the sight of houses before me whose first floor windows, from the declivity of the descent towards the river, were almost under water, and the thought that Isabella and her father might have perished in seeking to escape in terror from a flood, that, though it could not reach their own apartments, might yet endanger the safety of the whole tenement, and, at the best, imprison them, and separate her from me until it had subsided. The inhabitants who had escaped from the shops and lower floors of the houses between where I was and the river, were all crowded in the upper flats, whose windows, crammed with a terrified population, contrasted strangely with the utter solitude nearer the street, where every opening was closed, and not a living thing visible. The carcases of drowned domestic animals, filth, and fragments of furniture, floated around; but, beneath the second story of the houses, vestige of animated being there was none. Boats could not be procured from the harbour, and carts did not then, as now in similar emergencies, ply through the stream; indeed the water was much too deep for them, even if they had had a dry spot to resort to after passing through. The wailing of women and children, driven from their houses, and the chattering inquiries of idlers asking particulars which those who knew them were too deeply affected to communicate, prevented my eager questions as to Mr Oswald and family's safety meeting with an answer. At length I found one who said—blessed words!—that he could assure me that they were still in their own house—and in a security their elevated position insured them. But then he also told me that it was but three or four hours since it became impossible to reach them by the increase of the flood; so that my delay—my confidence—my hope—had exiled me during her danger from my sweetheart's side! Had I hastened at an earlier hour to assure myself of her safety, I would have shared her imprisonment, and been at her side in case of peril! This was indeed a bitter thought.

After as careful a survey as my perturbation and self-reprobation would permit of the position and depth of the water, and being assured that a boat was hourly expected from some quarter, I judged that if I could procure a horse I might ride so far down as to obtain a glimpse of the windows of Mr Oswald, and perhaps see Isabella at one of them. A proffer of about as much as the value of the brute, procured me the loan of a miserable creature from a carter who unharnessed the animal, and on its naked back I rode into the water till it reached my knees and the girths of the hack, which then would go no farther. I however attained my purpose. The jeers of the crowd, and the awkward spluttering of the animal, unaccustomed equally to water and being rode on, attracted to the windows all who could spare a thought from their own fears. Isabella opened the casement of her room and looked out. A glance showed *me* that she was safe, and *her* that I was an object of not uncalled-for merriment to the gazers. I perceived this myself—but not till the wave of her 'kerchief told me all was well—and the arch nod of her head showed she was sufficiently at her ease to smile. I returned to the shore, as I may call it, happy—yet, shall I confess it, almost angry too.

The waters continued to rise—and, as the wind had abated, it was obvious that the melting of the snow was the cause. Of course it was impossible to guess at what hour there was a chance of them subsiding. I hesitated for a time whether to exhibit any further violence of anxiety to reach Mr Oswald's, or wait for the expected boat which was to be

employed in carrying provisions to the besieged who might need a supply. The delay of its arrival at length became intolerable as I paced to and fro upon the margin, on which the rising waters still seemed to encroach. The day wore on—the churches emptied their crowds to throng to the scene and return again to sermon with a tranquillity that I envied. At length, chafed to contempt for even the titter of a hundred gazers, or the deprecatory smile of my mistress herself, I retraced my steps to the Trongate, and pursued its westward course towards the Broomielaw, anticipating the possibility of procuring there a boat and a couple of rowers from one of the vessels in that harbour. In my anxious haste, I had forgotten that the same river which leaped over its bounds at a higher part of its course, was not likely to confine itself within them so much farther down the level of its channel. As I might have anticipated, I found the scene at the Jamaica-Street bridge—which the elevation of its roadway enabled me to reach—one of wider desolation, but far more awful grandeur than the circumscribed one I had left. Placed on its centre arch, and looking upward, it seemed as if some mighty transatlantic stream, and not an island river, rolled along in terrible depth and irresistible might, between banks whose edges were steep and abrupt indeed, for, defined only by the fronts of the far-separated lines of houses that stood many hundred feet distant from its usual channel, but close beside which it now rushed furiously by in boiling eddies of clay-coloured waves, fearful in their silent, unfoamy turbulence, which no wind stirred up—as is the angry malice of a man, for whose fury we perceive no present cause. Beneath the bridge, the water roared with thundering turmoil, and all of it that could not escape through the roomy arches, curled up into yeast by the resistance of the abutments, raged noisily and fiercely through the ornamental circular openings placed above them. Looking down the stream, if there was less turbulence, because greater room for expansion, the prospect was not less terrible and uncommon. Between the houses far remote from the breast-work of the harbour and those on the opposite shore, still more widely separated from the broad and level bank of the river, on that side, by a pasture park and road, there was but one vast channel for the sea-like stream that filled it brimmingly. The water was even seen to extend far up the streets, which on either side opened laterally from what seemed now but the stone edging of this gigantic canal, or vast basin; and the long line of vessels, secured to their usual rings and fastenings on the quay, and either riding close to its front, or over its top, as their cables gave them space, looked but a large fleet at anchor in the *middle* of the stream. At the moment I turned my face westward, a little sloop had broke from its fastenings with apparently but an old man and a boy on board, and was reeling down the eddying current in drunken-like whirls, while the ear shrunk from the screams of these helpless extremes of existence, as did the eye from their peril—a peril from which they could only escape by the miracle of their bark being speedily driven on the level shore, or running foul of some larger vessel that could stand the shock. Of yawl or pinnace, there was not one in view. Every thing without a mast that was not swamped, had been hoisted up into snug security on the deck of the larger vessels they attended; and to my hurried, and, I fear, incoherent inquiries whether I could hire a boat and some rowers to proceed to the Saltmarket and carry me to a building insulated by the water, I only procured in answer the stare of vacant astonishment, or vulgar jesting and fresh-water-sailors' slang. It soon became obvious even to myself, that it was altogether hopeless to expect effecting a communication with Mr Oswald's family by such means, and there was obviously nothing for me but patience—a sufficient punishment. I strained my eyes to watch if there was any perceptible declension in the height of the water, and almost blessed a person who assured me that he thought it had begun to ebb, although even my eagerness could not perceive its recession.

I returned again to my station in the street where Isabella lived. The waters had *not* subsided; but the wind had again risen, and at six o'clock—it was now four—the tide would be full, and, consequently, the flood greater. In my absence, I learned with regret, but without self-reproach, that the expected boat had arrived from the neighbouring canal ba-

sin; but, after carrying assistance to many sufferers, had swamped upon a bulk, hidden under water, and it was not thought worth while to cart another from such a distance. For some hours, then, even under the most favourable circumstances, it was evident that no exertion on my part could enable me to overcome the obstacles which separated me from my beloved; and, exhausted with anxiety, fatigue, cold, and hunger, I was prevailed upon by some friends who had now joined me, to retire to a neighbouring tavern for refreshment. Night was now closing in, but it was in the unclonded beauty of a rising moon, and the clear atmosphere of a returning frost, so that I was cheered with the hope, on my part, and certainty on that of others, that, ere nine o'clock, the passage to the foot of the Saltmarket would be practicable. Some of my companions even asserted that the street would be almost as soon drained as the bowl in whose brimming contents they pledged my mistress, and the wish, at the same time, that I might never suffer so much from drought as I had done from moisture. Though anxious, I became almost cheerful, but was again at my post by the time of high water. And there to and fro did I pace, marking and measuring the recession of the slimy flood, whose retreat had now obviously, though slowly, begun. At eight o'clock, I conceived it practicable to reach the entrance to Mr Oswald's dwelling, by driving a cart through the water. When the owner of it, however, found that it sunk beneath the trams, he refused to proceed. Another hour of feverish watchfulness was mine, and another attempt, although nearer success—because coming closer to the mark—yet did not reach it. At length, just as the first chimes of the ten o'clock bells were inducing the few uninterested stragglers who lingered upon the spot to turn homewards, a loud cry was heard to proceed from the lower part of the street, near to which we could now advance. Lights were seen at many windows; casements were hurriedly opened; and in the tenement for whose security alone I cared, a singular bustle and confusion was observed. Suddenly there ran along the line of gazers that defined the dry street and the water, the broken whisper, whence communicated I have never learned, that the foundations of the houses farthest down had been sapped and were giving way. The flags of the pavement, it was said, were starting up upon their ends, and the screams were occasioned by the inmates observing fearful rents in the walls of the buildings, from the lower flats of which the water was now hastening with rapid and destructive suction. I *saw* nothing of this, for I waited not to look. It was enough that I had *heard*. Throwing myself into a cart, I seized the halter of the horse, and, hardly waiting for the driver, forced it onwards through the still deep, though receding flood. The water was over the flooring of the car before it reached the gateway leading to Isabella's dwelling; and was up to my breast as at one bound I leaped over the wheels, regardless of the snorting capers of the affrighted horse. In one minute I was under the archway, and in utter darkness; but I half stepped half floated onwards towards where I guessed was the entrance to the stair. In a moment I was over the eyes—plunged into a hole occasioned by the breaking up of the pavement—but in another, dripping at every lock, I had struggled, I hardly knew how, but instinctively, to the turnpike, and was above the water-mark on its steps. A second showed me a frightful rent in the wall of the stair; and almost with but one bound, I was by the side of Isabella. Less alarmed than I, she was, however, like all the inmates of the land, greatly terrified, and anxiously waiting the assistance for which her father was by this time making signals at the window. A word served to explain that the means of succour and escape were near at hand, in the cart I had ordered to wait my return. The old man was grateful—my beloved silently but fondly submitted to be lifted up in my arms; and, followed by the servants with papers and other valuables, I proceeded down to the still half-choked up archway. As we proceeded, a loud crack from the timbers of the building, and a visible widening of the rent before noticed, together with the fall of masses of plaster from the roof, increased their terror, and quickened our speed. Bearing aloft my precious charge, and exclaiming that I should lead the way, I plunged into the water, which now reached no higher than my middle. Taking care to avoid that side where I

had stumbled as I entered, I cautiously advanced, pressing my dear burthen to my breast with one arm, while the other served to pilot me along the walls with—I still remember—unhurrying care. The father and domestics hesitated to follow, and the lights they held in their hands threw a dazzling glare upon the dismal waters as I turned round to inquire the cause of their delay, and to encourage their advance. In one instant of time I was plunged into a dark and narrow gulf, which had yawned open for my destruction as I advanced. I felt myself sink in a moment, and graze against the sides of the chasm as I descended; and *she* was with me—clinging to me—locked in my arms! One dreadful scream from her—a gurgling groan from myself—and the feeling of intense pain in my temples for a moment—is all that I remember of this dreadful hour. Dim recollections I have, indeed, of flaming torches—coils of ropes and iron-spiked drags—bleeding temples, and draughts forced down my throat—oaths—exclamations—wailings and tears; but these I dare not think upon—for I *was* mad, they tell me, for a time, when, weeks after, I inquired where I stood—and for my Isabella. I then learned that it was presumed she — more severely bruised than even I had been, in the descent to the cellar beneath the gateway, whose arch had fallen in—had sunk with me, while her body had not instantaneously risen to the surface of the horrid gap, with mine, and had perished—half stricken and half drowned—beneath this low-browed vault, and amid these slimy waters! Her father died broken-hearted. It has been my award to live so. Lunatics are mad when the moon is at the full; I am only so when again the hateful waves of the spate are in the streets of the city, and, it may be, sapping more foundations—and drowning more earthly hopes of happiness and Isabellas. It is but then only that I can speak of her name, or tell her fearful and untimely fate.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

THE FUNERAL OF ARVALAN.

MIDNIGHT, and yet no eye
Thro' all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
Behold her streets a-blaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
Her myriads swarming thro' the crowded ways!
Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all abroad to gaze;
House-top and balcony
Cluster'd with women, who throw back their veils,
With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,
Your feeble beams ye shed,
Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out stare
Even the broad eye of day;
And thou from thy celestial way,
Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and flare
Upon the midnight air,
Blotting the lights of heaven
With the portentous glare.
Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
And hangeth visible on high,
A dark and wavlog canopy.

Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!
'Tis the dirge of death!
At once ten thousand drums begin,
With one long thunder-peal the ear assailing:
Ten thousand voices then join in,
And with one deep and general din
Pour their wild wailing.
The song of praise is drown'd
Amid that deafening sound;
You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourners' moan,
Though the trumpet's breath, and the dirge of death,
Mingle and swell the funeral yell.

But rising over all in one acclaim
Is heard the echo'd and re-echo'd name,
From all that countless rout:
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
Call Arvalan! The overpowering sound,
From house to house repeated rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.
The death-procession moves along:
Their bald heads shining to the torches' ray,
The Bramins lead the way,
Chanting the funeral song.
And now at once they shout
Arvalan! Arvalan!
With quick rebound of sound,
All in according cry,
Arvalan! Arvalan!
The universal multitude reply.

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,
In order'd files the torches flow along,
One ever-lengthening line of gliding light.
Far——far behind,
Rolls on the undistinguishable clamour
Of horn, and trump, and tambour;
Incessant as the roar
Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,
And louder than the dread commotion
Of stormy billows on a rocky shore,
When the winds rage o'er the waves,
And ocean to the tempest raves.

And now toward the bank they go,
Where, winding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.
Here doth the funeral pile appear
With myrrh and ambergris bestrew'd,
And built of precious sandal wood.
They cease their music and their outcry here;
Gently they rest the bier:
They wet the face of Arvalan—
No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite!
They feel his breast,——no motion there!
They feel his lips——no breath!
For not with feeble nor with erring hand,
The stern Avenger dealt the blow of death.
Then with a doubling peal and deeper blast,
The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,
And with a last and loudest cry,
They call on Arvalan.

SOUTHEY.*

THE SCENERY OF THE CLYDE.

Most people, I suppose, have heard of the Clyde. It is the finest river in Scotland, and Scotland is rich in fine rivers. There is the Forth, which takes its rise from a small clear pool at the bottom of Benlomond, and after winding away for miles, like a silver thread, through the wild and beautiful scenery of Stirlingshire, expands below Alloa, into a broad and majestic sheet of water, rolling on slowly and silently to the German Ocean. There is the Tay, drawing its source from the distant mountains of Breadalbane, and flowing through the enchanting lake which bears its name, whose wooded banks and little tufted island (romantic with the ruins of its ancient priory) no admirer of the picturesque should live another month without seeing; and let him follow the gentle stream, as it sweeps past the royal borough of Perth, and, gliding under the nine-arched bridge, enters the "Carse of Gowrie"—the Caledonian Arcadia—and at length, swelling into a *frith*, ceases to exist "betwixt St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee." Then there is the Tweed,—the very Avon of the north—with its classic tributaries, the "Galla Water," and the Tiviot, whose "wild and willowed shore" lives in immortal song. Then there is the Esk, too, or rather the Esks—the North and the South—tracing their origin up to the Grampian Hills, and after finding their way, by different channels, through their native shire of Angus, meeting, for the first and last time, just as they are passing into their common grave in the neighbourhood of Montrose. And there are the Don and the Dee—the noblest of our Highland streams, whose course lies among rocks, and moors, and glens, and heathy hills, softening the stern aspect of the mountains of Mar Forest, and giving a softer beauty to the vale of Braemar. And there are the Nith and the Annan, rolling on in placid quiet, to the boisterous Solway. He who does not know their charms must learn them from Cunningham, not from me. Though last, not least, there is the Devron, a narrow, but romantic stream, and the chief ornament of Banffshire, giving luxuriance to the sweet valley of Forglen,—sweeping round the foot of the green hill, on whose brow stands the cottage of Eden,—winding among the woods of Mount Coffre,—sleeping like liquid crystal under the bridge of Alva, and then meandering on through the noble parks of Duff House, as if loath to leave those favourite scenes for the rude billows of the Murray Frith.

Yet still the Clyde keeps its own ground, and remains unrivalled. Let me carry you along with me, whilst we visit its leading beauties.

We shall set out from Lanark. Here is a path along the northern bank. It is shaded by trees, and its aspect is rural, but you may perceive by its breadth that it is one over which many have trod. The stream flows on beside us, somewhat rapidly, confined within a narrow bed by those high perpendicular walls of equilateral rocks. Now you may hear a noise in the distance, like a November wind

* From "The Curse of Kehama."

sounding among the dry crashing branches of the forest. It increases, and the surrounding trees and rocks throw a deeper gloom over the path. Is it the roar of approaching thunder? No; the sky is blue and serene, and the sunbeams, though they cannot penetrate here, have all the brightness of April. We must ascend out of this darkness. This little by-road will conduct us to yonder old tower that stands upon the height before us. The situation here is more airy, but the noise is louder than ever. Nay, do not fear it. Follow me to the tower. Now, look there! This is Cora-linn! There is the cataract before us, tumbling down from rock to rock, dashing from chasm to chasm, foaming, boiling, roaring, till the brain becomes dizzy, and the sense of hearing suffers a temporary annihilation. See how its waters seem to burst fresh from the caves of the surrounding rocks! See how the boughs of the impending trees are whitened by its spray! Look how the river slides along with the silent velocity of light, till it reaches the edge of the precipice, and then mark how it leaps into the gulf below, and frightens the mountain-echoes with its earthquake voice. Look yonder, where for a moment it catches the sun-light in its fall; see how every drop glitters with a different hue, laughing to scorn the brightness of the rainbow. When did water ever suggest so many varied emotions,—wonder, fear, delight, and awe! Every faculty is absorbed; the mind is put upon its utmost stretch; the very excess of pleasure becomes pain. We shall gaze no more. Yet it was in this savage retreat, among those rugged, inaccessible cliffs, that the patriot Wallace is said to have concealed himself for a time, meditating the deliverance of his injured country.

Let us pass on—still nobler prospects await us. Those orchards and luxuriant fields through which the stream now winds will not detain us. We are bent upon exploring more distant beauties. Here is the smoky city of Glasgow. Let us get through it, I beseech you, as expeditiously as possible. What a multitude of steam-boats are at the quay! We shall go on board "the Inverary Castle" It is large and commodious, and, what is more, sails fast and smoothly. Some of them (though not many) are so ill fitted with engines, that you run some danger of being shaken in pieces.

For about ten miles, the river turns and winds like a cork-screw. It presents a perpetual succession of sinuosities; and in its course a painter may discover Hogarth's line of beauty multiplied *ad infinitum*. But in some of its bolder sweeps, as well as in many of its more abrupt and geometrical meanderings, how beautiful are the little pictures of Nature which are continually presenting themselves! Here, for example, on the bank to the right, is a hamlet, or rather a few detached houses, to which they have given the name of Dunglass. It stands almost embosomed in trees; and immediately behind, a richly-wooded hill rises in a gentle acclivity. I know not well how to account for the many delightful sensations which this secluded spot, "unsung in tale or history," awakens in the bosom. I have seen such scenes before, in England, and I have read of others which my imagination clothed perhaps in ideal charms, but here those charms are realised. They remind me of the vicinity of Litchfield, the residence of Miss Seward, a lady whose worth and genius will be better appreciated hereafter, but whose sweet cottage, with all its pleasant associations, will ever hold a prominent place "in my mind's eye." They place before me Weston, the "beloved Weston" of the gentle poet Cowper; and, for the moment, I can almost fancy myself surrounded by the spirits of Mrs Unwin, and lady Hesketh, and Joseph Hill, and Samuel Rose, and Cowper himself, the centre of the system, round whom all the other planets revolved. They recall to my memory that most enchanting retreat in all Somersetshire, where one who has outlived nearly all the associates of her youth, and who has stepped down, almost alone, from the last century to this, still resides in the midst of her fruits, and flowers, and gardens;—fruits of her own rearing, flowers of her own sowing, and gardens of her own laying out. When I mention Barley Wood and Miss Hannah More, there are readers who will not wonder at my enthusiasm. Where does Mrs Hemans live? I know it is in Wales, but is it in such a situation as a poetess would choose, and as such a poetess has a right to claim? I never see a rich sequestered scene, smiling in sunshine and autumnal luxuri-

ance without thinking of *her*. It is over such scenes that her mind knows how to throw a hallowed beauty and a cloudless light, that reminds you of the clear delicious tints of a Poussin or a Claude.

But we have already left Dunglass far behind. We are now passing by Erskine House, or rather Erskine Parks—the seat of Lord Blantyre; and a noble seat it is, as far, at least, as the grounds are concerned. The house is old-fashioned, and destitute of architectural ornaments. But I do not like it the worse. It has a simple and venerable air. His lordship, however, is about to pull it down, for he is building a new and more splendid edifice. A Scottish nobleman could not possess a nobler situation for a magnificent mansion.

Turn again to the right. You have heard of Dumbarton rock and castle; they are there before you. Whence came this immense mass, you inquire, isolated as it is, and unconnected with any neighbouring mountain? The question is more easily asked than answered. An effect is often apparent, though the cause be concealed. Neither Hutton nor Werner can explain the mystery. They know no more of the matter than the humblest fisherman. The rock is there, and there it hath stood for ages. Look beyond it, over the town of Dumbarton, and across the rich country that intervenes, and your eye will rest upon a still nobler object, a still more magnificent production of Nature,—Benlomond, "giant of the *Northern land*," looking, if not over "half the world," at least over more than half of Scotland. How sublimely does it rise into the "second heavens!" hiding its haughty head, not, in the figurative signification of poetry, but literally and truly, among the clouds of the air, as often, at all events, as the air contains clouds, which, in this region, is at least during ten months of the year. Far below, but invisible from our present situation, lies the prince of Caledonian lakes, a glorious sheet of water, larger than all the ponds of Cumberland and Westmoreland put together. Nor let me forget the "crystal Leven," which, flowing from the south-west end of Loch Lomond, falls into the Clyde, after a short but beautiful course of a little more than six miles. It is a stream unequalled for the pure transparency of its waves, and the romantic loveliness of its banks. It is worthy of the immortality which Smollet has given it.

Hitherto we have been sailing within a narrow channel, and the banks have been marked with the characteristics of inland and fresh water rivers. But we are now entering upon a broader expanse. The banks are changed into shores, and their minuter charms are seen indistinctly in the distance. As if to compensate, however, for this loss, the features of the scenery become at once bolder and more decided. We can hardly talk any longer of their beauty, we must speak now of their grandeur and sublimity. How noble the prospect which opens upon you! The river itself is glittering in the sunshine like a plain of liquid silver. On either side appear towns, villages, and hamlets; and behind those, on the right, are seen the wild and irregular mountains of Argyleshire, bare and barren, but, in the clear atmosphere of summer, rising with an imposing solemnity and majestic stillness into the calm blue air. Yonder is Roseneath, a beautiful wooded peninsula, where the duke of Argyle has left, in an unfinished condition, the finest model of a nobleman's country residence which Scotland at this instant possesses. By the way, talking of Roseneath, I cannot help adverting to the very imperfect knowledge of its localities shown by the author of "Waverley," in the last volume of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." He talks of it again and again as an island,—describes views to be had from it which even an Argus could never have discovered,—and, above all, displays a total ignorance of the breadth and general appearance of the lochs by which it is cut off from the main land on the east and west. The reader feels disappointed when he makes this discovery; his confidence in his author's accuracy is shaken; and he consequently peruses with less pleasure any descriptions of scenery with which he may subsequently meet.

We have not yet come in sight of the ocean, for even after it has increased to its greatest breadth, the Clyde still retains its love of abrupt turnings and windings; so that, to the eye of a stranger, it frequently appears land-locked; and it is not till he has followed its meanderings more than once that he is able to distinguish its course from a distance. But we have passed Port-Glasgow, with its hanging

steeple,—and Greenock, with its stately Custom-House,—and Gourock, that most celebrated of watering-places,—and Dunoon, with its little Gothic church and fine romantic site,—and we are bearing rapidly down on the Cloch Light-house. Now at length the far-off Atlantic appears in view. Where have you seen a noble river mingling more beautifully with the sea? The frith is studded with islands, and all of them remarkable for some characteristic attraction. In the foreground are the two Cumbrays placed, as if to shelter the calm bay of Largs, and offering no little temptation to the antiquary in the shape of an ancient cathedral, now in ruins—dedicated to Saint Columba. Further off is Bute, the most level island, perhaps, in the Scottish seas, but rich and fertile, and proud of its romantic kyles, and little sunny creeks. On the south-west lies Inchmarnock, as fair an inch as eye can rest on, with its strata of coral and shells and its old chapel, long since deserted by its patron saint. At a still greater distance rise the monntains of Arran,—stern, rugged, and vast. It is there that tradition preserves the memory of Fingal, and there "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" places before us "the Bruce of Bannockburn."

H. G. BELL.

TO THE RIVER LEVEN.

Quanto il mondo ha di vaso e di gentile!
GUARINI.

BEAUTIFUL stream! Where now I look on thee,
The frequent flashing of the sunbeam tells
How proudly thy deep breast of water swells:
And all thy winding course spreads forth to me;
From where, beside the castled rock, the sea
Receives thy blended tide, to where the lake,
Bounteous of rivers, pours thee forth, to make
The green vale as a paradise: I see
Where, by the House of God, emblem of Time
Thou windest, and, to Him that marks thy flood
Rolling unchangedly as erst when they
Who long there on thy bank have slept did climb,
Joyous, the steep of life, renew'st the mood
Of thought befitting most the stranger of a day

A dark veil of o'er-arching woods conceals,
At parts, thy current; breaking its bright line,
And yielding to the dazzled sight a fine
And sweet repose. While there, my pleased eye steals
Over the various tinctings that reveals
The wane of Summer—where the dark green fades
To sere or russet, through a thousand shades,
How sweet, yet sad, a joy my rapt mind feels
Pondering how oft beneath the rich leaved bough
I've sat, in noontide idlesse, counting the flowers
That mingled in the garland Spring had flung,
Studious of beauty, o'er thy placid brow;
Or, from my flute, in July's twilight hours,
Pour'd the soft melody thy Naiad's bowers among.

Mazy as Error is thy course; yet they
Who dwell upon thy brink behold a stream,
Like Chastity or Truth, whose pure depths seem
Of crystal, flowing rapidly away,
Or ling'ring to bathe the daisy on its way.
The pale white weed, whose flowery covering hides
Thy shallows, when thy shrunken current glides
A stream of Summer, laughing to the day
That gilds thee, and so sweetly o'er thy bed
Mossie murmuring, becomes thee well.
The fairest maid, that seeking, where remote,
The primrose, on thy bank, and violet, shed
Their odour, looks into thy silvery swell
Of waters, each sweet line of beauty there may note.

Such streams as thine of old Diana loved
To bathe in with her nymphs; but these are fled
From earth: the etherial bands that nightly led
The dance by moonlight on the sward, or roved
With zephyr 'mong the closing flowers, or moved
Sleeply with the twilight wave adown
The river flowing soothingly, or, with a crown
Woven of the setting sun's last beams removed,
Just ere they melted, from the mountain height,
Sat by the glassy stream, weeping to see
Its brightness die away; these too are gone,
Or only on the dreamer's vision light,
Else might I deem thy lovely vale to be
Haunted at eve, when day's bright hours of joy are done.

Nor is thy winding loveliness unsung.
Oft, where the slanting birch its tresses dips
To kiss thy limpid wave, and wild-briar sips
Nurture from thee, and woodbine wreaths are hung

Fantastically the dark elms among,
The praises of thy "dimpling course" are heard,
And yon grey column, near the village rear'd,
Tells, on its broken tablature, who flung
His "rural pipe's" young music o'er thy tide,
A mighty name! yet, while the wild-notes sank,
Blent with thy murmur o'er the silent dale,
A tone imbued his soul that did abide,
And oft recall'd his fancy to thy bank,
And claim'd his sweetest numbers to thy stream and vale.

Flow on for ever in thy purity!
And, while thy many-sweeping turns disclose
New beauties, varylog as the season throws
Its changeful mantle o'er the scene, still be
Image of stainless faith, simplicity,
And purity of soul, in those who dwell
Upon thy banks: still may thy clear stream tell,
Coming in sunshine on, the sweet felicity
That gilds their hopes, and thy bright current past
Picture their bygone days.

Anon.

ON EARLY RISING.

I HOPE that you are not an early riser. If you are, throw this into the fire—if not, read it. But I beg your pardon; it is impossible that you can be an early riser; and, if I thought so, I must be the most impertinent man in the world; whereas, it is universally known that I am politeness and urbanity themselves. Well then, pray what is this virtue of early rising, that one hears so much about? Let us consider it, in the first place, according to the seasons of the year—secondly, according to peoples' profession—and thirdly, according to their character.

Let us begin with Spring—say the month of March. You rise early in the month of March, about five o'clock. It is somewhat darkish—at least gloomyish—dampish—rawish—coldish—icyish—snowyish. You rub your eyes and look about for your breeches. You find them, and after hopping about on one leg for about five minutes, you get them on. It would be absurd to use a light during that season of the year, at such an advanced hour as five minutes past five, so you attempt to shave by the spring-dawn. If your nose escapes, you are a lucky man; but dim as it is, you can see the blood trickling down in a hundred streams from your gashed and mutilated chin. I will leave your imagination to conjecture what sort of neckcloth will adorn your gullet, tied under such circumstances. However, grant the possibility of your being dressed—and down you come, not to the parlour, or your study—for you would not be so barbarous—but to enjoy the beauty of the morning,—as Mr Leigh Hunt would say, "*out of doors.*" The moment you pop your phiz one inch beyond the front wall, a scythe seems to cut you right across the eyes, or a great blash of sleet clogs up your mouth, or a hail shower rattles away at you, till you take up a position behind the door. Why, in the name of God, did I leave my bed? is the first cry of nature—a question to which no answer can be given, but a long chitter grueing through the frame. You get obstinate, and out you go. I give you every possible advantage. You are in the country, and walking with your eyes, I will not say open, but partly so, out of a country gentleman's house worth five thousand a-year. It is now a quarter past five, and a fine sharp, blustering morning, just like the season. In going down stairs, the ice not having been altogether melted by the night's rain, whack you come upon your posteriors, with your toes pointing up to heaven, your hands pressed against the globe, and your whole body bob, bob, bobbing, one step after another, till you come to a full stop or period, in a circle of gravel. On getting up and shaking yourself, you involuntarily look up to the windows to see if any eye is upon you—and perhaps you dimly discern, through the blind mist of an intolerable headache, the old housekeeper in a flannel night cap, and her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, turning up the whites of her eyes at this inexplicable sally of the strange gentleman. Well, my good sir, what is it that you propose to do? will you take a walk in the garden and eat a little fruit—that is to say, a cabbage leaf, or a Jerusalem artichoke? But the gardener is not quite so great a goose as yourself, and is in bed with his wife and six children. So I leave you knocking with your shoulder

against the garden gate—in the intervals of reflection on the virtue of early rising in spring.

March, April, and May, are gone, and it is Summer—so if you are an early riser, up you lazy dog, for it is between three and four o'clock. How beautiful is the sun rise! What a truly intellectual employment it is to stand for an hour with your mouth wide open, like a stuck pig, gazing on the great orb of day! Then the choristers of the grove have their mouths open likewise; cattle are also lowing—and if there be a dog kennel at hand, I warrant the pack are enjoying the benefits of early rising as well as the best of you, and yelping away like furies before breakfast. The dew too is on the ground, excessively beautiful no doubt—and all the turkeys, how-towdies, ducks, and guinea-fowls, are moping, waddling, and strutting about, in a manner equally affecting and picturesque, while the cawing of an adjacent rookery invites yon to take a stroll in the grove, from which you return with an epaulette on each shoulder. You look at your watch, and find it is at least five hours till breakfast—so you sit down and write a sonnet to June, or a scene of a tragedy;—you find that the sonnet has 17 lines—and that the dramatis personæ having once been brought upon the stage, will not budge. While reducing the sonnet to the bakers' dozen, or giving the last kick to your heroine, as she walks off with her arm extended heavenwards, you hear the good old family bell warning the other inmates to doff their nightcaps—and huddling up your papers, you rush into the breakfast-parlour. The urn is diffusing its grateful steam in clouds far more beautiful than any that adorned the sky. The squire and his good lady make their entree with hearty faces, followed by a dozen hoydens and hobbletehoys—and after the first course of rolls, muffins, dry and butter toast, has gone to that bourne from which the fewer travellers that return the better—in come the new-married couple, the young baronet and his blushing bride, who, with that infatuation common to a thinking people, have not seen the sun rise for a month past, and look perfectly incorrigible on the subject of early rising.

It is now that incomprehensible season of the year, Autumn. Nature is now brown, red, yellow, and every thing but green. These I understand, are the autumnal tints so much admired. Up then, and enjoy them. Whichever way a man turns his face early in the morning, from the end of August till that of October—the wind seems to be blowing direct from that quarter. Feeling the rain beating against your back, you wonder what the devil it can have to do, to beat also against your face. Then, what is the rain of autumn in this country—Scotland? Is it rain, or mist, or sleet, or hail, or snow, or what, in the name of all that is most abhorrent to a lunged animal, is it? You trust to a great coat—Scotch plaid—umbrella—clogs, &c. &c. &c.; but of what use would they be to you, if you were plopped into the boiler of a steam engine? Just so in a morning of Autumn. You go out to look at the reapers. Why the whole corn for twenty miles round is laid flat—ten million runlets are intersecting the country much farther than fifty eyes can reach—the roads are rivers—the meadows lakes—the moors seas—nature is drenched, and on your return home, if indeed you ever return, (for the chance is that you will be drowned at least a dozen times before that,) you are traced up to your bed-room by a stream of mud and gravel, which takes the housemaid an hour to mop up, and when, fold after fold of cold, clammy, sweaty fetid plaids, benjamins, coats, waistcoats, flannels, shirts, breeches, drawers, worsteds, gaiters, clogs, shoes, &c. have been peeled off your saturated body and limbs, and are laid in one misty steaming heap upon an unfortunate chair, there, sir, you are standing in the middle of the floor, in *puris naturalibus*, or, as Dr Scott would say, in *statu quo*, a memorable and illustrious example of the glory and gain of early rising.

It is Winter—six o'clock—You are up—You say so, and as I have never had any reason to doubt your veracity, I believe you. By what instinct, or by what power resembling instinct, acquired by long, painful, and almost despairing practice, you have come at last to be able to find the basin to wash your hands, must for ever remain a mystery. Then how the hand must circle round and round the inner region of the wash-hand stand, before, in a blessed moment, it comes in contact with a lump of brown soap. But

there are other vessels of china, or porcelain, more difficult to find than the basin: for as the field is larger, so is the search more tedious. Inhuman man! many a bump do the bed-posts endure from thy merciless and unrelenting head! Loud is the crash of clothes-screen, dressing-table, mirror, chairs, stools, and articles of bedroom furniture, seemingly placed for no other purpose than to be overturned. If there is a cat in the room, that cat is the climax of comfort. Hissing and snuffing, it claws your naked legs, and while stooping down to feel if she has fetched blood, smack goes your head through the window, which you have been believing quite on the other side of the room; for geography is gone—the points of the compass are as hidden as at the North Pole—and on madly rushing at a venture, out of a glimmer supposed to be the door, you go like a battering ram against a great vulgar white-painted clothes-chest, and fall down exhausted on the uncarpetted and sliddery floor. Now, thou Matutine Rose of Christmas, tell me if there be any exaggeration here? But you find the door—so much the worse, for there is a passage leading to a stair, and head over heels you go, till you collect your senses and your limbs on the bear-skin in the lobby. You are a philosopher, I presume, so you enter your study—and a brown study it is, with a vengeance. But you are rather weak than wicked, so you have not ordered poor Grizzy to quit her chaff, and kindle your fire. She is snoring undisturbed below. Where is the tinder-box? You think you recollect the precise spot where you placed it at ten o'clock the night before, for, being an early riser up, you are also an early lyer down. You clap your blundering fist upon the ink-stand, and you hear it spurting over all your beautiful and invaluable manuscripts—and perhaps over the title page of some superb book of prints, which Mr Blackwood, or Mr Miller, or Mr Constable, has lent you to look at, and to return unscathed. The tinder-box is found, and the fire is kindled—that is to say, it deludes you with a faithless smile; and after puffing and blowing till the breath is nearly out of your body, you heave a pensive sigh for the bellows. You find them on a nail, but the leather is burst, and the spout broken, and nothing is emitted but a short asthmatic pluff, beneath which the last faint spark lingeringly expires—and, like Moses when the candle went out, you find yourself once more in the dark. After an hour's execration, you have made good your point, and with hands all covered with tallow, (for depend upon it, you have broken and smashed the candle, and had sore to do to prop it up with paper in a socket too full of ancient grease,) sit down to peruse or to indite some immortal work, an oration of Cicero or Demosthenes, or an article for Ebony. Where are the snuffers? up stairs in your bed-room. You snuff the long wick with your fingers, and a dreary streak of black immediately is drawn from top to bottom of the page of the beautiful Oxford edition of Cicero. You see the words, and stride along the cold dim room in the sulks. Your object has been to improve your mind—your moral and intellectual nature—and along with the rest, no doubt, your temper. You therefore bite your lip, and shake your foot, and knit your brows, and feel yourself to be a most amiable, rational, and intelligent young gentleman. In the midst of these morning studies, from which the present and all future ages will derive so much benefit, the male and female servants begin to bestir themselves, and a vigorous knocking is heard in the kitchen of a poker brandished by a virago against the great, dull, keeping-coal in the grate. Doors begin to bang, and there is heard a clattering of pewter. Then comes the gritty sound of sand, as the stairs and lobby are getting made decent; and, not to be tedious, all the undefinable stir, bustle, uproar, and stramash of a general clearance. Your door is opened every half minute, and formidable faces thrust in, half in curiosity, and half in sheer impertinence, by valets, butlers, grooms, stable-boys, cooks, and scullions, each shutting the door with his or her own peculiar bang; while whisperings, and titterings, and horse laughter, and loud gaffaws, are testifying the opinion formed by these amiable domestics, of the conformation of the upper story of the early riser. On rushing into the breakfast parlour, the butt end of a mop or broom is thrust into your mouth, as, heedless of mortal man, the mutched mawsey is what she calls dusting the room; and, stagger where you will, you come upon something surly; for a man who leaves his

bed at six of a winter morning is justly reckoned a suspicious character, and thought to be no better than he should be. But, as Mr Hogg says, I will pursue the parallel no farther.

I have so dilated and descanted on the first head of my discourse, that I must be brief on the other two, namely, the connection between early rising and the various professions, and between the same judicious habit, and the peculiar character of individuals.

Reader, are you a Scotch advocate? You say you are. Well, are you such a confounded ninny as to leave a good warm bed at four in the morning, to study a case on which you will make a much better speech if you never study it at all, and for which you have already received L.2, 2s. Do you think Jeffrey hops out of bed at that hour? No, no, catch him doing that. Unless, therefore, you have more than a fourth part of his business, (for, without knowing you, I predict that you have no more than a fourth part of his talents,) lie in bed till half past eight. If you are not in the Parliament House till ten, nobody will miss you. Reader, are you a clergyman?—A man who has only to preach an old sermon of his old father, need not, surely, feel himself called upon by the stern voice of duty, to put on his small-clothes before eight in the summer, and nine in winter. Reader, are you a half-pay officer?—Then sleep till eleven; for well thumbed is your copy of the Army List, and you need not be always studying. Reader, are you an Editor?—Then doze till dinner; for the devils will be let loose upon thee in the evening, and thou must then correct all thy slips.

But I am getting stupid—somewhat sleepy; for, notwithstanding this philippic against early rising, I was up this morning before ten o'clock; so I must conclude. One argument in favour of early rising, I must, however, notice. We are told that we ought to lie down with the sun, and rise with that luminary. Why? is it not an extremely hard case to be obliged to go to bed whenever the sun chooses to do so?—What have I to do with the sun—when he goes down, or when he rises up? When the sun sets at a reasonable hour, as he does during a short period in the middle of summer, I have no objection to set likewise, soon after; and, in like manner, when he takes a rational nap, as in the middle of winter, I don't care if now and then I rise along with him. But I will not admit the general principle; we move in different spheres. But if the sun never fairly sets at all for six months, which they say he does not very far north, are honest people on that account to sit up all that time for him? That will never do.

Finally, it is taken for granted by early risers, that early rising is a virtuous habit, and that they are all a most meritorious and prosperous set of people. I object to both clauses of the bill. None but a knave or an idiot—I will not mince the matter—rises early, if he can help it. Early risers are generally milk-sop spoonies, ninnies with broad unmeaning faces and groset eyes, cheeks odiously ruddy, and with great calves to their legs. They slap you on the back, and blow their noses like a mail coach horn. They seldom give dinners. "Sir, tea is ready." "Shall we join the ladies?" A rubber at whist, and by eleven o'clock, the whole house is in a snore. Inquire into his motives for early rising, and it is perhaps to get an appetite for breakfast. Is the great healthy brute not satisfied with three penny-rolls and a pound of ham to breakfast, but he must walk down to the Pier-head at Leith to increase his voracity? Where is the virtue of gobbling up three turkey's eggs, and demolishing a quartern loaf before his Majesty's lieges are awake? But I am now speaking of your red, rosy, greedy idiot. Mark next your pale, sallow early riser. He is your prudent, calculating, selfish money-scrivener. It is not for nothing he rises. It is shocking to think of the hypocrite saying his prayers so early in the morning, before those are awake whom he intends to cheat and swindle before he goes to bed.

I hope that I have sufficiently exposed the folly or wickedness of early rising. Henceforth, then, let no knavish prig purse up his mouth and erect his head with a conscious air of superiority, when he meets an acquaintance who goes to bed and rises at a gentlemanly hour.

Blackwood's Mag.

VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.*

Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright.

A spotless leaf; but thought and care,
And friends, and foes, in foul and fair,
Have "written strange defeature" there.

And time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp'd sad dates—he can't recall.

And error gilding worse designs—
Like speckled snake that strays and slimes—
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And vice hath left his ugly blot,—
And good resolves—a moment hot,
Fairly begun—but finish'd not.

And fruitless late remorse doth trace
Like Hebrew lore a backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed members—sense unknit—
Huge realms of folly—shreds of wit—
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look,
Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book!

CHARLES LAMB.

FANNY'S FAIRINGS.†

A HAPPY boy was Thomas Stokes, the blacksmith's son, of Upton Lea, last May morning; he was to go to B——— Fair with his eldest brother William, and his cousin Fanny, and he never closed his eyes all night for thinking of the pleasure he should enjoy on the morrow. "Thomas" for shortness called, "Tom," was a lively, merry boy of nine years old, rising ten, as the horse-dealers say, and had never been at a fair in his life, so that his sleeplessness as well as the frequent soliloquies of triumphant ho! ho! (his usual exclamation when highly pleased,) and the perpetual course of broad smiles in which his delight had been vented for a week before, were nothing remarkable. His companions were as wakeful and happy as himself. Now that might be accounted for in his cousin's case, since it was also her first fair; for Fanny, a pretty dark-eyed lass of eighteen, was a Londoner, and, till she arrived that winter on a visit to her aunt, had never been out of the sound of Bow bell; but why William a young blacksmith of one-and-twenty, to whom fairs were almost as familiar as horse-shoes,—why he should lose his sleep on the occasion, is less easy to discover—perhaps from sympathy.

Through Tom's impatience the party were early astir; indeed, he had roused the whole house long before day-break; and betimes in the forenoon they set forth in their progress; Tom in a state of spirits that caused him to say ho! ho! every minute, and much endangered the new hat that he was tossing in the air; William and Fanny, with a more concentrated and a far quieter joy. One should not see a finer young couple: he decked in his Sunday attire, tall, sturdy and muscular, with a fine open countenance, and an air of rustic gallantry that became him well; she pretty and modest, with a look of gentility about her plain dark gown and cottage bonnet, and the little straw basket that she carried in her hand, which even more than her ignorance of tree, and bird, and leaf, and flower, proclaimed her town breeding,—although that ignorance was such, that Tom declared that on her first arrival at Upton Lea, she did not know an oak from an elm, or a sparrow from a blackbird. Tom himself had yet to learn poor Fanny's excuses, how much oaks and elms resemble each other in the London air, and how very closely in colour, though not in size, a city sparrow approaches to a blackbird.

Their way led through pleasant footpaths: every bank covered with cowslips and blue-bells, and overhung with the budding hawthorn, and the tasselled hazel; now between orchards, whose trees,

* From "The Bijou," for 1828.
† From "The Amulet," for 1828.

one flush of blossom, rose from amidst beds of daffodils, with their dark-waving spear-like leaves and golden flowers; now along fields, newly sown with barley, where the doves and wood-pigeons, pretty innocent thieves, were casting a glancing shadow on the ground as they flew from furrow to furrow, picking up the freshly planted grain; and now between close lanes peopled with nightingales; until at last they emerged into the gay high road, where their little party fell into the flood of people pouring on to the fair, much after the manner in which a tributary brooklet is lost in the waters of some mighty stream.

A mingled stream in good sooth it was,—a most motley procession! Country folks in all their varieties, from the pink-ribboned maiden, the belle of her parish, tripping along so merrily, to the sober and demure village matron who walked beside her with a slow lagging pace, as if tired already;—from the gay Lothario of the hamlet, with his clean smock-frock, and his hat on one side, who strutted along ogling the lass in the pink ribbons, to the "grave and reverend signor," the patriarch of the peasantry, with his straight white hair, and his well preserved wedding suit, who hobbled stoopingly along, charged with two great-grandchildren—a sprightly girl of six lugging him forward, a lumpish boy of three dragging him back.

Children were there of all conditions, from "mamma's darlings" in the coronet carriage—the little lords and ladies, to whom a fair was, as yet, only a "name of power"—down to the brown gipsey urchins strapped on their mother's back, to whom it was a familiar sight—no end to the children!—no end to the grown people!—no end to the vehicles! Carts crammed as full as they could be stowed; gigs with one, two, three, and four inside passengers; waggons laden with men instead of corn; droves of pigs; flocks of sheep; herds of cattle; strings of horses; with their several drovers and drivers of all kinds and countries—English, Irish, Welch, and Scotch—all bound to the fair. Here an Italian boy with his tray of images; there a Savoyard with her hurdy-gurdy; and lastly, struggling through the midst of the throng, that painful minister of pleasure, an itinerant showman, with his poor box of puppets and his tawdry wife, pushing, and toiling, and straining every nerve for fear of being too late. No end to the people!—no end to the din! The turnpikeman opened his gate and shut his ears in despairing resignation. Never was known so full a May-fair.

And amongst the thousands assembled in the market-place at B———, it would have been difficult to find a happier group than our young cousins. Tom, to be sure, had been conscious of a little neglect on the part of his companions. The lectures on ornithology, with which *chemin faisant* he had thought fit to favour Fanny (children do dearly love to teach grown people, and all country boys are learned in birds), had been rather thrown away on that fair damsel. William and she had walked arm-in-arm; and when he tried to join them on one side, he found himself cast off,—when on the other, let go. Poor Tom was, evidently, *de trop* in the party. However, he bore the affront like a philosopher, and soon forgot his grievances in the solid luxuries of tarts and gingerbread; in the pleasant business of purchasing and receiving petty presents; in the clatter, the bustle, and the merriment of the fair. Amidst all his delight, however, he could not but feel a little curiosity, when William having lured him to a stall, and fixed him there in the interesting occupation of selecting a cricket ball, persuaded Fanny to go under his escort to make some private purchases at the neighbouring shops. Tom's attention to his own important bargain was sadly distracted by watching his companions as they proceeded from the linen-draper's to the jeweller's and from the jeweller's to the pastry-cook's; looking, the whilst, the one proud and happy, the other shy and ashamed. Tom could not tell what to make of it, and chose, in his perplexity, the very worst ball that was offered to him; but as he had seen their several parcels snugly deposited in the straw basket, he fancied that the secret lay there, and, on their rejoining him, having vainly offered to carry the basket, he summoned courage to ask, point blank, what it contained; at which question, Fanny blushed and William laughed; and on a repetition of the inquiry, answered with an arch smile—"Fanny's fairings." Now as Fanny had

before purchased toys, and cakes, and such like trifles for the whole family, this reply, and the air with which it was delivered, served rather to stimulate than to suppress the vague suspicions that were floating in the boy's brain. A crowd, however, is no place for impertinent curiosity. Loneliness and ennui are necessary to the growth of that weed. If there had been a fair in Bluebeard's castle, his wives would have kept their heads on their shoulders: the blue chamber and the diamond key would have tempted in vain. So Tom betook himself to the enjoyment of the scene before him, applying himself the more earnestly to the business of pleasure, as they were to return to Upton Lea at four o'clock.

Four o'clock arrived, and found our hero, Thomas Stokes, still untired of stuffing and staring. He had eaten more cakes, oranges, and gingerbread, than the gentlest reader would deem credible; and he had seen well nigh all the sights of the fair;—the tall man and the short woman, and the calf with two heads; had attended the in-door horsemanship and the out-door play; the dancing dogs and two raree-shows; and lastly, had visited and admired the wonders of the menagerie, scraped acquaintance with a whole legion of parrots and monkeys, poked up a boa-constrictor, patted a lioness, and had the honour of presenting his blunderbuss to the elephant, although he was not much inclined to boast of that exploit, having been so frightened at his own temerity, as to run away out of the booth before the sagacious but deliberate quadruped had found time to fire.

Not a whit tired was Tom. He could have wished the fair to last a week. Nevertheless, he obeyed his brother's summons; and the little party set out on their return, the two elder ones again linked arm-in-arm, and apparently forgetting that the world contained any human being except their own two selves. Poor Tom trudged after, beginning to feel, in the absence of other excitement, a severe relapse of his undefined curiosity respecting Fanny's fairings. On tripped William and Fanny, and after trudged Tom, until a string of unruly horses passing rapidly by, threw the whole groupe into confusion. No one was hurt; but the pretty Londoner was so much alarmed as to afford her companion ample employment in placing her on a bank, soothing her fears, and railing at the misconduct of the horse-people. As the cavalcade disappeared, the fair damsel recovered her spirits, and began to inquire for her basket, which she had dropped in her terror, and for Tom, who was also missing. They were not far to seek. Perched in the opposite hedge sate master Tom, in the very act of satisfying his curiosity by examining her basket, smiling and ho! ho!-ing with all his might. Parcel after parcel did he extract and unfold:—first a roll of white satin ribbon—"ho! ho!"—then a pair of white cambric gloves—"ho! ho!" again;—then a rich looking, dark-coloured, small plum-cake, nicely frosted with white sugar—"ho! ho! Miss Fanny!"—last of all a plain gold ring, wrapped in three papers, silver, white, and brown—"ho! ho!" once more shouted the boy, twirling the wedding-ring on his own red finger, the fourth of the left hand—"so these are Fanny's fairings! Ho! ho!—ho! ho!"

MISS MITFORD.

THE FOLK AT LINDORES.

O, WEEL may I mind on the Folk at Lindores,
Tho' it's lang sin I've had onie troke at Lindores;
For the blithe winter night
Flew o'er us fu' light,
Wi' the sang, and the crack, and the joke, at Lindores.

The auld wife and the lasses wad spin at Lindores,
An' the auld man wi' tales wad begin at Lindores,
How, in days o' his youth,
The red rebels cam' south,
An' spoolied the feck o' his kin at Lindores.

An' he'd sing monie an auld warld rhyme at Lindores,
An wad tell o' the covenant time at Lindores,
How Claver'se, fell chiel,
Was in league wi' the deil,
How a ball stottit ance aff his wame at Lindores.

An' he'd tell monie strange says and saws at Lindores,
How he hated the dominie's taws at Lindores,
How i' the *lang-day*
The truant he'd play,
An' set aff to herrie the craws at Lindores.

Yet he sometimes wad yaumer an' mourn at Lindores,
Because things had a' ta'en sic a turn at Lindores,
Since, down at the steps,
He had made rashy caps,
An' had fished wi' a prin in the burn at Lindores.

They were kind to ilk bodie that came to Lindores,
To the poor, and the blind, and the lame, at Lindores,
Wi' handfu's o' meal,
An' wi' platefu's o' kail,
An' the stranger was sure o' a hame at Lindores.

But the auld man's departed this life at Lindores,
She's the widow that ance was the wife at Lindores:
I dinna weel ken
When I'll be there again,
But sorrow, I'm fearing, is rife at Lindores.

J. STIRLING.

A PARABLE.

A CERTAIN hermit, not well satisfied with the administration of this world and its affairs, and the divers occurrences of Divine Providence in relation to it, resolved to quit his cell and travel abroad to view the course of things, and make what observations he could, whereby to form a judgment of what disturbed him. He had not gone above half a day's journey before he was overtaken by a young stranger, who came up to him, and joined company with him, who soon insinuated himself into the hermit's affections, that he thought himself happy in having so soon met with so agreeable a companion. As their journey lay the same way, they agreed to eat and lodge always at one house, wheresoever they came: they travelled some few days before the hermit took notice of any thing that occurred worthy his observation: but at length he could not but be concerned to see, that at a house where they were very kindly and generously entertained, his fellow-traveller, with whom in this time he had contracted an endearing friendship, at his departure stole a gold cup, and took it away with him. The hermit was astonished that his friend, whom he thought a devout Christian, should be guilty of theft and ingratitude, where he had received such particular obligations: he was, however, resolved to see what his behaviour would be at other places before he inquired into it. At night they came to a house of as ill accommodation as the other was good, and where the owner was a man of so morose and inhospitable a temper, that they were a long time denied admittance, and, when received, were treated with the utmost surliness and brutality. Yet such was the different carriage of the young traveller to the morose host, that in the morning he rewarded his inhumanity with his gold cup, which he left behind him in one of the windows. The hermit was not less surprised at this sight than the former, and could not fathom the mystery of so unequal a procedure: yet he still took no notice either of one action or the other.

The next night they by agreement returned to the house from whence the cup was taken. They were treated as courteously as before, but the return for it was more shocking and astonishing; for, at their leaving the place, the hermit saw his companion privately strangle a little child as it lay in the cradle, the only child of the family, and in whom all the temporal happiness of both father and mother were centred. Notwithstanding this last action, he prevailed with himself to contain himself another day; and at night they came to a house of the best entertainment they had met with yet, the master of it doing every thing, not only to accommodate them, but to divert them, and make their stay pleasant. In the morning, as the way they were to go was intricate, he sent a faithful servant, for whom he had the greatest esteem for his fidelity, to conduct them. Thus they travelled for a while, till, coming to a bridge, which crossed a deep and rapid stream, the young traveller, on a sudden, laid violent hands on the servant, and threw him over into the water and drowned him. Upon this the hermit could contain no longer, but charged his companion with ingratitude, theft, and murder: he enlarged on the heinousness of his crimes in the barbarous requitals he had made his benefactors, and concluded, he was resolved to leave

so vile and wicked a companion, return to his cell, and confine himself there for ever, rather than converse with mankind, who committed such crimes without remorse of conscience.

But now behold as strange a sight of another kind! the young man, smiling at the honest zeal of the hermit, putting off his mortal disguise, appeared to him in the form and lustre of an angel of God, telling him he was sent to ease his mind of the perplexity and doubts he had so long laboured under, as to the Divine Providence.—What you have seen, said he, seems astonishing and unaccountable; but, in reality, nothing could be more just and equitable; which, for want of your right understanding, has been so great an offence to you. To prove this, know, that the first man from whom the cup was taken, had the best compensation made for his kindnesses, the cup having occasioned great mischiefs while he had it: he is, indeed, courteous and hospitable, but has one great failing, which tarnishes those good deeds, that is, an inclination to drink more than becomes him; and especially when this cup was brought out: therefore, the best office I could do was to remove this temptation, that he might be brought to a better government of himself. When I had taken away this snare, I left it with the morose inhospitable man, as a means of his destruction, that by it he might fall into intemperance, diseases, and even death itself; for there is an enchantment in this cup, that whosoever possesses it will be in danger of being bewitched by it. But perhaps you think nothing can be said for my strangling the little innocent babe in the cradle, and in a place where I had been so civilly entertained. Know then, that this was done in great mercy to the parents, and no real hurt to the child, who is now in happiness in heaven. This gentleman and his wife had hitherto lived in great reputation for their piety, justice, sobriety, and other Christian virtues: but, above all, their charity was eminent; divers of their sick and indigent neighbours owing their subsistence, next under God, to their munificence; but since the birth of this child, their minds have degenerated into a love of this world; they were no longer charitable, but their whole thoughts have been employed how to enrich themselves and leave a great fortune to this infant and its posterity. Hence I took this momentary life from the body of the child, that the souls of the parents might live for ever: and I appeal to you if this was not the greatest act of kindness and friendship to them.—There remains one action more to defend, my destroying the servant of a gentleman, who had used me so extraordinary civil, and who professed a great esteem for his fidelity: but this was the most faithful instance of gratitude I could show to one who used me so kindly; for this servant was in fact a rogue, and had entered into a conspiracy to rob and kill his master.—Now know, that Divine Providence is just, and the ways of God are not as your ways, nor his thoughts as your thoughts; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher that your ways, and his thoughts than your thoughts.'

At these words he vanished, leaving the good man to meditate on what had passed, and the reasons given for it; who hereupon, transported with joy and amazement, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had delivered him from his anxiety about the ways of Divine Providence: satisfied as to the wisdom of God's dealings, and those unseen reasons for them which surpass all human conception, he returned with cheerfulness to his cell, and spent the residue of his life in piety and peace.

Dr H. More.*

REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast;
It foams and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

So man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

Moore.

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* "Divine Dialogues, containing sundry disquisitions and instructions concerning the attributes and providence of God, by Henry More, D. D. London, 1668." 8vo.

FORUM SCENE

FROM

"VIRGINIUS, A TRAGEDY."

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, *and* LICTORS.

App. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?
Claud. They are, and timely too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment.
App. There's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!
Claud. Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal!
Haste!

[APPIUS *ascends the tribunal.*

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS *leading his Daughter*, SERVIA, *and* CITIZENS. *A dead silence prevails.*

Vir. Does no one speak? I am defendant here
In silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?
App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.
Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!
App. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.
Claud. Most noble Appius—
Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.
Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?
Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul.—I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood,
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon show its face to me.—Go on,
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.
Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!
App. You shall have it.
Vir. Doubtless!
App. Keep back the people. Lictors! What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave.—Produce
Your proofs.
Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—

[VIRGINIUS, *stepping forward, is withheld by* NUMITORIUS.

Num. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.
Vir. Man, I must speak or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou.—I'll try, and if I can
Be silent. *(retires.)*
Num. Will she swear she is her child?
Vir. *(Starting forward.)* To be sure she will—a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave! Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear!—Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do any thing
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a bare-faced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!
App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.
Virginia. Icilius!
Icil. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.
App. You swear the girl's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who pass'd her for her own. Is that your oath?
Slave. It is my oath.
App. Your answer now, Virginius.
Vir. Here it is!

[*brings* VIRGINIA *forward.*

Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when

The day first look'd upon the infant's face,
And never look'd so pleased, help'd them up to it,
And bless'd her for a blessing—Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamell'd veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?

Women and Citizens. You have, Virginius.

App. Silence! Keep silence there.—No more of that!
You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.

[*troops appear behind.*

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!
We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.

Vir. Troops in the Forum!

App. Virginius, have you spoken?

Vir. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I'll speak again.

App. You need not,
Virginius; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.

Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me. *(aside.)*

App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son—This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.

Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. *(aside.)*

App. The justice
I should have done my client, unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. *(aside.)*

App. Virginius,
I feel for you; but, though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation, which his eyes
Already have begun—Friends! Fellow Citizens!
Look not on Claudius—Look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasures—markets for him—picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coil'd
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors, while
She is unstain'd—Your hands! your hands! your hands!

Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.

App. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

Icil. Down with the slaves!

[*The people make a show of resistance, but, upon the advancing of the soldiers, retreat, and leave* Icilius, Virginius, *and his Daughter, &c., in the hands of* Appius *and his party.*

Deserted!—Cowards! Traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords![*]

Vir. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.

App. Separate them, Lictors!

Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which
She grasps me, Appius—Forcing them will hurt them,
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you're sure of her!

App. I have not time
To idle with thee, give her to my Lictors.

Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allow'd
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token, will unloose a tie, so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.

App. Have your wish. Be brief!
Lictors! look to them.

Virginia. Do you go from me?
Do you leave! Father! Father!

Vir. No, my child;
No, my Virginia—come along with me.

Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? O, bless you, bless you!

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[*] *App.* Away with him!
Icil. Virginia! Tyrant! My Virginia!
App. Away with him, &c.

[Icilius *is borne off.*

My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father!

[VIRGINIUS, *perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.*

Vir. This way, my child—No, no! I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.

App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!

[VIRGINIUS *secures the knife.*

Well, have you done?

Vir. Short time for converse, Appius; But I have.

App. I hope you are satisfied.

Vir. I am—
I am—that she is my daughter!

App. Take her, Lictors!

[VIRGINIA *shrieks and falls half dead upon her father's shoulder.*

Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'Twont try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may I cannot make it
Long! My dear child! My dear Virginia!

[*kissing her.*

There is one only way to save thine honour—
'Tis this!

[*Stabs her, and draws out the knife.* ICILIUS *breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.*

Lo! Appius! with this innocent blood,
I do devote thee to th' infernal gods!
Make way there!

App. Stop him! Seize him!

Vir. If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is madden'd
With drinking my daughter's blood, why let them: Thus,
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

[*Exit through the soldiers.*

THE COAST BLOCKADE.*

IT was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day in the latter part of November, when, in consequence of a signal made, that a suspicious sail was seen off the coast, as if waiting for the flowing of the tide in the dark, Lieutenant —— had given orders to man his favourite galley, and proceed in quest of the stranger. The boat being shoved off the beach, after pitching twice in the surf, rose triumphantly over the third sea, which had now exhausted itself. In a moment the sail was hoisted, she instantly gathered way, and stood off in a lateral direction from the shore. The men seated themselves regularly on the thwarts, and the strokesman, after reeving the main sheet through the fairleader abaft, sat with it in his hand in such a position on the after-thwart, that, though his face was turned to windward, his eye would occasionally meet that of his commander. As the light-boat lay down to the wind, and became steady in her course towards the chase, the crew had time to look around them. The strokesman's eye was alternately turned from that part of the heavens, where he had vainly sought for any encouraging appearances, amidst the portentous indications of a wild wintry sky, to the beach; where, in a lonely romantic gorge, skirted with verdure, and leafless underwood, between two grey beetling cliffs, was discovered the compact, white, wooden station-house of the party, with its signal-post and miniature glacis descending almost to high-water mark. His look betrayed unusual emotion in one of his years and service, possibly occasioned by the intrusive officiousness of the remembrance, that there were garnered up the source of his best affections—his wife and innocent little prattlers, whom, through some unaccountable presentiment, he foreboded he should never see more. A tear might have glazed the veteran's eye at the moment; for, as if unwilling to be longer a witness of the struggle between tenderness and duty, the lieutenant addressed him in a tone of evidently assumed ease, and inquired if the arm-chest had been kept dry? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, and having ascertained that each man had his cutlass beside him, he proceeded to examine the priming of his pistols, which he finally placed in his waist-belt, and wrapped himself in a cloak which had been spread for him in the stern-sheets abaft. Taking advantage of the first heavy swell, he rose in the boat to catch a glimpse of the strange sail in the offing which was discovered broad on the lee bow. Having directed the attention of the bowman to her position, both resumed their seats, and the lieutenant shaped his course so as to board her on the quarter. Not a word, as yet, had escaped the lips of any of his men, who

* From "The Naval Sketch Book."

sat cowering in a bending attitude, with elevated shoulders and arms crossed, fearful of changing the position of a limb, lest it should occasion any alteration in the boat's trim. Thus, aided by every effort of art, and impelled by a light breeze, the galley soon gained rapidly on the chase; which, perceiving that the boat from the shore was evidently about to pursue her, bore round up, making all the sail she could carry before the wind. The bowman, just then looking under the foot of the lug, pronounced her to be a large lugger, which he had before seen on the station, under similarly suspicious circumstances. The lieutenant, putting up the helm, instantly edged into her wake, and followed precisely her track. A short period, however, sufficed to show that the chase, from the quantity of sail she was enabled to carry, had decidedly the advantage; and the wind continuing to freshen as the tide set in, she rapidly distanced her pursuer. In half an hour she was hull down; the haze of evening growing every moment thicker, she became almost imperceptible to view.

The men now involuntarily turned their eyes, which had hitherto strained on the chase, to the stern of the galley; the appeal was unnecessary—the lieutenant was already occupied in council with the coxswain; his trusty favourite hesitated not to dissuade him, in terms respectful, yet decisive, from continuing so unequal a chase; more particularly as there was no chance, in the dark, of communicating by signal, either with the shore or any cruizer which might be then off the station. A heavy swell had now set in from the same point in which the wind had continued all day. The sun had set with every indication of stormy weather: a pale yellow streak of light over the land, partly reflected on the east, formed the only contrast to the general murky gloom of the horizon; across which the gull, and other seafowl, hastily fled the approach of the gale, already indicated by the swift drifting of the scud which overtook them in their flight, and suddenly enveloped all in darkness, without the intervention of twilight. They had got so far to leeward, that to return with the lug was impossible. The sail had already been lowered, the mast struck, and the boat brought head to wind; when the crew, shipping their oars, bent their broad shoulders to pull her through the heavy sea, which flung itself in sheets of spray over the bows, and drenched every man on board. It was soon found that oars were unavailing, to contend against the force of a sea like this, in which it was scarcely possible so small and delicate a bark should live much longer. The waves were rolling from the main with aggravated violence, and the united strength of the men could barely keep her head to wind; who, perceiving there was no longer the slightest prospect of making any progress, or the wind moderating, sullenly contented themselves with hanging on their oars. Apprehension soon put an end to all subordination. Remonstrances on the impossibility of successfully persevering in their present course, were now muttered by every seaman, except the coxswain, whose features betrayed, notwithstanding, no less anxiety than the rest. A heavy sea, which now struck the larboard bow, making, in consequence of its being impossible for the crew to keep the boat's head on, a rapid accumulation of water every minute, soon decided the reluctant lieutenant to run (though at the obvious hazard of her destruction) the boat ashore in the first situation which might offer of saving the lives of his brave companions. "Lay in your oars, my lads," cried he, "step the short mast—close reef the storm lug: we must run all hazards, and beach the galley under the canvass." Whilst executing this order, the bowman sang out, "a sail close aboard, sir; if she don't keep her luff she'll run us right down."—"Luff, luff!" cried aloud every man in the boat. The lugger's course, however, remaining unaltered, there could be now no doubt that she had seen them first, and perceiving her to be a king's boat, her object was to run clean over the galley, by taking her right a-beam. Destruction appeared inevitable in their helpless condition. A shriek of despair, mingled with execrations, succeeded as she neared the galley, when the lieutenant rose in the boat, levelled his pistol at the steersman, and fired: the hand which grasped the tiller relaxed its hold and the miscreant his life. The lugger instantly broached to, passing to the windward of the boat. "Out oars, my lads," said the lieutenant, "we'll board the villains."—"Aye, aye, sir," exclaimed several

voices, with an alacrity which might be taken for the surest earnest of meditated revenge. The oars were again manned, the boat in the mean time pitching bows under and shipping green seas fore and aft. Before she had got way on her, two of the weather oars snapt short in the rullocks, and her intention to board being suspected by the smuggler, she had no sooner paid off, so as to get the wind again abaft the beam, than shaping a course edging in for the land, she quickly dropped the galley astern.

Having run so far to leeward in the former chase, no one was now able to decide on what part of the shore an attempt to land might be practicable; allwas darkness around; and although from two or three flashes, discernible at an elevation considerably above the sea, and which appeared to be signals made from the heights to assist the desperate outlaws they had just encountered, there was no doubt they could be at no great distance from the land; still, to follow her was to brave unseen dangers. The men were clamorous to hoist the lug and give chase; a sentiment in which the unpresuming coxswain concurred, as he observed, "that capture or no capture, they were more likely to find a smooth by following the lugger, which clearly was herself making for the beach." A heavy lurch, which nearly swamped the boat, soon created unanimity. The lug was hoisted at all hazards; at the lieutenant's putting the helm up, she flew with inconceivable velocity in the lugger's wake, though not without imminent danger of being pooped by every successive sea. The roaring of the surf was now distinctly heard, and soon the whole scene was lighted up by its luminous appearance. The bowman, alarmed, now vociferated, "breakers ahead! hard down, sir, hard down!" Before the word was repeated she had entered into the frightfully agitated element. "Down with the sail, or we're lost," exclaimed the crew. "Hold on, hold on every thing!" cried the veteran, "'tis our only chance to beach her." The surf now reared itself in boiling masses higher than the mast, and as it fell thundering on the shore, the wild din burst on the affrighted ears of the seamen like successive salvos of heavy artillery. An enormous sea, striking her on the quarter, swept her broadside to the surf, washing out the lieutenant, with one of the crew; and the next, bursting with wilder fury, turned her bottom upwards, burying beneath her seven unhappy seamen in one common grave.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by king Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his Castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, (says the ancient Chronicle) Oh God is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"—"Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him whom ye have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The Chronicles and Romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's further history after this event.

The warrior bow'd his crested head,
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king
To free his long imprison'd sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys
I bring my captive train,
I pledge the faith, my liege, my lord,
Oh break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! e'en now thy father comes,
A ransom'd man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
—Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far as on they press'd
There came a glittering band,
With one, that midst them stately rode,
As a leader in the land;
—Now haste, Bernardo, haste!
For there, in very truth, is he,

The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearn'd so long to see!"

His dark eye flash'd—his proud breast heaved
His cheek's hue came and went—
He reach'd that gray-hair'd chieftain's side,
And there dismounting hent,
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch
That all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing!—
It dropped from his like lead—
He look'd upon the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—
The brow was fix'd and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—
But who could paint that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts that saw
Its horror and amaze!
They might have chain'd him as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood!

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low—
And wept like childhood then—
—Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes,
And all his young renown—
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands
His darkly mournful brow,
—"No more, there is no more," he said,
"To lift the sword for now!
My king is false, my hope betray'd;
My father—oh, the worth,
The glory and the loveliness,
Are pass'd away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire! beside thee yet
I would that *there* our kindred blood
On Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—
For thee my fields were won,
And thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
As though thou hadst no son!"

Then starting from the ground once more,
He seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks
Of all the courtier train,
And with a fierce o'er-mastering grasp
The rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face
The king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge,
My *father's* hand to kiss?
—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king!
And tell me what is *this*?

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought!—
Give answer where are they?
—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
Send life through this cold clay!

Into these glassy eyes put light!—
Be still! keep down thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—
This earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed!
—Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust
Be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—
Upon the silent face—
He cast one long deep troubled look,
Then turn'd from that sad place.
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain
—His banner led the spears no more
Amidst the hills of Spain.

MRS HEMANS.

THE DILEMMA OF PHADRIG.*

A Tale of the Shannon Side;

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOLLAND TIDE.'

"THERE'S no use in talken about it, Phadrig. I know an I feel that all's over wit me. My pains are all gone, to be sure—but in place o' that, there's a weight like a quern stone down upon my heart, an I feel it blackenen within me. All I have to say is—think o' your own Mauria when she's gone, an be kind to poor Patcy."

"Ah, darlen, don't talk that way—there's hopes yet—what'll I do—what'll the child do witout you?—"

"Phadrig, there's noan. I'm goen fast, an if you have any regard for me, you wont say anythin that'll bring the thoughts o' you an him between me an the thoughts o' heaven, for that's what I must think of now. An if you marry again——"

"Oh, Mauria, honey, will you kill me entirely? Is it *I'll* marry again?"

——"If it be a thing you should mar-

* From "The Literary Souvenir for 1828."

ry again," Mauria resumed, without taking any notice of her husband's interruption, " you'll bear in mind, that the best mother that ever walked the ground, will love her own above another's. It stands with raisin an natur. The gander abroad will pull a strange goslen out of his own flock; and you know yourself, we could never get the bracket hen to sit upon Nelly O'Leary's chickens, do what we could. Every thing loves its own. Then, Phadrig, if you see the floury potaties—an the top o' the milk—an the warm seat be the hob—an the biggest bit o' meat on a Sunday goen away from Patey—you'll think o' your poor Mauria, an do her part by him; just quietly, and softly, an without blamen the woman—for it is only what's nait'rel, an what many a stepmother does without thinking o' themselves. An above all things, Phadrig, take care to make him mind his books and his religion, to keep out o' bad company, an study his readin-made-aisy, and that's the way he'll be a blessing an a comfort to you in your old days, as I once thought he would be to me, in mine."

Here her husband renewed his promises, in a tone of deep affliction.

" An now for yourself, Phadrig. Remember the charge that's upon you, and don't be goen out venturen your life in a little canvas canoe, on the bad autumn days, at Ballybunion; nor wit foolish boys at the Glin and Tarbert fairs;—an don't be so wake-minded, as to be trusten to card-drawers, an fairy doctors, an the like; for its the last word the priest said to me was, that you were too superstitious, and that's a great shame an a heavy sin. But tee you*! Phadrig, dear, there's that rogue of a pig at the potaties over——"

Phadrig turned out the grunting intruder, bolted the hurdle-door, and returned to the bedside of his expiring helpmate. That tidy housekeeper, however, exhausted by the exertion which she had made to preserve, from the mastication of the swinish tusk, the fair produce of her husband's conacre of white-eyes, had fallen back on the pillow and breathed her last.

Great was the grief of the widowed Phadrig for her loss—great were the lamentations of her female friends at the evening wake—and great was the jug of whiskey-punch which the mourners imbibed at the mouth, in order to supply the loss of fluid which was expended from the eyes. According to the usual cottage etiquette, the mother of the deceased, who acted as mistress of the ceremonies, occupied a capacious hay-bottomed chair near the fire-place—from which she only rose, when courtesy called on her to join each of her female acquaintances as they arrived, in the death-wail which (as in politeness bound) they poured forth over the pale piece of earth that lay coffined in the centre of the room. This mark of attention, however, the old lady was observed to omit with regard to one of the fair guests—a round faced, middle-aged woman, called Milly Rue—or Red Milly, probably because her head might have furnished a solution of the popular conundrum," Why is a red-haired lady like a sentinel on his post?"

The fair Milly, however, did not appear to resent this slight, which was occasioned (so the whisper went among the guests) by the fact, that she had been an old and neglected love of the new widower. All the fiery ingredients in Milly's constitution appeared to be comprehended in her glowing ringlets—and those, report says, were as ardent in hue, as their owner was calm and regulated in her temper. It would be a cold morning indeed, that a sight of Milly's head would not warm you—and a hot fit of anger, which a few tones of her kind and wrath-disarming voice would not cool. She dropped, after she had concluded her 'cry,' a conciliating courtesy to the sullen old lady, took an unobtrusive seat at the foot of the bed, talked of the 'notable' qualities of the deceased, and was particularly attentive to the flaxen-headed little Patcy, whom she held in her lap during the whole night, cross-examining him in his reading and multiplication, and presenting him, at parting, in token of her satisfaction at his proficiency, with a copy of 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' with a fine marble cover and pictures. Milly acted in this instance, under the advice of a prudent mother, who exhorted her, " whenever she thought o' maken presents, that way, not to be layen her money out in cakes or gingerbread, or things that would be ett off at wanst, an

* To you! Beware!

no more about them or the giver—but to give a strong toy, or a book, or somethen that would last, and bring her to mind now and then, so as that when a person 'ud ask where they got that, or who gev it, they'd say, 'from Milly Rue,' or 'Milly gev it, we're obleest to her,' an be talken an thinken of her when she'd be away."

To curb in my tale, which may otherwise become restive and unmanageable—Milly's deep affliction and generous sympathy, made a serious impression on the mind of the widower, who more than all, was touched by that singularly accidental attachment which she seemed to have conceived for little Patcy. Nothing could be farther from his own wishes, than any design of, a second time, changing his condition; but he felt that it would be doing a grievous wrong to the memory of his first wife, if he neglected this opportunity of providing her favourite Patcy with a protector, so well calculated to supply her place. He demurred a little on the score of true love, and the violence which he was about to do his own constant heart—but like the bluff King Henry, his conscience, 'aye—his conscience,' —touched him, and the issue was, that a roaring wedding shook the walls which had echoed to the wail of death within the few preceding months.

Milly Rue not only supplied the place of a mother to young Patcy, but presented him in the course of a few years, with two merry playfellows, a brother and a sister. To do her handsome justice, too, poor Mauria's anticipations were completely disproved by her conduct, and it would have been impossible for a stranger to have detected the step-son of the house from any shade of undue partiality in the mother. The harmony in which they dwelt, was unbroken by any accident for many years.

The first shock which burst in with a sudden violence upon their happiness, was one of a direful nature. Disease, that pale and hungry fiend, who haunts alike the abodes of wealth and of penury; who brushes away with his baleful wing the bloom from beauty's cheek, and the balm of slumber from the pillow of age; who troubles the hope of the young mother with dreams of ghastliness and gloom, and fears that come suddenly, she knows not why nor whence; who sheds his poisonous dews alike on the heart that is buoyant, and the heart that is broken; this stern and conquering demon scorned not to knock, one summer morning, at the door of Phadrig's cow-house, and to lay his iron fingers upon a fine milch-cow, a sheeted-stripper, which constituted (to use his own emphatic phrase) the poor farmer's 'substance,' and to which he might have applied the well known lines which run nearly as follows:—

"She's straight in her back, and thin in her tail;
She's fine in her horn, and good at the pail;
She's calm in her eyes, and soft in her skin;
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within."

All the 'cures' in the pharmacopeia of the village apothecary were expended on the poor animal, without any beneficial effect; and Phadrig, after many conscientious qualms about the dying words of his first wife, resolved to have recourse to that infallible refuge in such cases—a fairy doctor.

He said nothing to the afflicted Milly about his intention, but slipped out of the cottage in the afternoon, hurried to the Shannon side near Money-point, unmoored his light, canvas-built canoe, seated himself in the frail vessel and fixing his paddles on the *towl-pin*, sped away over the calm face of the waters towards the isle of Scattery, where the renowned Crohoore-na-Oona, or Conner-of-the-Sheep, the Mohammed of the cottages, at this time took up his residence. This mysterious personage, whose prophecies are still commented on among the cottage circles with looks of deep awe and wonder, was much revered by his contemporaries, as a man 'who had seen a dale;' of what nature those sights or visions were, was intimated by a mysterious look, and a solemn nod of the head.

In a little time Phadrig ran his little canoe aground on the sandy beach of Scattery, and, drawing her above high-water mark, proceeded to the humble dwelling of the gifted Sheep-shearer, with feelings of profound fear and anxiety. He passed the lofty round tower—the ruined grave of St Senanus, in the centre of the little isle—the mouldering church, on which the eye of the poring antiquary may still discern the sculptured image of the two-headed monster, with which cottage tradition says the Saint sustained so fierce a conflict on landing in

the islet—and which the translator of Odranus has vividly described as "a dragon, with his fore part covered with huge bristles, standing on end, like those of a boar; his mouth gaping wide open, with a double row of crooked, sharp tusks, and with such openings that his entrails might be seen; his back like a round island, full of scales and shells; his legs short and hairy, with such steely talons, that the pebbie-stones, as he ran along them, sparkled—parching the way wherever he went, and making the sea boil about him where he dived—such was his excessive fiery heat." Phadrig's knees shook beneath him when he remembered this awful description—and thought of the legends of Lough Dhoola, on the summit of Mount Callon, to which the hideous animal was banished by the Saint, to fast on a trout and a half per diem to the end of time; and where, to this day, the neighbouring fishermen declare that, in dragging the lake with their nets, they find the half trout as regularly divided in the centre, as if it were done with a knife and scale.

While Phadrig remained, with mouth and eyes almost as wide open as those of the sculptured image of the monster which had fascinated him to the spot, a sudden crash among the stones and dock-weed, in an opposite corner of the ruin, made him start and yell as if the original were about to quit Lough Dhoola on parole of honour, and use him as a relish after the trout and a half. The noise was occasioned by a little rotund personage, who had sprung from the mouldering wall, and now stood gazing fixedly on the terrified Phadrig, who continued returning that steady glance with a half frightened, half crying face—one hand fast clenched upon his breast, and the other extended, with an action of avoidance and deprecation. The person of the stranger was stout and short, rendered still more so by a stoop, which might almost have been taken for a hump—his arms hung forward from his shoulders, like those of a long-armed ape—his hair was grey and bushy, like that of a wanderoo—and his sullen grey eye seemed to be inflamed with ill-humour—his feet were bare, and as broad as a camel's—and a leathern girdle buckling round his waist, secured a tattered grey frieze riding-coat, and held an enormous pair of shears, which might have clipt off a man's head as readily, perhaps, as a lock of wool. This last article of costume afforded a sufficient indication to Phadrig that he stood in the presence of the awful object of his search.

"Well! an who are *you?*" growled the Sheep-shearer, after surveying Phadrig attentively for some moments.

The first gruff sound of his voice made the latter renew his start and roar for fright; after which, composing his terrors as well as he might, he replied, in the words of Antolycus—"I am only a poor fellow, Sir."

"Well! an what's your business with me?"

"A cure, Sir, I wanted for her. A cow o' mine, that's very bad inwardly, an we can do nothen for her; an I thought may be you'd know what is it ail'ded her—an prevail on THEM" [this word was pronounced with an emphasis of deep meaning] "to leave her to uz."

"Huth!" the Sheep-shearer thundered out, in a tone that made poor Phadrig jump six feet backwards, with a fresh yell, "do you daare to spake of *them* before me. Go along! you villyan o' the airth, an wait for me outside the church, an I'll tell you all about it there; but, first—do you think I can get the *gentlemen* to do any thing for me *gratish*—without offeren 'em a trate or a halp'orth?"

"If their honours would'nt think two tinpennies and a fi'penny bit too little.—It's all I'm worth in the wide world."

"Well! we'll see what they'll say to it. Give it here to me. Go now—be off with yourself—if you don't want to have 'em all a-top o' you in a minnit."

"This last hint made our hero scamper over the stones like a startled fawn; nor did he think himself safe, until he reached the spot where he had left his canoe, and where he expected the coming of the Sheep-shearer; conscience-struck by the breach of his promise to his dying Mauria, and in a state of agonizing anxiety with respect to the lowing patient in the cow-house.

He was soon after rejoined by Connor of the Sheep.

"There is one way," said he, "of saving your cow—but you must lose one of your childer if you wish to save it."

"O heaven presarve uz, Sir, how is that, if you plase?"

"You must go home" said the Sheep-shearer, "and say nothen to any body, but fix in your mind which o' your three childer you'll give for the cow; an when you do that, look in his eyes, an he'll sneeze, and don't you bless him, for the world. Then look in his eyes again, an he'll sneeze again, an still don't think o' blessen him, be any mains. The third time you'll look in his eyes, he'll sneeze a third time—an if you don't bless him the third time, he'll die—but your cow will live."

"An this is the only cure you have to gi' me?" exclaimed Phadrig, his indignation at the moment overcoming his natural timidity.

"The only cure.—It was by a dale to do, I could prevail on them to let you make the choice itself."

Phadrig declared stoutly against this decree, and even threw out some hints, that he would try whether or no Shaun Lauther, or Strong John, a young rival of the sheep-shearing fairy Doctor, might be able to make a better bargain for him with the "gentlemen."

"Shaun Lauther!" exclaimed Connor of the sheep, in high anger—"Do you compare me to a man that never seen any more than yourself?—that never saw so much as the skirt of a dead man's shroud in the moon light—or heard as much as the moanen of a sowlth * in an old grave-yard? Do you know me?—Ask them that do—an they'll tell you how often I'm called up in the night, and kep posten over bog an mountain, till I'm ready to drop down with the sleep,—while feow voices are heard, I'll be bail, at Shaun Lauther's windey—an little knollidge given him in his drames. It is then that I get mine. Didn't I say before the King o' France was beheaded, that a blow would be struck wit an axe in that place, that the sound of it would be heard all over Europe?—An wasn't it true? Didn't I hear the shots that were fired at Gibaralthur, an tell it over in Dooly's forge, that the place was relieved that day?—an didn't the news come afterwards in a month's time, that I toult nothen but the truth?

Phadrig had nothing to say in answer to this overwhelming list of interrogatories—but to apologise for his want of credulity, and to express himself perfectly satisfied.

With a heavy heart he put forth in his canoe upon the water, and prepared to return. It was already twilight, and as he glided along the peaceful shores, he ruminated mournfully within his mind, on the course which he should pursue. The loss of the cow would be, he considered, almost equivalent to total ruin—and the loss of any one of his lovely children, was a probability which he could hardly bear to dwell on for a moment. Still it behoved him to weigh the matter well. Which of them, now—supposing it possible that he could think of sacrificing any—which of them would he select for the purpose? The choice was a hard one. There was little Mauria, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl—but he could not, for an instant, think of losing her, as she happened to be named after his first wife; her brother, little Shamus, was the least useful of the three, but he was the youngest!—"the child of his old age—a little one!" his heart bled at the idea; he would lose the cow and the pig along with it, before he would harm a hair of the darling infant's head. He thought of Patcy—and he shuddered—and leaned heavier on his oars, as if to flee away from the horrible doubt which stole into his heart with that name. It must be one of the three, or the cow was lost for ever. The two first mentioned, he certainly would not lose—and Patcy——Again he bade the fiend begone, and trembling in every limb, made the canoe speed rapidly over the tide in the direction of his home.

He drew the little vessel ashore, and proceeded towards his cabin. They had been waiting supper for him, and he learned with renewed anxiety, that the object of his solicitude, the milch cow, had rather fallen away than improved in her condition during his absence. He sat down in sorrowful silence with his wife and children, to their humble supper of potatoes and thick milk.

He gazed intently on the features of each of the young innocents, as they took their places on the suggan chairs that flanked the board. Little Mauria and her brother Shamus, looked fresh, mirthful, and blooming, from their noisy play in the adjoining paddock, while their elder brother, who had spent the day at school,

* Bodiless spirit.

wore—or seemed, to the distempered mind of his father, to wear a look of sullenness and chagrin. He was thinner too than most boys of his age—a circumstance which Phadrig had never remarked before. It might be the first indications of his poor mother's disease, consumption, that were beginning to declare themselves in his constitution, and if so—his doom was already sealed—and whether the cow died or not, Patcy was certain to be lost. Still the father could not bring his mind to resolve on any settled course, and their meal proceeded in silence.

Snddenly, the latch of the door was lifted by some person outside, and a neighbour entered to inform Phadrig, that the agent to his landlord had arrived in the adjacent village, for the purpose of driving matters to extremity against all those tenants who remained in arrear. At the same moment, too, a low moan of anguish from the cow outside, announced the access of a fresh paroxysm of her distemper, which it was very evident the poor animal could never come through in safety.

In an agony of distress and horror, the distracted father laid his clenched fingers on the table, and looked fixedly in the eyes of the unsuspecting Patcy. The child sneezed, and Phadrig closed his lips hard, for fear a blessing might escape them. The child, at the same time, he observed, looked paler than before.

Fearful lest the remorse which began to awake within his heart might oversway his resolution, and prevent the accomplishment of his unnatural design, he looked hurriedly, a second time, into the eyes of the little victim. Again, the latter sneezed—and again the father, using a violent effort, restrained the blessing which was struggling at his heart. The poor child drooped his head upon his bosom, and letting the untasted food fall from his hand, looked so pale and mournful, as to remind his murderer of the look which his mother wore in dying.

It was long—very long—before the heart-struck parent could prevail on himself to complete the sacrifice. The visitor departed; and the first beams of a full moon began to supplant the faint and lingering twilight which was fast fading in the west. The dead of the night drew on before the family rose from their silent and comfortless meal. The agonies of the devoted animal now drew rapidly to a close, and Phadrig still remained tortured by remorse on the one hand, and by selfish anxiety on the other.

A sudden sound of anguish from the cow-house made him start from his seat. A third time he fixed his eyes on those of his child—a third time the boy sneezed—but here the charm was broken.

Milly Rue, looking with surprise and tenderness on the fainting boy, said, —"Why, then, heaven bless you, child! —it must be a cold you caught, you're sneezen so often."

Immediately the cow sent forth a bellow of deep agony, and expired; and at the same moment a low, and plaintive voice outside the door was heard, exclaiming—"And heaven bless you, Milly! and the Almighty bless you, and spare you a long time over your children!"

Phadrig staggered back against the wall —his blood froze in his veins—his face grew white as death—his teeth chattered —his eyes stared—his hair moved upon his brow, and the chilling damp of terror exuded over all his frame. He recognised the voice of his first wife; and her pale, cold eye met his at that moment, as her shade flitted by the window in the thin moonlight, and darted on him a glance of mournful reproach. He covered his eyes with his hands, and sunk, senseless, into a chair;—while the affrighted Milly, and Patcy, who at once assumed his glowing health and vigour, hastened to his assistance. They had all heard the voice, but no one saw the shade, nor recognised the tone, excepting the conscience-smitten Phadrig.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Sweetest! if thy fairy hand
Culls for me the latest flowers,
Smiling hear me thus demand
Blessings for thy early hours:

Be thy promised spring as bright
As its opening charms foretell;
Graced with Beauty's lovely light,
Modest Virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy summer's matron bloom
Bless'd with blossoms sweet like thee;
May no tempest's sudden doom
Blast thy hope's fair nursery!

May thine autumn, calm, serene,
Never want some lingering flower,
Which affection's hand may glean,
Though the darkling mists may lower!

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
Tranquil conscience, peace, and love;
And thy wintry nights display
Streams of glorious light above.

Mas Tighe.

THE LOST CHILD.

Lucy was only six years old, but bold as a fairy; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes, and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led through no places of danger, nor are infants of themselves incautious, when alone in their pastimes. Lucy went singing into the coppice-woods, and singing she reappeared on the open hill-side. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden-bridge, or lightly as the owzel tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet. The creature would be away for hours, and no fears be felt on her account by any one at home—whether she had gone with her basket under her arm to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbour, or merely for her own solitary delight, wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands. With a bonnet of her own sewing, to shade her pretty face from the sun, and across her shoulders a plaid in which she could sit dry during an hour of the heaviest rain beneath the smallest beild; Lucy passed many long hours in the day light, and thus knew, without thinking of it, all the topography of that pastoral solitude, and even something of the changeful appearances in the air and sky.

The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside, (a farm-house about two miles off,) with her playmates, the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise. She was dressed for a holiday, and father and mother, and aunt Isobel, all three kissed her sparkling face before she set off by herself, and stood listening to her singing, till her small voice was lost in the murmur of the rivulet. During her absence, the house was silent but happy; and the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isobel went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed, till they reached Ladyside; and heard the cheerful din of the imps within, still rioting at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door—but on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

Agnes suddenly sat down, without speaking one word, on the stone seat beside the door, and Michael, supporting her, said,—'Jacob, our child left us this morning at six o'clock, and it is now near ten at night. God is merciful, but, perhaps, Lucy is dead.' Jacob Mayne was an ordinary, common-place, and rather ignorant man, but his heart leaped within him at these words, and by this time his own children were standing about the door. 'Yes, Mr Forrester—God is merciful—and your daughter, let us trust, is not dead. Let us trust that she yet liveth—and without delay let us go to seek the child.' Michael trembled from head to foot, and his voice was gone; he lifted up his eyes to heaven, but it seemed not as if he saw either the moon or the stars. 'Run over to Raeshorn, some of you,' said Jacob, 'and tell what has happened. Do you Isaac, my good boy, cross over to a' the towns on the Inverlethen-side, and—Oh! Mr Forrester—Mr Forrester, dinna let this trial overcome you sae sairly'—for Michael was leaning against the wall of the house, and the strong man was helpless as a child. 'Keep up your heart, my dearest son,' said Isobel, with a voice all unlike her usual, 'keep up your heart for the blessed bairn is beyond doubt somewhere in the keeping of the great God, yea, without a hair of her head being hurt. A hundred things may have happened her, and death not among the number.—Oh! no—no—surely not death—that would indeed be too dreadful a judgment.' And Aunt Isobel, oppressed by the power of that word, now needed

the very comfort that she had in vain tried to bestow.

Within two hours a hundred people were traversing the hills in all directions, even to a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs all night through searched every nook—every stony and rocky place—every little shaw—every piece of taller heather—every crevice that could conceal any thing alive or dead,—but no Lucy was there. Her mother, who for a while seemed inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and with a quaking heart looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and hollo reverberating among the hills, if she could seize on some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank, and then all the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away, and then came the grey dawn of morning, and then the clear brightness of the day, and still Michael and Agnes were childless. 'She has sunk into some mossy or miry place,' said Michael to a man near him, into whose face he never looked. 'A cruel, cruel death for one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!'

At last a man, who had left the search and gone in a direction towards the high road, came running with something in his arms towards the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay apparently exhausted almost to dying on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy's bonnet, clothes, and plaid. It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn round her neck. 'Murdered—murdered—' was the one word whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not, for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was perhaps seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

Isobel took the clothes, and narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said with a fervent voice, that was heard even in Michael's despair, 'No—Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent—no murderer's hand has been here, These blood-spots have been put there to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But oh! foolish despair! What speak I of? For wicked as this world is—ay, desperately wicked—there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in heaven, that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gipsy-beggar, and that, before that sun has set, she will be saying her prayers in her father's house, with all of us upon our knees beside her, or with our faces prostrate upon the floor?'

Agnes opened her eyes, and beheld Lucy's bonnet and plaid lying close beside her, and then a silent crowd. Her senses all at once returned to her, and she rose up—'Ay, sure enough drowned—drowned—drowned—but where have you laid her? Let me see our Lucy, Michael, for in my sleep I have already seen her laid out for burial. The crowd quietly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the high-roads, others all the by-paths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for Hope brought her back to their arms. Agnes had been able to walk to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isobel sat by her bed-side. Lucy's empty little crib was just as the child had left it in the morning before, neatly made up with her own hands, and her small red Bible was lying on her pillow.

'Oh! my husband—this is being indeed kind to your Agnes, for much it must have cost you to stay here; but had you left me, my silly heart must have ceased to beat altogether, for it will not lie still even now that I am well nigh resigned to the will of God.' Michael put his hand on his wife's bosom, and felt her heart beating as if it were a knell. Then ever and anon the tears came gushing, for all her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf or a shadow across the window. And thus hour after hour passed on till it was again twilight.

'I hear footsteps coming up the brae,' said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door. It was no time

for ceremony, and he advanced into the room where the family had been during all that trying and endless day. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance, and he seemed, from his looks, to bring them no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. If he has heard nothing of my child, thought Michael, this man must care but little for his own fire side. 'O speak, speak,'—said Agnes, 'yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven.'—'Something like a trace of her has been discovered—a woman with a child that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford—and left it by the daw'ing.—'Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?' said Isobel, 'she'll have tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow, but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her, for these are quiet, but not solitary glens, and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days. What say ye, Mr Mayne? there's the light o' hope on your face.' 'There's nae reason to doubt, Ma'am, that it was Lucy. Every body is sure o't. If it was my ain Rachel, I should ha'e nae fear o' seeing her this blessed nicht.'

Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. 'I may tell you, noo, that Watty Oliver kens it was your bairn, for he saw her limping after the limmer at Galla-Brigg, but ha'eing nae suspicion, he did na tak' a second leuk o' her—but ae leuk is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forrester.' Aunt Isobel, by this time, had bread and cheese, and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine on the table. 'You have had a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr Mayne—tak' some refreshment,'—and Michael asked a blessing. Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. 'No—no—Mrs Irvine, I'm ower happy to eat or to drink.—You are a' prepared for the blessing that awaits you—your bairn is no far aff—and I mysel'—for it was I mysel' that fannd her,—will bring her by the han' and restore her to her parents.' Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sunk gently back on her pillow. Aunt Isobel was rooted to her chair, and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet.

There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many joyful voices, which again, by degrees, subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look towards the door. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but, dressed again in her own bonnet, and her gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

JOHN WILSON.*

MARY LEE'S LAMENT.

A Galloway Ballad.

I DINNA like the Meg-o'-mony-feet,
Nor the brawnet Conochworm,
Quoth Mary Lee, as she sat and did greet,
A-dadding wi' the storm.
Nowther like I the yellow-wymed ask,
'Neath the root o' yon aik tree,
Nor the hairy adders on the fog that bask;
But waur I like Robin-a-Ree.

Hatefu' it is to hear the whut-throat chark,
Frae out the auld taff-dike;
And wha likes the e'ening singing lark,
Or the auld moon-bowing tyke?
I hate them—and the ghaist at e'en
That points at me, puir Mary Lee!
Bnt ten times waur hate I, I ween,
That vile chield, Robin-a-Ree.

Sourer than the green bullister,
Is a kiss o' Robin-a-Ree,
And the milk on the taed's back I wad prefer
To the poison on his lips that be.
Oh! ance I lived happily by yon bonny burn—
The warld was in love wi' me;
But now I maun sit 'neath the cauld drift and mourn,
And curse black Robin-a-Ree.

Then whudder awa, thou bitter-biting blast,
And sough thro' the scrunty tree,
And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast,
And ne'er let the sun me see!

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* "The Forresters."

Oh! never melt awa, thou wreath o' snaw,
That's sae kind in graving me;
But hide me aye frae the scorn and guffaw
O' villains like Robin-a-Ree!*

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.†

WHILE you are laughing, or talking wildly to yourself, in walking, suddenly seeing a person steal close by you, who, you are sure, must have heard it all; then, in an agony of shame, making a wretched attempt to *sing*, in a voice as like your talk as possible, in hopes of making your hearer think that you had been *only* singing all the while.

Seeing the boy who is next above you flogged for a repetition, which you know you cannot say even half so well as he did.

Entering into the figure of a country-dance with so much spirit, as to force your leg and foot through the muslin drapery of your fair partner.

After walking in a great hurry to a place, on very urgent business, by what you think a shorter cut, and supposing that you are just arriving at the door you want—"NO THOROUGHFARE!"

Stopping in the street, to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him—*he* feeling himself in the same dilemma;—so that, after each has asked, and answered, the question "How do you do, Sir?" you stand silently face to face, apropos to nothing, during a minute; and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

As you are hastening down the Strand, on a matter of life and death, encountering, at an arch-way, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you *know*, must successively strain up with an over-loaded coal-waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you prefer bedevilling your white stockings, and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling, among, and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c. in the middle of the street.

Walking half over London, side by side with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order to make your companion hear a word you have further to say upon the subject you were earnestly discussing, before you were joined by this infernal article of commerce.

Walking briskly forwards, while you are looking backwards, and so advancing towards another passenger, (a scavenger,) who is doing the same; then meeting, with the shock of two battering-rams, which drives your whole stock of breath out of your body, with the groan of a paviour:—

"ruinam
Dant sonitu ingentem, perfractaque——
Pectora pectoribus rumpunt."*

At length, during a mutual burst of execrations, you each move, for several minutes, from side to side, with the *same motion*, in vainly endeavouring to pass on.

On your entrance at a formal dinner-party—in reaching up your hat to a high peg in the hall, bursting your coat from the arm-hole to the pocket.

At night—after having long lain awake, nervous, restless, and unwell, with an ardent desire to know the hour, and the state of the weather, being, at last, delighted by hearing the watchman begin his cry—from which, however, he allows you to extract no more information than "past .... clock .... morning!"—Then, after impatiently lingering through another hour for the sound of your own clock, (which had before been roared down by the watchman,) being roused to listen by its preparatory click, and purr

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* "In the worst book something good will be found." This old maxim, the falsity of which, like many others, we have repeatedly experienced, holds true in the present instance; for the above exquisite little ballad—so simple, and yet so intensely passionate and pathetic—is taken from the "Gallovidian Dictionary, by T. M'Taggart"—the most singularly absurd work, certainly, which we have had (for months) the pleasure of seeing.—*Ed.*

† Selected from "The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive, as overheard by the Rev. James Beresford, M. A. In two vols."

* "Breast against breast with ruinous assault
"And deaf'ning shock, they come."

followed by one stroke—which you are to make the most of—the rest being cut short by a violent fit of coughing, with which you are seized at the instant.

Being accelerated in your walk by the lively application of a chairman's pole *a posteriori*;—his "by your leave" not coming till after he has *taken* it.

During the endless time that you are kept waiting at a door in a carriage while the ladies are shopping, having your impatience soothed by the setting of a saw, close at your ear.

Sitting on the last row, and close to the partition of an upper box, at a pantomime, and hearing all the house laughing around you, while you strain your wrists, neck, and back, with stretching forward—in vain.

At the play—the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them, in such afterpieces as are called "England's Glory,"—"The British Tars," &c.—with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded.

On packing up your own clothes for a journey, because your servant is a fool—the burning fever into which you are thrown, when, after all your standing, stamping, lying, kneeling, tugging, and kicking, at the lid of your trunk, it still peremptorily refuses to approach nearer than half a yard to the lock.

A chaise window-glass, that will not be put down when it is up, nor up when it is down.

Tearing your throat to rags in abortive efforts to call back a person who has just left you, and with whom you have forgotten to touch on one of the most important subjects which you met to discuss.

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession—thinking, at your leisure, of a repartee, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

After relating, at much length, a scarce and curious anecdote, with considerable marks of self-complacency at having it to tell, being quietly reminded by the person you have been so kindly instructing, that you had it—*from himself!*

In conversation—inadvertently touching the string which you know will call forth the longest story of the flattest proser that ever droned.

Being compelled by a deaf person, in a large, and silent company, to repeat some very washy remark three or four times over, at the highest pitch of your voice.

In reading a new and interesting book, being reduced to make a paper-knife of your finger.

On arriving at that part of the last volume of an enchanting novel, in which the interest is wrought up to the highest pitch,—suddenly finding the remaining leaves, catastrophe and all, torn out.

Writing on the creases of paper that has been sharply doubled.

The moment in which you discover that you have taken in a mouthful of fat, by mistake for turnip.

At a formal dinner—the awful resting-time which occasionally intervenes between the courses.

In the depth of winter—trying in vain to effect a union between unsoftened butter, and the crum of a very stale loaf, or a quite new one.

Cracking a hard nut with your teeth, and filling the gap left by the grinder you have knocked out, with black bitter dust.

At the instant of drawing the cork, starting back, from the eagerly expected burst of froth—but without the least occasion either for your hopes or fears—the liquor all remaining in the bottle as quiet as a lamb.

Dropping something, when you are either too lame, or too lazy, to get up for it; and almost breaking your ribs, and quite throwing yourself down, by stretching down to it over the arm of your chair, without reaching it at last.

Dressing for a ball by a foul and ill-cast looking-glass, (not knowing it to be so till the next morning,) and so mourning, and wondering, over your own unaccountable and unseasonable ugliness.

The night-cap half-slipping off, when you are too sleepy to re-adjust it.

Suddenly recollecting, as you lie at a very late hour of a *Lapland* night, that you have neglected to see, as usual, that the fires are all safe, below;—then, after an agonizing interval of hesitation, crawling out, like a culprit, and quivering down stairs.

Your *real* sensations, during the pretended indifference with which you sit to be tickled, by a celebrated tickler, in the most sensitive parts of the body.

At a long table, after dinner, the eyes of the whole company drawn upon you by a loud observation that you are strikingly like Mrs or Miss ——— particularly when you smile.

The mental famine created among poor students by the modern luxury of the press—hot-pressed paper—Bulmer's types —vignettes in every page, &c. obliging every reader with less than 5000*l.* per annum, to seek for all his knowledge of new books by hearsay; or through the glimmering medium of those Wills-o-the-wisp, the Reviewers; or out of the Circulating Library, where nothing circulates—but the Catalogue!

Catching a glimpse, at a corner of a street, of your oldest and dearest friends, Punch and his party, all in full squeak and scuffle; from whom, however, the cruel decorums of age and character oblige you, after "snatching a fearful joy," to tear yourself away.

Wandering from one shop to another in search of a book, and finding 20 copies of it, of a date immediately before, and after, that of the only edition which will be of any use to you, and which you, *consequently*, never find.

The state of writhing torture into which you are occasionally thrown by the sudden and unexpected questions, or remarks, of a child, before a large company; —a little wretch of your own, for instance, that will run up to an unmarried lady, (one who would rather be thought a youthful sinner, than an elderly saint,) and then harrow you by crying out, before you have time to gag it,—"Now, do, Miss—let me count the *creases* in your face—there's one, there's two, there's three," &c.—or, accosting another lady in the same explicit strain, electrifies you by breaking out with—"Why do you come here so often? for, do you know, my aunt always says she can't abide you —don't you, aunt?" &c. &c.

After eating mushrooms—the lively interest you take in the debate that accidentally follows upon the question "whether they were of the right sort?"

Taking a step more, or a step less, than you want, in going up or down stairs.

The task of inventing a new dinner every morning devolving on *you*, in the long absence of your wife.

Attempting to open the stiff blade of a rusty knife at a well-worn notch, with a short thumb-nail.

On shaking off a long reverie, the sudden consciousness that, during the whole of your absent fit, your eyes have been intently fixed on a letter which a stranger is writing or reading close at your elbow.

BERESFORD.

DECEMBER.

'Tis dark December now. The early eves
Are starless, long, and cold; the rainwinds moan
Like pined spirits; blind Night seems never gone;
Day is delightless; and grey Morning grieves.
The robin perches most on household eaves,
Craving the crumbs he sings for from the kind;
The slim deer screen them from the bitter wind
Behind broad trees, couching on fallen leaves.
But though all things seem sad without our doors,
Within sits Christmas at the board of cheer,
Heaped with large tithings of the month and year;
And Wit now has his word, and Laughter roars,
Till Music breathes her voice; and Wealth's warm hearth
Hath its bright eyes, brave wines, brisk fires, dance, soog, and mirth.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

THE BRAMIN'S WELL.*

In former days, the city of Hastinapur was the capital of India; but so destructive is time, that we cannot now discover a vestige of its ruins. It was very famous, and very magnificent. The markets blazed with silks, and fumed with oriental spices. Idlers and voluptuaries found them an agreeable place of resort; and the beauties of Indostan were seen passing, in a state of irresolution, from one booth to another, while the cautious merchant adhered to his price, nor al-

* From "Fragments and Fictions, translated from the French of Jean Pococurante de Peudemots, sometime Secretary to the Prince de Talleyrand, Edin. 1817," 12mo.

lowed himself to forget his interest, although beset by many a soft voice and beautiful pair of eyes.

One afternoon, a person of singular aspect entered the city. His dress resembled that of a bramin; but he had a living serpent fastened round his waist, instead of a girdle. Wherever he went, a crowd of spectators attended; and when he had come to a convenient place, he turned and addressed them as follows: "May Brama long continue to shower down favours on the citizens of Hastinapur. Their town is the fairest in the world; their societies are the most polished, and their women the most enchanting. But no spot, however favoured, can boast of exemption from the griefs and evils of humanity. I have heard that sickness groans even in these delightful palaces; and that the music of those who divert themselves at evening, on the holy waters of the Ganges, comes to many an ear which is unable to participate in the general gladness. Health is the door to every other blessing; the gratifications of sense cannot reach us but through the medium of sound organs. Intellect is benumbed, when a host of uneasy sensations is continually disturbing the regular sequence of our thoughts; and imagination, that capricious and easily offended power, requires that pain shall be driven off the atage, before any of her fairy pageants are exhibited.

"Listen, therefore, to what I am going to relate: A bramin, distinguished for his piety, has again discovered that miraculous well of which we read in the Puranas. For many ages it has been concealed beneath a rock overblown with sand; and its healing influence has all the while been lost to the human species. A dream sent from the gods has now restored the knowledge of its situation, which is about a league eastward of Hastinapur. Let such, therefore, as are inclined follow me to the spot; they will find the venerable man of whom I have spoken, waiting with his gourd to dispense its waters, and communicate gaiety and lightsomeness even to the most unhappy constitutions."

This harangue was received with shouts of satisfaction. Every invalid and hypochondriac went immediately to order his palanquin; and the news being spread with rapidity, produced a commotion over the whole city. Among other places, it reached the veranda of a young lady, whose name was Badoura, and who sat languishing under the influence of a half-pleasing and half-painful sensation, which she could not understand. The seat of it was in her bosom: and the first symptoms had occurred after looking at a very handsome youth, who sometimes came to amuse himself with dressing the parterres of a neighbouring garden. This charming girl thought she could do no better than join the pilgrims, and get a cup of water along with the rest. In the mean time, as she could not have the use of a palanquin without imparting her design to a very peevish and untractable aunt, she called on a favourite slave to attend her as she walked, and shade her with an umbrella.

Towards evening, a large procession was seen to quit the walls of Hastinapur, It was led by the bramin, who did not long continue to follow the public highway, but struck off towards a range of solitary mountains, where the town of Hastinapur was soon lost to view. Night began to thicken; a doleful breeze whistled among the rocks, and the faint-hearted citizens became dispirited at the length of the journey. They told their conductor that they had already gone more than a league, and desired to know when his well and his bramin would become visible. To these clamours he replied in a soothing manner, drawing on the party step by step, until he had brought them within the jaws of a gloomy valley. There he left them, and his place was supplied by a troop of banditti. The rich palanquins were plundered. The women shrieked, and the slaves fled. Badoura took refuge in a thicket; and prayed to Vishnoo that she might rather fall into the paws of a leopard than a robber. She was in hopes that her female slave would observe where she had gone, and repair to the same spot; but after waiting with anxiety till the noise of the combat had ceased, and the sound of the voices had removed to a distance, she found she was still alone, in the midst of utter darkness. It seemed, therefore, prudent to seek for an outlet, and she went slowly forward, groping along the trunks of the trees, and shrinking back when the cold and rugged bark came in contact with her innocent bosom. After some time she

cleared the wood, and found herself near one of those immense caves where the disciples of Buddha were in use to perform their devotions, before that religion was expelled from Hindostan.

Badoura trembled, and entered. An extraordinary scene broke upon her sight. The cave was illuminated with a profusion of chandeliers, and the whole party of invalids and hypochondriacs were sitting down to a collation, formed of the choicest materials at that time used in the East. But what surprised her more than all, was to see the principal physician in Hastinapur taking his seat at the upper end of the table. Before doing the honours of the place, he addressed them in the following terms:

"I hope my fellow-citizens will pardon this innocent frolic, which has been contrived for no other purpose than their own advantage. My presence here excites astonishment; but that astonishment will cease, when it is known that I am the person, who, under the disguise of a bramin, led you astray among these mountains, and employed a troop of my own servants to bring you here by force, where you see that I have not neglected to prepare for your reception.

"During my practice in Hastinapur, I have, a thousand times, been consulted upon diseases which had no existence but in the fancy of the patient, and which arose from nothing but mere ennui and vacuity of mind. In cases like these I have always frankly confessed that nothing could be done by medicine; and that the patient could only cure himself by finding out a better occupation for his thoughts. But the indolent are ever willing to be flattered with hopes of relief from other causes than their own exertions, and one promise after another has been held out to my worthy townsmen, by the most pernicious impostors. I have now led you a ramble which will render deception less easy for the future, and which, I am convinced, has for the present banished all remembrance of imaginary evils. Let us therefore spend the night with gaiety. To-morrow, by daylight, your palanquins will take you back to the city."

The citizens of Hastinapur received this piece of raillery with the utmost good humour. They felt their spirits lightened, and, having enjoyed an agreeable repast, unanimously declared, that the fright and the novelty had done them a great deal of benefit. Nevertheless, Badoura was conscious of a gentle pain which still continued lurking and lingering about the regions of her heart; and only refrained from saying so, because she did not wish to be questioned upon the subject.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Dick Stapps
Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe.
He used to say, One pipe of Wishart's best
Gave life a zest.
To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room,
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
So still he smoked, and drank, and crack'd his joke;
And, had he single tarried,
He might have smoked, and still grown old in smoke:
But Richard *married*.

His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice:
And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scoured from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubbed so bright,
You dared not walk upright
For fear of sliding:
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe.
She railed upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then she quoted our King James, who saith,
"Tobacco is the devil's breath"

When wives will govern, husbands must obey:
For many a day
Dick mourned and missed his favourite tobacco,
And often grumbled sadly at Rebecca.

At length the day approached, his wife must die
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens.
The undertaker's men and mutes
Stood at the gate in sable suits,

With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks.
Now cakes and wine are handed round;—
But Dick is missing—no where to be found.
Above below about—
They search'd the house throughout,
Each hole and secret entry,
From garret to the pantry,
In every corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf—
And some were fearing he had hanged himself.
At last they found him—Reader, guess you where,
'Twill make you stare—
Perched on Rebecca's *coffin*, at his rest,
Smoking a pipe of Wishart's best."

THE LIBRARY.

Let us take off our hats and march with reverent steps, for we are about to enter into a library—that intellectual heaven wherein are assembled all those master-spirits of the world who have achieved immortality; those mental giants who have undergone their apotheosis, and from the shelves of this literary temple still hold silent communion with their mortal votaries. Here, as in one focus, are concentrated the rays of all the great luminaries, since Cadmus, the inventor of letters, discovered the noble art of arresting so subtle, volatile, and invisible a thing as Thought, and imparted to it an existence more durable than that of brass and marble. This was, indeed, the triumph of mind over matter; the lighting up of a new sun; the formation of a moral world only inferior to the Almighty fiat that produced Creation. But for this miraculous process of eternizing knowledge, the reasoning faculty would have been bestowed upon man in vain: it would have perished with the evanescent frame in which it was embodied; human experience would not extend beyond individual life; the wisdom of each generation would be lost to its successor, and the world could never have emerged from the darkness of barbarism. Books have been the great civilizers of men. The earliest literature of every country has been probably agricultural; for subsistence is the most pressing want of every new community: abundance, when obtained, would have to be secured from the attacks of less industrious savages; hence the necessity for the arts of war, for eloquence, hymns of battle, and funeral orations. Plenty and security soon introduce luxury and refinement; leisure is found for writing and reading; literature becomes ornamental as well as useful; and poets are valued, not only for the delight they afford, but for their exclusive power of conferring a celebrity more durable than all the fame that can be achieved by medals, statues, monuments, and pyramids, or even by the foundation of cities, dynasties, and empires.

This battered, soiled, and dog's-eared Homer, so fraught with scholastic reminiscences, is the most sublime illustration of the preservative power of poetry that the world has yet produced. Nearly three thousand years have elapsed since the body of the author reverted to dust, and here is his mind, his thoughts, his very words, handed down to us entire, although the language in which he wrote has for many ages become silent upon the earth. When the Chian bard wandered through the world reciting his unwritten verses, which then existed only as a sound, Thebes with its hundred gates flourished in all its stupendous magnificence, and the leathern ladies and gentlemen who grin at us from glass cases, under the denomination of mummies, were walking about its streets, dancing in its halls, or perhaps prostrating themselves in its temples before that identical Apis, or Ox-deity, whose thigh-bone was rummaged out of the sarcophagus in the great pyramid, and transported to England by Captain Fitzclarence. Three hundred years rolled away after the Iliad was composed, before the she-wolf destined to nourish Romulus and Remus prowled amid the wilderness of the seven hills, whereon the marble palaces of Rome were subsequently to be founded. But why instance mortals and cities that have sprung up and crumbled into dust, since an immortal has been called into existence in the intervening period? Cupid, the god of love, is nowhere mentioned in the works of Homer, though his mother plays so distinguished a part in the

* From "Points of Misery; by Charles Westmacott; with Designs, by Robert Cruckshank. Lond. 1823."

poem, and so many situations occur where he would infallibly have been introduced, had he been then enrolled in the celestial ranks. It is obvious, therefore, that he was the production of later mythologists; but, alas! the deity and his religion, the nations that worshipped him, and the cities where his temples were reared, are all swept away in one common ruin. Mortals and immortals, creeds and systems, nations and empires,—all are annihilated together. Even their heaven is no more. Hyænas assemble upon Mount Olympus instead of deities: Parnassus is a desolate waste; and the silence of that wilderness, once covered with laurel groves and gorgeous fanes, whence Apollo gave out his oracles, is now only broken by the occasional crumbling of some fragment from the rocky summit of the two-forked hill, scaring the wolf from his den and the eagle from her cliff.

And yet here is the poem of Homer fresh and youthful as when it first emanated from his brain; nay, it is probably in the very infancy of its existence, only in the outset of its career, and the generations whom it has delighted are as nothing compared to those whom it is destined to charm in its future progress to eternity. Contrast this majestic and immortal fate with that of the evanescent dust and clay, the poor perishing frame whose organization gave it birth; and what an additional argument does it afford, that the soul capable of such sublime efforts cannot be intended to revert to the earth with its miserable tegument of flesh. That which could produce immortality may well aspire to its enjoyment.

What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves! What an epitome of the past world, and how capricious the fate by which some of them have been preserved, while others of greater value have perished! The monks of the middle ages, being the great medium of conservation, and outraged nature inciting them to avenge the mortification of the body by the pruriousness of the mind, the amatory poets have not only come down to us tolerably entire, but they "have added fat pollutions of their own," passing off their lascivious elegies as the production of Cornelius Gallus, or anonymously sending forth into the world still more licentious and gross erotics. Some of the richest treasures of antiquity have been redeemed from the dust and cobwebs of monastical libraries, lumber-rooms, sacristies, and cellars; others have been excavated in iron chests, or disinterred from beneath ponderous tomes of controversial divinity, or copied from the backs of homilies and sermons, with which, in the scarcity of parchment, they had been over-written. If some of our multitudinous writers would compile a circumstantial account of the resurrection of every classical author, and a minute narrative of the discovery of every celebrated piece of ancient sculpture, what an interesting volume might be formed!

Numerous as they are, what are the books preserved in comparison with those that we have lost? The dead races of mankind scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than do the books that have perished exceed those that remain to us. Men are naturally scribblers, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Osymandias, the ancient King of Egypt, if Herodotus may be credited, built a library in his palace, over the door of which was the well known inscription —"Physic for the Soul." Job wishes that his adversary had written a book, probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review; the expression, at all events, indicates a greater activity "in the Row" than we are apt to ascribe to those primitive times. Allusion is also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia, as well as to one built by Nehemiah. Ptolemy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's soldiers; and the Alexandrian Library, burned by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustion of congregated brains!—the quintessence of ages—the wisdom of a world —all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes! This, as Cowley would have said, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; to extinguish the light

of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more triumph over mind. Possibly, however, our loss is rather imaginary than real, greater in quantity than in quality. Men's intellects, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at an impassable acme which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, though none are equal to that primitive model; our Ovidian elegies, our Pindarics, and our Anacreontics, all resemble their first parents in features as well as in name. Fertilizing our minds with the brains of our predecessors, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction is the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

An anonymous book loses half its interest; it is the voice of the invisible, an echo from the clouds, the shadow of an unknown substance, an abstraction devoid of all humanity. One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him. Even an assumed name is better than none; though it is clearly a nominal fraud, a desertion from our own to enlist into another identity. It may be doubted whether we have any natural right thus to leap down the throat as it were, of an imaginary personage, and pass off a counterfeit of our own creation for genuine coinage. But the strongest semi-vitality, or zoophite state of existence, is that of the writers of Ephemerides, who squeeze the whole bulk of their individuality into the narrow compass of a single consonant or vowel; who have an alphabious being as Mr A., a liquid celebrity under the initial of L., or attain an immortality of zig-zag under the signature of Z. How fantastical to be personally known as an impersonal, to be literally a man of letters, to have all our virtues and talents intrusted to one little hieroglyphic, like the bottles in the apothecary's shop

Even when we assume a literary individuality somewhat more substantial than this fanciful creation; when one is known, *propria persona*, as the real identical *Tomkins*, who writes in a popular magazine under the signature of any specific letter, to what does it amount?—an immortality of a month, after which we are tranquilly left to enjoy an eternity—of oblivion. Our very nature is ephemeral: we "come like shadows, so depart." From time to time some benevolent and disinterested compiler endeavours to pluck us from the Lethean gulf, by republishing our best papers under the captivating title of "Beauties of the Magazines," "Spirit of the modern Essayists," or some such embalming words; but alas! like a swimmer in the wide ocean, who attempts to uphold his sinking comrade, he can but give him a few moments' respite, when both sink together in the waters of oblivion.

HORACE SMITH.

MINGUILLO.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"SINCE for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling!
Give me back the kiss, I pray.

"If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have nought to say.

"Do—she keeps so great a pother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;
Do my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave."

"Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take;"
"Give me back the two, my darling!
Give them, for my mother's sake."—

J. G. LOCKHART.

VERSES.*

I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
'Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?'

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:
'See the heart without motion, tho' Celia pass by!
Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she borrows,
Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

'When our Sappho appears—she, whose wit, so refined,
I am forced to applaud like the rest of mankind—
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
Every word I attend—but I only admire.

'Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, tho' man is her aim;
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

'But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again!'

Earl of Peterborough.

SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Wordsworth.

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* From "The Suffolk Correspondence, Lond. 1824," 2 vols. 8vo.

COUNTESS OF EXETER.

I am no teller of stories; but there is one belonging to Burleigh House, of which I happen to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than "lords who love their ladies" like. He determined to seek out a second wife in an humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled incognito (under the name of Mr Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighbourhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish,—his mode of life was retired,—it was odd how he got his livelihood,—and at last he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma, he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it would seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns: there was something in the manners of their quiet but eccentric guest which she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honourable proposals to her, and at the end of some months they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner, they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping till they came to the entrance of Burleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, "Well, my dear, this is Burleigh House: it is the house I have promised to bring you to, and you are the countess of Exeter!"—It is said the shock of this discovery was too much for the young creature, and that she never recovered it.—It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making, had it been only for this. I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story.

Hazlitt.

THE POET'S COURTSHIP.

I PLAY'D a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd, with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight who wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and, ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight;
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night.

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land.

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When, on the yellow forest leaves,
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight;
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, look'd up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The beatings of her heart.

COLERIDGE.

THE WRECKER.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

TOWARDS the close of the 16th century, a horrid custom prevailed on the coast of Cornwall, of luring vessels to their destruction in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the top of the cliffs, in order that the bewildered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a vessel, might be induced to shape his course towards it. This atrocious expedient was often successful. The devoted crew dreamed not of their danger until warned of it, too late, by the foaming breakers that burst upon them from the shore; and the vessel speedily became the prey of a set of ruthless barbarians, who, to secure themselves impunity in their plunder, often murdered those who escaped drowning, and then called their booty a 'God-send.'

In a small hovel, on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay on the coast of Cornwall, dwelt one of these wretches—an old and hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, the smuggler, and the wrecker, but the last was his favourite occupation: and such was the confidence of his companions in his experience in this capacity, that he was usually appointed their leader, and rarely failed in his office. His wife, too, encouraged him, and not unfrequently aided him in his iniquitous exploits. Disgusted with the wickedness of his parents, their only son left his home in early life, and sought to obtain an honourable subsistence as the mate of a West Indian trader.

It was at a period when a long and profitless summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that Terloggan, like the vulture, ever watchful for his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of discovering the most distant indications of a tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid and most encouraging aspect. The soft and azure sky seemed to rest upon the transparent sea, and the slowly expanding waves swept with slow murmurings along the shining sands of the deep bay with a

wild and monotonous plashing, that seemed to strike like the voice of a prophecy upon the ear. Not more hateful were the glorious beams of the orb of day to the fallen Lucifer, as described by our great poet, than was the quiescent state of nature to the dark mind of Terloggan. In his impatience he cursed the protracted season of tranquillity, and hailed the approaching period of storms as more congenial not only to the 'gloomy temper of his soul,' but to his interests. At length he saw, with a smile of savage satisfaction, the sun sink in angry red beneath the dim and cloudy horizon; heard with secret exultation the hollow murmuring of the winds, and beheld the blackening waves rising into fury, and lashing the lofty rocks with their ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased; and the long and loud blast of the contending elements rung out upon the ear like the death knell of a departed soul. 'Now's thy time,' ejaculated the old hag, his wife, 'go thy ways out upon the cliffs, there's death in the wind.' Terloggan speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay. The usual expedient was resorted to; and he soon observed a light at sea as if in answer to his signal. His prey seemed already in his grasp. The light evidently approached nearer; and before an hour had elapsed, the white close-reefed sails of the vessel could be dimly discovered through the darkness, and the appalling cry of the seamen at the discovery of their danger distinctly heard. Signal-guns of distress were immediately fired, and the loud commands, *all hands on deck*, and *about ship*, were vociferated in wild despair. Every exertion was made to wear the vessel from the shore; but the redeeming moment was past, the ship was completely embayed, and neither strength nor skill were of any avail in averting her impending fate. In a few minutes a tremendous crash, and a heart-rending, but fruitless, cry for help, announced the horrid catastrophe; and the last flashing signal-gun revealed for a moment a scene too terrible to be described. The stranded vessel, hurled repeatedly against the jagged rocks of the bay, soon parted; the waves dashed over her shattered hull with relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging; whilst the mingled shrieks of the drowning, blended with the roar of the conflicting elements, rose upon the ear like the despairing cries of an army of dying Titans.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous—in whose ears such sounds were melody—and that being was Terloggan. He waited impatiently until the storm had somewhat abated, and when silence began to indicate that the work of death was well nigh over, he descended the well-known cliffs to dart upon his prey. Unmoved by the horrid spectacle (for the moon had broken from the clouds by which she had before been concealed), he stood awhile gazing upon the scene of desolation around him as if at a loss where first to begin his work of rapine. But to his surprise and momentary dismay there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would interpose between him and his hard-earned booty, and who was even now loudly supplicating his assistance. To despatch this unhappy creature in his exhausted and helpless condition was a resolution no sooner formed than executed. Whilst he was appearing to aid his escape from the jaws of death, one stroke of his hanger laid him a livid and mutilated corse upon the sands before him. Terloggan then rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and laden with the most portable articles of plunder, retraced his footsteps to his hut. 'What luck?' exclaimed his fiend-like helpmate, as he crossed the threshold of the door. 'Never better,' rejoined Terloggan, pointing to his booty. He then described the success of his hellish stratagem without even concealing the particulars of the murder; after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring which he had taken from the finger of the stranger. 'Give me the light, Meg,' said the hoary villain. The hag obeyed. But no sooner had he examined the ring than he recognised its form and certain marks upon it. His countenance changed, and with a groan of agony he quickly handed it to his wife. She knew too well from whose hand it must have been taken, and after glancing at it for a moment, yelled out with supernatural energy, 'Oh my son, my poor son!' and fell senseless at the

feet of her husband. Terloggan endeavoured to master his feelings until the fact could be ascertained. He arose with the dawn, and hastened to the spot where he had left the murdered corse. It was indeed his son. The stroke of retribution had been complete. Overwhelmed by despair, and stung by remorse, to which his heart had ever before been impervious, he determined on self-destruction. A few days afterwards his mangled body was found among the rocks, and interred on the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood. The chief incidents of his terrible story are still narrated in the neighbourhood which was the scene of its hero's manifold atrocities. His wretched wife perished a few weeks afterwards by the fall of her hut, occasioned by one of those dreadful storms which she and her savage helpmate had so frequently invoked.

Anon.

THE ASTRONOMICAL ALDERMAN.

The pedant or scholastikos became
  The butt of all the Grecian jokes;—
With us, poor Paddy bears the blame
  Of blunders made by other folks;
Though we have certain civic sages
  Term'd Aldermen, who perpetrate
  Bulls as legitimate and great,
As any that the classic pages
Of old Hierocles can show,
Or Mr Miller's, commonly call'd Joe.

One of these turtle-eating men,
Not much excelling in his spelling,
  When ridicule he meant to brave,
Said he was more PH. than N.
  Meaning thereby, more *phool* than *nave*,
Though they who knew our cunning Thraso
Pronounced it flattery to say so.—
His civic brethren to express
  His "double double toil and trouble,"
And bustling noisy emptiness,
  Had christen'd him Sir Hubble Bubble.

This wight ventripotent was dining
Once at the Grocers' Hall, and lining
  With calipee and calipash
That tomb omnivorous—his paunch.
Then on the haunch
  Inflicting many a horrid gash,
When, having swallow'd six or seven
  Pounds, he fell into a mood
  Of such supreme beatitude,
That it reminded him of Heaven,
And he began with mighty *bonhomie*
  To talk astronomy.
'Sir," he exclaim'd between his bumpers,
  "Copernicus and Tycho Brahe,
  And all those chaps have had their day;
They've written monstrous lies, Sir,—thumpers!—
Move round the sun?—it's talking treason;
The earth stands still—it stands to reason.
Round as a globe?—stuff—bumbug—fable!
It's a flat sphere, like this here table,
And the sun overhangs this sphere,
Ay—just like that there chandelier."

"But," quoth his neighbour, "when the sun
From East to West his course has run,
How comes it that he shows his face
Next morning in his former place?"

"Ho! there 's a pretty question truly!"
Replied our wight with an unruly
Burst of laughter and delight,
  So much his triumph seem'd to please him;
"Why, blockhead, he goes back at night,
  And that's the reason no one sees him."

HORACE SMITH.

GORDON THE GIPSEY.

It has been tritely, because truly said, that the boldest efforts of human imagination cannot exceed the romance of real life. The best written tale is not that which most resembles the ordinary chain of events and characters, but that which, by selecting and combining them, conceals those inconsistencies and deficiencies that leave, in real life, our sense of sight unsatisfied. An author delights his reader when he exhibits incidents distinctly and naturally according with moral justice; his portraits delight us when they resemble our fellow-creatures without too accurately tracing their moles and blemishes. This elegant delight is the breathing of a purer spirit within us, that asserts its claim to a nobler and more perfect state; yet another, though an austerer kind of pleasure arises, when we consider how much of the divinity appears even in man's most erring state, and how much of "goodliness in evil."

In one of those drear midnights that were so awful to travellers in the highlands soon after 1745, a man wrapped in a large coarse plaid, strode from a stone ridge on the border of Loch Lomond into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely, and alone, looking carefully to the right and left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep, and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices, rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite, rose more than a hundred feet on each side, sundered only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. Then poising himself erect on his staff, the boatman drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff, and having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the wall of rock, where he disappeared.

The boat was moored, but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in a plaid of the darkest grain, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night. His purpose was answered. He had now discovered what he had sacrificed many perilous nights to obtain, a knowledge of the mode by which the owner of Drummond's Keep gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch to an island near the centre. He rested on his oars, and looked down on its transparent water.—"It is there still," he said to himself; and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd's breed sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. "Watch the boat!" said the highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the grey stones, took a bundle from underneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Cameron's regiment usually wore, looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

That island had once belonged to the heritage of the Gordons, whose ancient family, urged by old prejudices and hereditary courage, had been foremost in the ill-managed rebellion of 1715. One of the clan of Argyle then watched a favourable opportunity to betray the laird's secret movements, and was commissioned to arrest him. Under pretence of friendship he gained entrance to his stronghold in the isle, and concealed a posse of the king's soldiers at Gordon's door. The unfortunate laird leaped from his window into the lake, and his false friend seeing his desperate efforts threw him a rope, as if in kindness, to support him, while a boat came near. "That rope was meant for my neck," said Gordon, "and I leave it for a traitor's." With these bitter words he sank. Cameron saw him, and the pangs of remorse came into his heart. He leaped himself into a boat, put an oar towards his drowning friend with real oaths of fidelity, but Gordon pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near that isle, and Cameron beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw, or thought he saw him lift his hand as if to reach his, and that dying hand never left his remembrance. Cameron received the lands of the Gordon as a recompense for his political services, and with them the tower called Drummond's Keep, then standing on the edge of a hideous defile, formed by two walls of rock beside the lake. But from that day he had never been seen to cross the loch, except in darkness, or to go abroad without armed men. He had been informed that Gordon's only son, made desperate by the ruin of his father and the Stuart cause, had become the leader of a gipsey gang,* the most numerous

* The Lochgellie and Linlithgow gipseys were very distinguished towards the middle of the last century, and had desperate fights at Raploch, near Stirling, and in the shire of Mearns. Lizzy Brown and Ann M'Donald were the leading Amazonians of these tribes, and their authority and skill in training boys to thievery were audaciously systematic. As the poor of Scotland derive their maintenance from usage rather than law, and chiefly from funds collected at the church-

and savage of the many that haunted Scotland. He was not deceived. Andrew Gordon, with a body of most athletic composition, a spirit sharpened by injuries, and the vigorous genius created by necessity, had assumed dominion over two hundred ruffians, whose exploits in driving off cattle, cutting drovers' purses, and removing the goods brought to fairs or markets, were performed with all the audacious regularity of privileged and disciplined thieves. Cameron was the chosen and constant object of their vengeance. His keep or tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided into three chambers; the highest of which was the dormitory, the second or middle served as a general refectory, and the lowest contained his cattle, which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found next morning. His enemy frequented the fairs on the north side of Forth, well mounted, paying at inns and ferries like a gentleman, and attended by bands of gillies or young pupils, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives, were sufficiently feared by the visitors of Queensferry and Dumfermline. The gipsey chieftain had also a grim cur of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In the darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the stolen flock intrusted to his care, or to fail in tracing a fugitive. But as sight and strength failed him, the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byre loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned. From this trifling incident arose the most material crisis of his patron's fate.

Between the years of 1715 and 1745, many changes occurred in Captain Gordon and his enemy. The Laird of Drummond Keep had lost his only son in the battle of Preston Pans, and was now lingering in a desolate old age, mistrusted by the government, and abhorred by the subdued Jacobites. Gordon's banded marauders had provoked the laws too far, and some sanguinary battles among themselves threatened the downfal of his own power. It was only a few nights after a desperate affray with the Linlithgow gipseys that the event occurred which begins my narrative. He had been long lying in ambush to find access to his enemy's stronghold, intending to terminate his vagrant career by an exploit which should satisfy his avarice and his revenge. Equipped, as I have said, in a Cameronian trooper's garb, he returned to the foot of the cliff from whence he had seen the basket descending to convey Gavin Cameron; and climbing up its rough face with the activity required by mountain warfare, he hung among furze and broken rocks like a wild cat, till he found the crevice through which the basket had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed by tufts of heather; but creeping on his hands and knees, he forced his way into the interior. There the deepest darkness confounded him, till he laid his hand on a chain, which he rightly guessed to be the same he had seen hanging on the side of the lake when Cameron landed. One end was coiled up, but he readily concluded that the end must have some communication with the keep, and he followed its course till he found it inserted in what seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behind the pulley admitted a gleam of light, and striving to raise himself sufficiently to gain a view through it, he leaned too forcibly on the chain, which sounded a bell. Its unexpected sound would have startled an adventurer less daring, but Gordon had prepared his stratagem, and had seen, through the loop-hole in the wall, that no powerful enemy was to be dreaded. Gavin Cameron was sitting alone in the chamber within, with his eyes fixed on the wood-ashes in his immense hearth. At the hollow sound of the bell he cast them fearfully round, but made no attempt to rise, though he stretched his hand towards a staff which lay near him. Gordon saw the tremor of palsy and dismay in his limbs, and putting his lips to the crevice, repeated, "Father!" In a low and supplicating tone. That word made Gavin shudder; but when Gordon added, "Father! father! save me!" he sprang to the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a narrow door invisible to any eye but his own, and gave

door, or small assessments on heritors (never exceeding two pence in the pound), a set of vagrants still depend on voluntary aid, and are suffered to obtain it by going from house to house in families or groups, with a little of the costume, and a great deal of the cant and thievery of ancient gipseys.

admission to the muffled man, who leaped eagerly in. Thirty years had passed since Gavin Cameron had seen his son, and Gordon well knew how many rumours had been spread, that the younger Cameron had not really perished, though the ruin of the Chevalier's cause rendered his concealment necessary. Gavin's hopes and love had been all revived by these rumours, and the sudden apparition, the voice, the appeal for mercy, had full effect on the bereaved father's imagination. The voice, eyes, and figure of Gordon, resembled his son; all else might and must be changed by thirty years. He wept like an infant on his shoulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot to blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shown to his father's cause. His pretended son told him a few strange events which had befallen him during his long banishment since 1715, and was spared the toil of inventing many, by the fond delight of the old man, weeping and rejoicing over his prodigal restored. He only asked by what happy chance he had discovered his secret entrance, and whether any present danger threatened him. Gordon answered the first question with the mere truth, and added, almost truly, that he feared nothing but the emissaries of the government, from whom he could not be better concealed than in Drummond Keep. Old Cameron agreed with joyful eagerness, but presently said, "Allan, my boy, we must trust Annet; she's too near kin to betray ye, and ye were to have been her spouse." Then he explained that his niece was the only person in his household acquainted with the basket and the bell; that by her help he could provide a mattress and provisions for his son, but without it, would be forced to hazard the most dangerous inconveniences. Gordon had not foreseen this proposal, and it darkened his countenance; but in another instant his imagination seized on a rich surfeit of revenge. He was commanded to return into the cavern passage, while his nominal father prepared his kinswoman for her new guest: and he listened greedily to catch the answers Annet gave to her deceived uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her steps, preparing, as he supposed, a larger supper for the old laird's table, with the simplicity and hospitality of a highland maiden. He was not mistaken. When the bannocks, and grouse, and claret, were arranged, Cameron presented his restored son to the mistress of the feast. Gordon was pale and dumb as he looked upon her. Accustomed to the wild haggard forms that accompanied his banditti in half female attire, ruling their miserable offspring with iron hands, and the voices of giants, his diseased fancy had fed itself on an idea of something beautiful, but only in bloom and youth. He expected and hoped to see a child full of playful folly, fit for him to steal away and hide in his den as a sport for his secret leisure: but a creature so fair, calm, and saintly, he had long since forgotten how to imagine. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth, and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The good old laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted, indulged the joy of his heart by asking Annet a thousand times, whether she could have remembered her betrothed husband, and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised bride. Gordon was silent from a feeling so new, that he could not comprehend his own purposes; and Annet from fear, when she observed the darkness and the fire that came by turns into her kinsman's face. But there was yet another peril to encounter. Cameron's large hearth was attended by a dog, which roused itself when supper appeared, and Gordon instantly recognized his banished favourite. Black Chieftain fixed his eyes on his former master, and with a growl that delighted him more than any caresses would have done, remained sullkily by the fire. On the other side of the ingle, under the shelter of the huge chimney-arch, sat a thing hardly human, but entitled, from extreme old age, to the protection of the owner. This was a woman bent entirely double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the spindle she was twirling; and sometimes when the laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the curch or hood that covered her ears. "Do you not remember poor old Marian Moome?"* said Annet, and the laird led his supposed son towards the

* Nurse or foster-mother.

superannuated crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed any thing that had passed, could not be judged from her laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Cameron pursued his arrangements for his son's safety, advising him to sleep composedly in the wooden panelled bed that formed a closet of this chamber, without regarding the half living skeleton, who never left the corner of the ingle. He gave him his blessing, and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his side. He came back in a few moments, and while the impostor couched himself on his mattress, took his station again by the fire, and fell asleep, overcome with joy and fatigue.

The embers went out by degrees, while the highland Jachimo lay meditating how he should prosper by his stratagem's success. Plunder and bloodshed had formed no part of a scheme which included far deeper craft and finer revenge. He knew his life was forfeit, and his person traced by officers of justice; and he hoped, by representing himself as the son of Cameron, to secure all the benefits of his influence, and the sanctuary of his roof; and if both should fail to save him from justice, the disgrace of his infamous life and death would fall on the family of his father's murderer. So from his earliest youth he had considered Cameron: and the hand of that drowned father, uplifted in vain for help, was always present to his imagination. Once, during this night, he had thought of robbing Cameron of his money and jewels by force, and carrying off his niece, as a hostage for his safety. But this part of his purpose had been deadened by a new and strange sense of holiness in beauty, which had made his nature human again. Yet he thought of himself with bitterness and ire, when he compared her sweet society, her uncle's kindness, and the comforts of a domestic hearth, with the herd which he now resembled; and this self hatred stung him to rise and depart without molesting them. He was prevented by the motion of a shadow on the opposite wall, and in an instant the dog who had so sullenly shunned his notice, leaped from beneath his bed, and seized the throat of the hag as she crept near it. She had taken her sleeping master's dirk, and would have used it like a faithful highland servant, if Black Chieftain's fangs had not interposed to rescue Gordon. The broad copper broach which fastened her plaid, saved her from suffocation, and clapping her hands, she yelled, "a Gordon! a Gordon!" till the roof rung.

Gavin Cameron awoke, and ran to his supposed son's aid, but the mischief was done. The doors of the huge chamber were broken open, and a troop of men in the king's uniform, and two messengers with official staves, burst in together. These people had been sent by the Lord Provost in quest of the gipsey chieftain, with authority to demand quarters in Drummond's Tower, near which they knew he had hiding-places. Gordon saw he had plunged into the very nest of his enemies, but his daring courage supported him. He refused to answer to the name of Gordon, and persisted in calling himself Cameron's son. He was carried before the High Court of Justiciary, and the importance of the indictment fixed the most eager attention on his trial. Considering the celebrity, the length, and the publicity of the gipsey chief's career, it was thought his person would have been instantly identified; but the craft he had used in tinging his hair, complexion, and eyebrows, and altering his whole appearance to resemble Cameron's son, baffled the many who appeared as his accusers. So much had Gordon attached his colleagues, or so strong was the Spartan spirit of fidelity and obedience amongst them, that not one appeared to testify against him. Gavin Cameron and his niece were cited to give their evidence on oath; and the miserable father, whatever doubts might secretly arise in his mind, dared not hazard a denial which might sacrifice his own son's life. He answered in an agony which his grey hairs made venerable, that he believed the accused to be his son, but left it to himself to prove what he had no means of manifesting. Annet was called next to confirm her uncle's account of her cousin's mysterious arrival; but when the accused turned his eyes upon her, she fainted, and could not be recalled to speech. This swoon was deemed the most affecting evidence of his identity:

and, finally, the dog was brought into court. Several witnesses recognized him as the prime forager of the Gordon gipseys: but Cameron's steward, who swore that he saved him by chance from drowning in the loch, also proved, that the animal never showed the smallest sagacity in herding sheep, and had been kept by his master's fireside as a mere household guard, distinguished by his ludicrous attention to music. When shown at the bar, the crafty and conscious brute seemed wholly unacquainted with the prisoner, and his surly silence was received as evidence by the crowd. The Lord High Commissioner summed up the whole, and the chancellor of the jury declared, that a majority almost amounting to unanimity, acquitted the accused. Gordon, under the name of Cameron, was led from the bar with acclamations; but at the threshold of the session's court, another pursuivant awaited him with an arrest for high treason, as an adherent to the Pretender in arms. The enraged crowd would have rescued him by force, and made outcries which he silenced with a haughty air of command, desiring to be led back to his judges. He insisted in such cool and firm language, and his countenance had in it such a rare authority, that after some dispute about the breach of official order, he was admitted into a room where two or three of the chief lords of session, and the chancellor of the jury, were assembled. Though still fettered both on hands and feet, he stood before them in an attitude of singular grace, and made this speech as it appears in the language of the record.

"The people abroad would befriend me, because they love the cause they think I have served; and my judges, I take leave to think, would pity me, if they saw an old man and a tender woman pleading again for my life. But I will profit in nothing by my judges' pity, nor the people's love for a Cameron. I have triumphed enough to-day, since I have baffled both my accusers and my jury. I am Gordon, chief of the wandering tribes; but since you have acquitted me on "soul and conscience," you cannot try me again; and, since I am not Cameron, you cannot try me for Cameron's treasons. I have had my revenge of my father's enemy, and I might have had more. He once felt the *dead grip** of a Gordon, and he should have felt it again if he had not called me his son, and blessed me as my father once did. If you had sent me to the Grass-market, I would have been hanged as a Cameron, for it is better for one of that name than mine to die the death of a dog; but, since you have set me free, I will live free as a Gordon."

This extraordinary appeal astonished and confounded his hearers. They were ashamed of their mistaken judgment, and dismayed at the dilemma. They could neither prove him to be a Cameron or a Gordon, except by his own avowal, which might be false either in the first or second cause; and after some consultation with the secretary of state, it was agreed to transport him privately to France. But on his road to a seaport, his escort was attacked by a troop of wild men and women, who fought with the fury of Arabs till they had rescued their leader, whose name remained celebrated till within the last sixty years as the most formidable of the gipsey tribe.

JAMES HOGG.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

[THE Chateau de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years.]

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* The grasp of a drowning man.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of gothic mold,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest:
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun!
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy:—but not in chains to pine;
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,

Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den:
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill:
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
It was not night—it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place:
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:

It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as the solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate,
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all,
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;

I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

THE RING.

WALKING up St James's-street a few days ago, I was attracted by some very beautiful specimens of bijouterie, displayed for sale in the window of a shop; and seeing a very curious antique ring, set in diamonds, labelled for a sum that I fancied beneath its value, I was tempted to purchase it. Examining my bargain while sitting in my easy chair after dinner, I dropped asleep, as is my usual custom; and the ring being the last subject of my thoughts, gave rise to the following dream. I thought that, while in the act of contemplating my new purchase, it thus addressed me—and, however unnatural and improbable it may seem, that an inanimate object should be gifted with the power of speech, yet, with the usual incoherence of a dream, all appeared to me perfectly correct:

"Do not undervalue me because this day I came into your possession for a comparatively trifling sum. Though you see me now with my lustre dimmed by age and want of care, time was that I wore a different aspect. In my fate you will see the lot of all sublunary grandeur, and I shall therefore relate to you my eventful history.

"I was purchased in Rome, where I was examined and admired by many a virtuoso; but a young Englishman, on his travels, no sooner saw me than he wished to possess me. Doubtful, however, of his own skill as a connoisseur, he determined on consulting a person considered a perfect judge in such matters; and, with all the unsuspicious openness of his countrymen, told my owner so. No sooner had he left the house, than my master hastened to the virtuoso that the Englishman had named as the arbiter of my destiny; and having originally demanded double my value, he now offered a handsome douceur to the antiquary, if he could, by his commendations, insure my sale to the young amateur. Those two precious Romans soon came to a perfect understanding; in a day or two the bargain was made, and I was consigned to the care of my new master. Though I disliked the cupidity of my late owner, and wished to leave him, still it was not without a pang that I bade adieu to the lovely cameos and intaglios that had been so long my neighbours in the same drawer; and the precious antique gems, that had been so often in close contact with me, never appeared to possess so many charms as in the moment that I was torn from them for ever. My vanity, however, consoled me for the separation; for it had been cruelly wounded by having overheard my crafty countryman say, that he had two Ioles, one on a beryl, and another on a sardonyx, both far superior to me, who am, as you perceive, an agate, and that he heartily wished me off his hands, as no one but an Englishman would buy me.

"My new master having looked at me with a carelessness that bespoke him as little interested as skilled in antiques, consigned me to his writing-box: where I lay side by side with many other articles of *virtu*, and surrounded by all the *gages d'amour* with which he had been favoured since he left college. Here I lay in inglorious obscurity for some time; for though my prison was frequently opened, to draw from it a fresh supply of money, I remained unnoticed. At length, by finding my cage moved about, I guessed that a change in my destiny was taking place, and I soon discovered, by the rumbling motion and rude jolts which I experienced, that I was leaving my native city, the once proud and imperial capital of the world. I shall pass over the grief which this parting caused me; nor shall I dwell on the desagremens that took place between my fellow-travellers and myself on the journey: our careless master had bestowed so little attention in packing us, that we frequently experienced some of the unpleasant rubs of life. The glass that covered a portrait fell a victim to one of the quarrels, and some beautiful Roman shells were shattered into fragments.

"We proceeded to Florence, and thence to Paris, where we took up our abode; and we had not been long there, when I observed that my prison was never opened that my master did not exhibit certain symptoms of chagrin and impatience which boded something disagreeable. One day he seized my cage with a violence that threatened its annihilation, and flattered me with the hope of liberty; but the lock soon obeyed his hand; and from the frequent exclamations I heard

him utter, of 'Cursed fool!' 'Stupid dupe!' 'Stingy father!' I guessed that something unusual had occurred, and I found he was writing to solicit from his father fresh supplies. His application failed of success, but brought him a recall. We soon bade adieu to Paris, and set out for England,—that country of whose wealth I had heard so much, and whose sons have been considered as the natural prey of the artful and designing.

"The first gleam of light that visited me in England shone through the dusty panes of a window in the custom house at Dover; where my prison was unceremoniously opened, and my companions and myself exposed to the view of a crowd of spectators, amidst a heap of clothes-bags, dressing-cases, *portfeuilles*, portmanteaus, china, artificial flowers, &c. &c. &c. Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself to me. The looks of inexorable rigidity of the custom-house officers,—the pale faces of the owners of the various properties, which told a piteous tale of sufferings past, and from which they had not yet recovered. The soiled dresses, mis-shaped hats and bonnets, and uncurled ringlets falling over languid cheeks, showed the ladies in no very favourable point of view; while the unshorn chins, and rumpled neckcloths of the gentlemen, betrayed that they had not escaped the disasters of the briny element. Each individual stood close to his or her property; and all personal suffering appeared to be forgotten in the anxiety which they felt to recover their possessions from the ruthless fangs of the custom-house officers. One lady was declaring that a piece of fine Mechlin lace, found in her band-box, was English manufacture; and another was insisting that a piece of French silk, which was discovered peeping through her pocket-hole, was merely the lining of her dress. Innumerable female voices, all speaking together, were heard around, making confusion doubly confused; while the gentlemen, who appeared less able to argue with the revenue officers, contented themselves with undervaluing their properties, that the duties might be proportionally reduced. I made one reflection on the scene around me, which was, that the female sex are all addicted to dealing in contraband goods, or smuggling, as it was there called; for out of above fifty ladies present, there was not one who did not endeavour to defraud the revenue.

"After witnessing several animated contests, and countless seizures, it at length came to my turn to be examined; and I felt my dignity not a little offended by being taken up between the soiled finger and thumb of one of the inspectors, who, after viewing me for a moment, pronounced me English, which my master having with rather a disdainful smile tacitly admitted, I was restored to my old abode, and, with my companions, again huddled up in our narrow cell.

"The scene I had witnessed conveyed no favourable impression of England; and I could not help ejaculating to myself —Is this, then, that famed land of freedom of which I have so often heard; and whose laws, and protection of private property, are so frequently held up to admiration? How prone are mankind to misrepresent and exaggerate; and how ill-governed must this same England be, and how defective its laws, when the goods for which an individual has paid his money, and which, of course, have become his property, are taken from him without even the civility of an excuse, and this by the very officers employed to carry their boasted laws into effect! I made many more wise reflections on laws and governments, but of which, as they do not concern my history, I shall spare you the recital; let it suffice to say, that no where had I heard law and justice so violently denounced as in an English custom-house: and there it was I first learned that they are not synonymous terms.

"The motion of the vehicle, as we rolled along from Dover towards London, was so different from that to which I had hitherto been accustomed, that I concluded the roads in England to be much better, or that some peculiar excellence appertained to English horses or postillions. My travelling-companions and I agreed much better; and during our journey from Dover to the metropolis, we maintained our equilibrium with perfect decorum, and had not a single rupture.

"We arrived in the British capital on a fine evening in May; and I was the next morning released from the narrow precincts of my prison, and consigned, with some other articles of *virtu*, to the fair sister of my master. She admired me extremely; but returned me to her

brother, with the observation, that he had better reserve me for the finger of a fair female friend of hers, to whom he was to be presented at dinner; but to all his inquiries as to the name of this fair unknown, she declined giving any information.

"I was placed on the dressing-table of my master, and could not help observing, that, when attiring himself for dinner this day, he bestowed more than his accustomed care in arranging his neckcloth, and giving his hair that careless waving flow so much admired by travelled beaus. I had hitherto fancied that the male sex were superior to the minor considerations of personal decorations; but I now discovered that no blooming nymph of seventeen, at her first presentation, could have taken more pains in displaying her charms to the best advantage, than did my master on the present occasion. I felt considerable interest to know the result of his interview with the fair unknown, but had no means of gratifying my curiosity. I remarked, however, that from this eventful day, he appeared more than usually anxious to adorn his person to the best advantage; and, at the end of a few weeks, I observed him draw a small turquoise ring from his finger, which he kissed with a rapture that excited my astonishment, mingled with indignation, that an ornament so inferior to myself could be so valued, while I was left whole weeks unnoticed on his dressing-table, or only casually touched by the housemaid when arranging the room. At length I was one day taken up, and conveyed by my master to a celebrated jeweller, to whose care he consigned me, with particular injunctions to have me reset, encircled with diamonds, and made to the size of a very small gold ring which he left as a pattern. He gave innumerable directions, expressive of his anxiety to have me completed; all of which convinced me that I was designed for the finger of some fair lady, and the unknown immediately occurred to my memory. The jeweller, whose only object was to incur as much expense to his employer as possible, encircled me with a row of brilliants, so large as nearly to hide my diminished head; and having now all the appearance of a modern antique, I was restored to my master, and the next day was placed by him on one of the most snowy, taper fingers in the world, as a guard to a plain gold ring that he had put on the same finger at St George's church half an hour before, as I discovered by the conversation that followed the action.

"My mistress seemed excessively pleased with me, and frequently raised her hand to arrange her hair or dress, and as frequently expressed her admiration of me, which not a little excited my vanity; but my self-complacency was much abated by discovering that she admired the diamonds that surrounded me more than myself, and my respect for her was much decreased by ascertaining, from her observations, that she was totally unskilled in antiques.

"For about a year I retained the post of honour with my new mistress; but towards the close of that period, I discovered a visible alteration in her: of which, as it affected her treatment of me, I took particular notice. The first symptom I observed was a want of cordiality between her and my *ci-devant* master. Occasional differences took place between them, conducted on both sides with much warmth; and I noticed that a male visitor, who was very assiduous in his attention, seemed to have taken a great fancy to my mistress's hand or myself, for he frequently pressed both between his, and as frequently raised them to his lips, though gently reprimanded for it by the lady. At length, one day he removed me from the fair finger I had so long encircled; and then drawing off the plain gold ring that I had so faithfully guarded, replaced it by one of nearly a similar kind, and then restored me to my former station, having consigned my old companion to his pocket.

"I felt, or fancied that I felt, my mistress's hand agitated by a tremulous emotion, and a drop that, save from its warmth, I should have taken for chrystal, at that moment fell on me, and was hastily brushed away by the lips of the gentleman. I felt indignant at being robbed of this liquid pearl, which to my prophetic soul appeared like the last memorial of departing purity; nor could I be reconciled to the new companion who had usurped the place of my old one, to which habit and its unobtrusive qualities had endeared me. The next day my mistress took advantage of the absence of her hus-

band to elope with her lover, and though pressed by him to remove me for a ring of great beauty and value that he had provided as a substitute, she expressed such a desire still to retain me, that, though with a visible degree of chagrin, he consented to permit me to occupy my old station, and placed his gift on a finger of the right hand.

"I soon observed many symptoms of unhappiness in my mistress; I was frequently bedewed with the tears that trickled down her pale cheek, as the hand to which I belonged supported it; and the same hand was often pressed to her burning forehead, as if to still the throbbing pulse that agonised her there. By degrees the once snowy hand lost its fairness, and assumed a sickly yellow hue; the once finely rounded taper finger, which I had so closely encircled, shrunk from my embrace. Yet still my unhappy mistress seemed to wish to retain me, and by twisting several silken threads round me, she again secured me; but, alas! in a few days I felt an unusual coldness steal over the attenuated finger, which was succeeded by a rigidity that gave it the feel and semblance of marble." * * * * * *

At this moment my servant, entering the room, awoke me, and interrupted a dream, the impression of which was so vivid as to leave the traces of tears on my cheek.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. *

THE CHILDE'S DESTINY.

AND none did love him—not his lemans dear,—
But pomp and power alone are woman's care;
And where these are, light Eros finds a feere.
LORD BYRON.

No mistress of the hidden skill,
No wizard gaunt and grim,
Went up by night to heath or hill,
To read the stars for him;
The merriest girl in all the land
Of vine-encircled France
Bestow'd upon his brow and hand
Her philosophic glance;
"I bind thee with a spell," said she,
"I sign thee with a sign;
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine!

"And trust me, 'tis not that thy cheek
Is colourless and cold;
Nor that thine eye is slow to speak
What only eyes have told:
For many a cheek of paler white
Hath blushed with passion's kiss:
And many an eye of lesser light
Hath caught its fire from bliss:
Yet, while the rivers seek the sea,
And while the young stars shine,
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine!

"And 'tis not that thy spirit awed
By Beauty's numbing spell,
Shrinks from the force or from the fraud
Which Beauty loves so well;
For thou hast learn'd to watch and wake,
And swear by earth and sky;
And thou art very bold to take
What we must still deny:
I cannot tell; the charm was wrought
By other threads than mine;
The lips are lightly begg'd or bought
The heart may not be thine!

"Yet thine the brightest smiles shall be
That ever Beauty wore,
And confidence from two or three,
And compliment from more:
And one shall give,—perchance hath given,—
What only is not love;
Friendship,—oh! such as saints in heaven
Rain on us from above.
If she shall meet thee in the bower,
Or name thee in the shrine,
Oh wear the ring and guard the flower,—
Her heart may not be thine!

"Go set thy boat before the blast,
Thy breast before the gun:—
The haven shall be reach'd at last,
The battle shall be won;
Or muse upon thy country's laws,
Or strike thy country's lute;—
And patriot bands shall sound applause,
And lovely lips be mute:
Go, dig the diamond from the wave,
The treasure from the mine;—
Enjoy the wreath, the gold, the grave,—
No woman's heart is thine.

"I charm thee from the agony
Which others feel or feign;
From anger, and from jealousy,
From doubt, and from disdain:
I bid thee wear the scorn of years
Upon the cheek of youth,
And curl the lip at passion's tears,
And shake the head at truth:
While there is bliss in revelry,
Forgetfulness in wine
Be thou from woman's love as free,
As woman is from thine!"

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* "Sketches and Fragments."

TIMON OF ATHENS. *

TIMON, a lord of Athens, in the enjoyment of a princely fortune, affected a humour of liberality which knew no limits. His almost infinite wealth could not flow in so fast, but he poured it out faster upon all sorts and degrees of people. Not the poor only tasted of his bounty, but great lords did not disdain to rank themselves among his dependents and followers. His table was resorted to by all the luxurious feasters, and his house was open to all comers and goers at Athens. His large wealth combined with his free and prodigal nature to subdue all hearts to his love; men of all minds and dispositions tendered their services to lord Timon, from the glass-faced flatterer, whose face reflects as in a mirror the present humour of his patron, to the rough and unbending cynic, who affecting a contempt of men's persons, and an indifference to worldly things, yet could not stand out against the gracious manners and munificent soul of lord Timon, but would come (against his nature) to partake of his royal entertainments, and return most rich in his own estimation if he had received a nod or a salutation from Timon.

If a poet had composed a work which wanted a recommendatory introduction to the world, he had no more to do but to dedicate it to lord Timon, and the poem was sure of a sale, besides a present purse from the patron, and daily access to his house and table. If a painter had a picture to dispose of, he had only to take it to lord Timon, and pretend to consult his taste as to the merits of it; nothing more was wanting to persuade the liberal-hearted lord to buy it. If a jeweller had a stone of price, or a mercer rich costly stuffs, which for their costliness lay upon his hands, lord Timon's house was a ready mart always open, where they might get off their wares or their jewellery at any price, and the good-natured lord would thank them into the bargain, as if they had done him a piece of courtesy in letting him have the refusal of such precious commodities. So that by this means his house was thronged with superfluous purchases, of no use but to swell uneasy and ostentatious pomp; and his person was still more inconveniently beset with a crowd of these idle visitors, lying poets, painters, sharking tradesmen, lords, ladies, needy courtiers, and expectants, who continually filled his lobbies, raining their fulsome flatteries in whispers in his ears, sacrificing to him with adulation as to a God, making sacred the very stirrup by which he mounted his horse, and seeming as though they drank the free air but through his permission and bounty.

Some of these daily dependents were young men of birth, who (their means not answering to their extravagance) had been put in prison by creditors, and redeemed thence by lord Timon; these young prodigals thenceforward fastened upon his lordship, as if by common sympathy he were necessarily endeared to all such spendthrifts and loose livers, who not being able to follow him in his wealth, found it easier to copy him in prodigality and copious spending of what was not their own. One of these flesh-flies was Ventidius, for whose debts unjustly contracted Timon but lately had paid down the sum of five talents.

But among this confluence, this great flood of visitors, none were more conspicuous than the makers of presents and givers of gifts. It was fortunate for these men, if Timon took a fancy to a dog or a horse, or any piece of cheap furniture which was theirs. The thing so praised, whatever it was, was sure to be sent the next morning with the compliments of the giver for lord Timon's acceptance, and apologies for the unworthiness of the gift; and this dog or horse, or whatever it might be, did not fail to produce, from Timon's bounty, who would not be outdone in gifts, perhaps twenty dogs or horses, certainly presents of far richer worth, as these pretended donors knew well enough, and that their false presents were but the putting out of so much money at large and speedy interest. In this way lord Lucius had lately sent to Timon a present of four milk-white horses trapped in silver, which this cunning lord had observed Timon upon some occasion to commend; and another lord, Lucullus, had bestowed upon him in the same pretended way of free gift a brace

* From "Tales from Shakspeare, by Charles Lamb." 2 vols.

of greyhounds, whose make and fleetness Timon had been heard to admire: these presents the easy-hearted lord accepted without suspicion of the dishonest views of the presenters; and the givers of course were rewarded with some rich return, a diamond or some jewel of twenty times the value of their false and mercenary donation.

Sometimes these creatures would go to work in a more direct way, and with gross and palpable artifice, which yet the credulous Timon was too blind to see, would affect to admire and praise something that Timon possessed, a bargain that he had bought, or some late purchase, which was sure to draw from this yielding and soft-hearted lord a gift of the thing commended, for no service in the world done for it but the easy expense of a little cheap and obvious flattery. In this way Timon but the other day had given to one of these mean lords the bay courser which he himself rode upon, because his lordship had been pleased to say that it was a handsome beast and went well; and Timon knew that no man ever justly praised what he did not wish to possess. For lord Timon weighed his friends' affection with his own, and so fond was he of bestowing, that he could have dealt kingdoms to these supposed friends, and never have been weary.

Not that Timon's wealth all went to enrich these wicked flatterers; he could do noble and praise-worthy actions; and when a servant of his once loved the daughter of a rich Athenian, but could not hope to obtain her by reason that in wealth and rank the maid was so far above him, lord Timon freely bestowed upon his servant three Athenian talents, to make his fortune equal with the dowry which the father of the young maid demanded of him who should be her husband. But for the most part, knaves and parasites had the command of his fortune, false friends whom he did not know to be such, but, because they flocked around his person, he thought they must needs love him; and because they smiled and flattered him, he thought surely that his conduct was approved by all the wise and good. And when he was feasting in the midst of all these flatterers and mock friends, when they were eating him up, and draining his fortunes dry with large draughts of richest wines drunk to his health and prosperity, he could not perceive the difference of a friend from a flatterer, but to his deluded eyes (made proud with the sight) it seemed a precious comfort to have so many, like brothers commanding one another's fortunes (though it was his own fortune which paid all the costs), and with joy they would run over at the spectacle of such, as it appeared to him, truly festive and fraternal meeting.

But while he thus outwent the very heart of kindness, and poured out his bounty, as if Plutus, the god of gold, had been but his steward; while thus he proceeded without care or stop, or senseless of expense that he would neither inquire how he could maintain it, nor cease his wild flow of riot; his riches, which were not infinite, must needs melt away before a prodigality which knew no limits. But who should tell him so? his flatterers? they had an interest in shutting his eyes. In vain did his honest steward Flavius try to represent to him his condition, laying his accounts before him, begging of him, praying of him, with an importunity that on any other occasion would have been unmannerly in a servant, beseeching him with tears, to look into the state of his affairs. Timon would still put him off, and turn the discourse to something else; for nothing is so deaf to remonstrance as riches turned to poverty, nothing is so unwilling to believe its situation, nothing so incredulous to its own true state, and hard to give credit to reverse. Often had this good steward, this honest creature, when all the rooms of Timon's great house have been choked up with riotous feeders at his master's cost, when the floors have wept with drunken spilling of wine, and every apartment has blazed with lights and resounded with music and feasting, often had he retired by himself to some solitary spot, and wept faster than the wine ran from the wasteful casks within, to see the mad bounty of his lord, and to think, when the means were gone which bought him praises from all sorts of people, how quickly the breath would be gone of which the praise was made; praises won in feasting would be lost in fasting, and at one cloud of winter-showers these flies would disappear.

But now the time was come that Timon could shut his ears no longer to the

representations of this faithful steward. Money must be had; and when he ordered Flavius to sell some of his land for that purpose, Flavius informed him, what he had in vain endeavoured at several times before to make him listen to, that most of his land was already sold or forfeited, and that all he possessed at present was not enough to pay the one half of what he owed. Struck with wonder at this representation, Timon hastily replied, "My lands extended from Athens to Lacedemon." "O my good lord," said Flavius, "the world is but a world, and has bounds; were it all yours to give it in a breath, how quickly were it gone!"

Timon consoled himself that no villanous bounty had yet come from him, that if he had given his wealth away unwisely, it had not been bestowed to feed his vices, but to cherish his friends; and he bade the kind-hearted steward (who was weeping) to take comfort in the assurance that his master could never lack means, while he had so many noble friends; and this infatuated lord persuaded himself that he had nothing to do but to send and borrow, to use every man's fortune (that had ever tasted his bounty) in this extremity, as freely as his own. Then with a cheerful look, as if confident of the trial, he severally dispatched messengers to lord Lucius, to lords Lucullus and Sempronius, men upon whom he had lavished his gifts in past times without measure or moderation; and to Ventidius, whom he had lately released out of prison by paying his debts, and who by the death of his father was now come into the possession of an ample fortune, and well enabled to requite Timon's courtesy; to request of Ventidius the return of those five talents which he had paid for him, and of each of those noble lords the loan of fifty talents: nothing doubting that their gratitude would supply his wants (if he needed it) to the amount of five hundred times fifty talents.

Lucullus was the first applied to. This mean lord had been dreaming over-night of a silver basin and cup, and when Timon's servant was announced, his sordid mind suggested to him that this was surely a making out of his dream, and that Timon had sent him such a present: but when he understood the truth of the matter, and that Timon wanted money, the quality of his faint and watery friendship showed itself, for with many protestations he vowed to the servant that he had long foreseen the ruin of his master's affairs, and many a time had he come to dinner, to tell him of it, and had come again to supper, to try to persuade him to spend less, but he would take no counsel nor warning by his coming: and true it was that he had been a constant attender (as he said) at Timon's feasts, as he had in greater things tasted his bounty, but that he ever came with that intent, or gave good counsel or reproof to Timon, was a base unworthy lie, which he suitably followed up with meanly offering the servant a bribe, to go home to his master and tell him that he had not found Lucullus at home.

As little success had the messenger who was sent to lord Lucius. This lying lord, who was full of Timon's meat, and enriched almost to bursting with Timon's costly presents, when he found the wind changed, and the fountain of so much bounty suddenly stopped, at first could hardly believe it; but on its being confirmed, he affected great regret that he should not have it in his power to serve lord Timon, for unfortunately (which was a base falsehood) he had made a great purchase the day before, which had quite disfurnished him of the means at present, the more beast he, he called himself, to put it out of his power to serve so good a friend; and he counted it one of his greatest afflictions that his ability should fail him to pleasure such an honourable gentleman.

Who can call any man friend that dips in the same dish with him? just of this metal is every flatterer. In the recollection of every body Timon had been a father to this Lucius, had kept up his credit with his purse; Timon's money had gone to pay the wages of his servants, to pay the hire of the labourers who had sweat to build the fine houses which Lucius's pride had made necessary to him: yet, oh! the monster which man makes himself when he proves ungrateful! this Lucius now denied to Timon a sum which, in respect of what Timon had bestowed on him, was less than charitable men afford to beggars.

Sempronius and every one of these mercenary lords to whom Timon applied in their turn, returned the same evasive answer or direct denial; even Ventidius,

the redeemed and now rich Ventidius, refused to assist him with the loan of those five talents which Timon had not lent but generously given him in his distress.

Now was Timon as much avoided in his poverty as he had been courted and resorted to in his riches. Now the same tongues which had been loudest in his praises, extolling him as bountiful, liberal, and open-handed, were not ashamed to censure that very bounty as folly, that liberality as profuseness, though it had shown itself folly in nothing so truly as in the selection of such unworthy creatures as themselves for its objects. Now was Timon's princely mansion forsaken, and become a shunned and hated place, a place for men to pass by, not a place as formerly where every passenger must stop and taste of his wine and good cheer; now instead of being thronged with feasting and tumultuous guests, it was beset with impatient and clamorous creditors, usurers, extortioners, fierce and intolerable in their demands, pleading bonds, interest, mortgages, iron-hearted men that would take no denial nor putting off, that Timon's house was now his jail, which he could not pass nor go in nor out for them; one demanding his due of fifty talents, another bringing in a bill of five thousand crowns, which if he would tell out his blood by drops, and pay them so, he had not enough in his body to discharge, drop by drop.

In this desperate and irremediable state (as it seemed) of his affairs, the eyes of all men were suddenly surprised at a new and incredible lustre which this setting sun put forth. Once more lord Timon proclaimed a feast, to which he invited his accustomed guests, lords, ladies, all that was great or fashionable in Athens. Lords Lucius and Lucullus came, Ventidius, Sempronius, and the rest. Who more sorry now than these fawning wretches, when they found (as they thought) that lord Timon's poverty was all pretence, and had been only put on to make trial of their loves, to think that they should not have seen through the artifice at the time, and have had the cheap credit of obliging his lordship? yet who more glad to find the fountain of that noble bounty, which they had thought dried up, still fresh and running? They came dissembling, protesting, expressing deepest sorrow and shame, that when his lordship sent to them, they should have been so unfortunate as to want the present means to oblige so honourable a friend. But Timon begged them not to give such trifles a thought, for he had altogether forgotten it. And these base fawning lords, though they had denied him money in his adversity, yet could not refuse their presence at this new blaze of his returning prosperity. For the swallow follows not summer more willingly than men of these dispositions follow the good fortunes of the great, nor more willingly leaves winter than these shrink from the first appearance of a reverse; such summer birds are men. But now with music and state the banquet of smoking dishes was served up; and when the guests had a little done admiring whence the bankrupt Timon could find means to furnish so costly a feast, some doubting whether the scene which they saw was real, as scarce trusting their own eyes; at a signal given, the dishes were uncovered, and Timon's drift appeared: instead of those varieties and far-fetched dainties which they expected, that Timon's epicurean tables in past times had so liberally presented, now appeared under the covers of these dishes a preparation more suitable to Timon's poverty, nothing but a little smoke and luke-warm water, fit feast for this knot of mouth-friends, whose professions were indeed smoke, and their hearts luke-warm and slippery as the water, with which Timon welcomed his astonished guests, bidding them, "Uncover, dogs, and lap;" and before they could recover their surprise, sprinkling it in their faces, that they might have enough, and throwing dishes and all after them, who now ran huddling out, lords, ladies, with their caps snatched up in haste, a splendid confusion, Timon pursuing them, still calling them what they were, "Smooth smiling parasites, destroyers under the mask of courtesy, affable wolves, meek bears, fools of fortune, feast-friends, time-flies." They, crowding out to avoid him, left the house more willingly than they had entered it; some losing their gowns and caps, and some their jewels in the hurry, all glad to escape out of the presence of such a mad lord, and the ridicule of his mock banquet.

This was the last feast which ever Ti-

mon made, and in it he took farewell of Athens, and the society of men, for, after that, he betook himself to the woods, turning his back upon the hated city and upon all mankind, wishing the walls of that detestable city might sink, and the houses fall upon their owners, wishing all plagues which infest humanity, war, outrage, poverty, diseases, might fasten upon its inhabitants, praying the just Gods to confound all Athenians, both young and old, high and low; so wishing, he went to the woods, where he said he should find the unkindest beast much kinder than mankind. He stripped himself naked, that he might retain no fashion of a man, and dug a cave to live in, and lived solitary in the manner of a beast, eating the wild roots, and drinking water, flying from the face of his kind, and choosing rather to herd with wild beasts, as more harmless and friendly than man.

What a change from lord Timon the rich, lord Timon the delight of mankind, to Timon the naked, Timon the man-hater! Where were his flatterers now? Where were his attendants and retinue? Would the bleak air, that boisterous servitor, be his chamberlain, to put his shirt on warm? Would those stiff trees, that had outlived the eagle, turn young and airy pages to him, to skip on his errands when he bade them? Would the cold brook, when it was iced with winter, administer to him his warm broths and caudles when sick of an over-night's surfeit? Or would the creatures that lived in those wild woods come and lick his hand and flatter him?

Here on a day, when he was digging for roots, his poor sustenance, his spade struck against something heavy, which proved to be gold, a great heap which some miser had probably buried in a time of alarm, thinking to have come again and taken it from its prison, but died before the opportunity had arrived, without making any man privy to the concealment; so it lay, doing neither good nor harm, in the bowels of the earth, its mother, as if it had never come from thence, till the accidental striking of Timon's spade against it once more brought it to light.

Here was a mass of treasure which if Timon had retained his old mind, was enough to have purchased him friends and flatterers again; but Timon was sick of the false world, and the sight of gold was poisonous to his eyes; and he would have restored it to the earth, but that, thinking of the infinite calamities which by means of gold happen to mankind, how the lucre of it causes robberies, oppression, injustice, briberies, violence and murder, among men, he had a pleasure in imagining (such a rooted hatred did he bear to his species) that out of this heap which in digging he had discovered, might arise some mischief to plague mankind. And some soldiers passing through the woods near to his cave at that instant, which proved to be a part of the troops of the Athenian captain Alcibiades, who upon some disgust taken against the senators of Athens (the Athenians were ever noted to be a thankless and ungrateful people, giving disgust to their generals and best friends) was marching at the head of the same triumphant army which he had formerly headed in their defence, to war against them: Timon, who liked their business well, bestowed upon their captain the gold to pay his soldiers, requiring no other service from him, than that he should with his conquering army lay Athens level with the ground, and burn, slay, kill all her inhabitants; not sparing the old men for their white beards, for (he said) they were usurers, nor the young children for their seeming innocent smiles, for those (he said) would live, if they grew up, to be traitors; but to steel his eyes and ears against any sights or sounds that might awaken compassion; and not to let the cries of virgins, babes, or mothers, hinder him from making one universal massacre of the city, but to confound them all in his conquest; and when he had conquered, he prayed that the gods would confound him also, the conqueror: so thoroughly did Timon hate Athens, Athenians, and all mankind.

While he lived in this forlorn state, leading a life more brutal than human, he was suddenly surprised one day with the appearance of a man standing in an admiring posture at the door of his cave. It was Flavius, the honest steward, whom love and zealous affection to his master had led to seek him out at his wretched dwelling, and to offer his services; and the first sight of his master, the once noble Timon, in that abject condition, naked as he was born, living in

the manner of a beast among beasts, looking like his own sad ruins and a monument of decay, so affected this good servant, that he stood speechless, wrapt up in horror, and confounded. And when he found utterance at last to his words, they were so choked with tears, that Timon had much ado to know him again, or to make out who it was that had come (so contrary to the experience he had had of mankind) to offer him service in extremity. And being in the form and shape of a man, he suspected him for a traitor, and his tears for false; but the good servant by so many tokens confirmed the truth of his fidelity, and made it clear that nothing but love and zealous duty to his once dear master had brought him there, that Timon was forced to confess that the world contained one honest man; yet, being in the shape and form of a man, he could not look upon his man's face without abhorrence, or hear words uttered from his man's lips without loathing; and this singly honest man was forced to depart, because he was a man, and because, with a heart more gentle and compassionate than is usual to man, he bore man's detested form and outward feature.

But greater visitants than a poor steward were about to interrupt the savage quiet of Timon's solitude. For now the day was come when the ungrateful lords of Athens sorely repented the injustice which they had done to the noble Timon. For Alcibiades, like an incensed wild boar, was raging at the walls of their city, and with his hot siege threatened to lay fair Athens in the dust. And now the memory of lord Timon's former prowess and military conduct came fresh into their forgetful minds, for Timon had been their general in past times, and was a valiant and expert soldier, who alone of all the Athenians was deemed able to cope with a besieging army such as then threatened them, or to drive back the furious approaches of Alcibiades.

A deputation of the senators was chosen in this emergency to wait upon Timon. To him they come in their extremity, to whom, when he was in extremity, they had shown but small regard; as if they presumed upon his gratitude whom they had disobliged, and had derived a claim to his courtesy from their own most discourteous and unpiteous treatment.

Now they earnestly beseech him, implore him with tears, to return and save that city, from which their ingratitude had so lately driven him; now they offer him riches, power, dignities, satisfaction for past injuries, and public honours and the public love; their persons, lives, and fortunes, to be at his disposal, if he will but come back and save them. But Timon the naked, Timon the man-hater, was no longer lord Timon, the lord of bounty, the flower of valour, their defence in war, their ornament in peace. If Alcibiades killed his countrymen, Timon cared not. If he sacked fair Athens, and slew her old men and her infants, Timon would rejoice. So he told them; and that there was not a knife in the unruly camp which he did not prize above the reverendest throat in Athens.

This was all the answer he vouchsafed to the weeping disappointed senators; only at parting, he bade them commend him to his countrymen, and tell them, that to ease them of their griefs and anxieties, and to prevent the consequences of fierce Alcibiades' wrath, there was yet a way left, which he would teach them, for he had yet so much affection left for his dear countrymen as to be willing to do them a kindness before his death. These words a little revived the senators, who hoped that his kindness for their city was returning. Then Timon told them that he had a tree, which grew near his cave, which he should shortly have occasion to cut down, and he invited all his friends in Athens, high or low, of what degree soever, who wished to shun affliction, to come and take a taste of his tree before he cut it down; meaning, that they might come and hang themselves on it, and escape affliction that way.

And this was the last courtesy, of all his noble bounties, which Timon showed to mankind, and this the last sight of him which his countrymen had: for not many days after, a poor soldier, passing by the sea-beach, which was at a little distance from the woods which Timon frequented found a tomb on the verge of the sea, with an inscription upon it, purporting that it was the grave of Timon the man-hater, who, "While he lived, did hate all living men, and dying, wished a plague might consume all caitiffs left!"

Whether he finished his life by vio-

lence, or whether mere distaste of life and the loathing he had for mankind brought Timon to his conclusion, was not clear, yet all men admired the fitness of his epitaph, and the consistency of his end; dying, as he had lived, a hater of mankind: and some there were who fancied a conceit in the very choice which he made of the sea-beach for his place of burial, where the vast sea might weep for ever upon his grave, as in contempt of the transient and shallow tears of hypocritical and deceitful mankind.

INVOCATION TO THE CUCKOO.

O Pursuivant and Herald of the Spring!
Whether thou still dost dwell
In some rose-laurell'd dell
Of that charm'd island, whose magician king
Bade all its rocks and caves,
Woods, winds, and waves,
Thrill to the dulcet chant of Ariel,
Until he broke the spell,
And cast his wand into the shuddering sea,—
O hither, hither fleet,
Upon the south wind sweet,
And soothe us with thy vernal melody!

Or whether to the redolent Azores,
Amid whose tufted sheaves
The floral goddess weaves
Her garland, breathing on the glades and shores
Intoxicating air,
Truant! thou dost repair:—
Or lingerest still in that meridian nest,
Where myriad piping throats
Rival the warbler's notes,
The saffron namesakes of those islands blest,—
O hither, hither wing
Thy flight, and to our longing woodlands sing!

Or in those sea-girt gardens dost thou dwell,
Of plantain, cocoa, palm,
And that red tree whose balm
Fumed in the holocausts of Israel;
Beneath Banana shades,
Guava, and fig-tree glades,
Painting thy plumage in the sapphirine hue,
Thrown from the heron blue,
Or rays of the prismatic perroquet,—
O let the perfumed breeze
From those Hesperides
Waft thee once more our eager ears to greet!

For, lo! the young leaves flutter in the south,
As if they tried their wings,
While the bee's trumpet brings
News of each bud that pouts its honied mouth;
Blue-bells, yellow-cups, jonquils,
Lilies wild, and daffodils,
Gladden our meads in intertangled wreath:
The sun enamour'd lies,
Watching the violet's eyes
On every bank, and drinks their luscious breath:
With open lips the thorn
Proclaims that May is born,
And darest thou, bird of Spring, that summons scorn?

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" O welcome, welcome notes!
Fields, woods, and waves rejoice
In that recover'd voice,
As on the wind its fluty music floats.
At that elixir strain,
My youth resumes its reign,
And life's first Spring comes blossoming again.
O wondrous bird! if thus
Thy voice miraculous
Can renovate my spirit's vernal prime,
Nor thou, my Muse, forbear
That ecstasy to share,
I laugh at Fortune, and defy old Time.

Horace Smith.

THE HALL OF SILENCE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

On the banks of the sonorous river Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains that divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, lived a wealthy and esteemed Lama, whose lands were tributary to the supreme Lama, or sacerdotal emperor, the governor of the whole country, from China to the pathless desert of Cobi. But although his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the stars in heaven, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the East as the father of the beautiful Zerinda. All the anxiety that Lama Zarin had ever experienced arose from the conviction that he must soon leave his beloved daughter; and the question was always present to his mind, 'who will guard her innocence when I shall have quitted her for ever?'

The Lama was at this time afflicted with a dreadful malady, peculiar to the inhabitants of the country in which he resided, which threatened, in spite of all that medicine could do, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after an unusually severe attack of his disorder, he sent for the fair Zerinda, and gently motioning her to approach his couch, thus addressed her:—'Daughter of my hopes and fears, heaven grant that thou mayest smile for ever; yet whilst my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the last injunctions of thy dying father: The angel of death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness before he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy sainted mother, who died in giving birth to thee. Yet let me not depart to the fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. Oh! my Zerinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the dangers to which thy orphan state must shortly be exposed, surrounded as thou wilt be by suitors of various dispositions and pretensions; some wooing, with mercenary cunning, thy possessions through thy person; others haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love?' He then reminded his daughter that he had lately presented her with the portraits of several princes who had solicited a union with his house, which they had sent to her according to the custom of Thibet, where the parties can never behold each other till they are married; proceeded to give a brief outline of their various characters; and concluded by asking her which of all these mighty suitors she thought she should prefer? Zerinda sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired her to withdraw, compare their several portraits, and endeavour to decide on which of the Lamas she could bestow her love. At the word LOVE Zerinda blushed, though she knew not why;—her father, who saw the crimson on her cheek, but attributed it to timidity, again urged her to withdraw, and be speedy in her decision. Zerinda replied with a smile—'My father knows that he is the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever love; at least my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit the author of my being:' and turning round, she continued, playfully, 'I love this favourite dog which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favourite horse on which my father rode, until he stumbled, and endangered his master's life; but when the tiger had dragged my father to the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I LOVED Ackbar; and since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I LOVE Ackbar still.' Zarin heard her artless confession with a smile, but reminded her that Ackbar was a slave. 'But which of those Lamas who now demand my love has created an interest in my heart by services rendered to thee like those of the slave Ackbar? And yet I have not seen either his person or his picture; nor know I whether he be old or young—but I know that he saved the life of Lama Zarin, and therefore do I LOVE Ackbar.' The old Lama gently reproved his child for her freedom of expression; he explained to her that love was impious, according to the laws of Thibet, between persons of different ranks in society. Zerinda left her father, and as she stroked her favourite dog a tear trembled in her eye, from the apprehension that she might possibly be guilty of impiety.

About this time the slave Ackbar, who for his services had been advanced from the chief of the shepherds to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; observing him to be unusually dejected, he declared that he himself had acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill in a case in which every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The Lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt. The slave, nothing daunted by the apparent incredulity of his master, proceeded—'May Lama Zarin live for ever!—I boast no secret antidote, no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught in Europe the gradual effects of alterative medicines; 'tis from them alone that I hope to gain at length a complete victory over your disease; and if in seven days' time the smallest change encourages me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer.' Lama Zarin assented, and from that day became the patient of Ackbar, whose new appointment of physician to the

Lama, gave him a right to remain always in his master's presence, save when the beautiful Zerinda paid her daily visit to her father, at which times he was invariably directed to withdraw.

The first week had scarcely elapsed, when the Lama was convinced that his disease was giving way to the medicines of his favourite; his paroxysms indeed returned, but grew every day shorter in duration; and in proportion as Ackbar became less necessary in his capacity of physician, his company was so much the more courted by Zarin as an associate. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his naturally good understanding by travel in distant countries. Thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to his delighted master. They talked of the laws, religion, and customs of foreign nations, comparing them with those of Thibet; and by degrees the slave became the friend and almost the equal of the Lama. Amongst other topics of discourse, the latter would frequently enumerate the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, whilst Ackbar listened with an interest and delight for which he was quite at a loss to account. On the other hand, the Lama, in the fulness of his gratitude, could not avoid speaking of the wonderful skill and knowledge displayed by the slave, nor forbear relating to Zerinda the substance of the various conversations which had passed between them.

It happened one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account which the physician had given him of European manners, that Zerinda blushed and sighed: her father entreated to know the cause of her emotion, when she confessed that he had so often mentioned the extraordinary acquirements of this young slave, that she could think of nothing else; and that in her dreams she saw him, and fancied he was a Lama worthy of her love; then turning to her father, she asked, 'Oh, Lama, tell me, can my sleep be impious?' Zarin beheld her with emotion, and told her that she must think of him no more. 'I will endeavour to obey,' she replied, 'but I shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore the thoughts which I will strive to banish during the day.'

The Lama, dreading the effects of the passion which he had himself kindled in his daughter's breast, resolved never again to mention in her presence the name of Ackbar; but this resolution was formed too late: love of the purest kind had taken possession of the maiden's heart; and whilst she struggled to obey her father, her sunken eye, and wasted form, proclaimed the strife of feeling in her breast.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from his physician the sickness of Zerinda; and whilst he confessed alarm for his daughter's life, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite; he saw, too, that which it was impossible for Ackbar to conceal; that he had been the fatal cause of a mutual passion between two lovers who had never seen, and but for him, would never have heard of each other. Thus circumstanced (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visits of a male physician) prudence would have forbidden his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Zerinda, whose disease was occasionally attended by delirium, would call upon the name of Ackbar, and add, 'he saved the life of my father, and he only can save that of the dying Zerinda.'

Overcome by his daughter's agony, the afflicted father inwardly cursed the cruel laws of Thibet, and assured her that she should see the physician Ackbar. Zerinda listened with ecstasy to the voice of Zarin; and knowing that that which a Lama promises must ever be performed, the assurance fell like balsam upon her heart; but the Lama had not fixed the period when his sacred promise should be fulfilled, nor could he be prevailed on to do so till he had retired and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his mind, the more the difficulties appeared to diminish, till at length he resolved to disregard the slavish prejudices and customs of his country.

Elated by the prospect of being enabled to secure the future happiness of two individuals so deservedly dear to him, he determined to ask the sanction of that higher power to which all the Lamas of Thibet are subject. He, accordingly, lost no time in despatching messengers to the grand Lama who resided at Tonker, and with whom his influence was so great

that he had sanguine hopes of obtaining whatever he might request, even though the boon craved should be contrary to the existing laws of the country; and being unable to conceal the joy he felt at the consummation of happiness which awaited the lovers, he communicated to Ackbar the plan of future bliss which he had formed for him, and raised in the breast of the physician a transport of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever before dared to cherish. To Zerinda he promised that she should be withheld the sight of her lover but one week longer, or till the messenger should return from the great Lama at Tonker!

From this time the physician was no longer necessary; but the week appeared an age to the expecting hearts of Ackbar and the beautiful Zerinda.

Seven days having at length expired, the messenger arrived from Tonker with the following reply:—'The most Sacred Sultan the Sovereign Lama, who enjoys the life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin greeting; report hath long made known at Tonker the beauty of the maid Zerinda; and by thy messenger we learn the matchless excellence of the slave Ackbar. In answer, therefore, to thy prayer that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which, not to obey, is death, throughout the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see each other, till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker, that we ourselves may, in person, witness the emotion of their souls!'

This answer, far from removing their suspense, created feelings a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin believed that it portended ruin to himself and family: he now reflected on the rash step which he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet. He again recalled to mind the grand Lama's bigotry and zeal, and knowing that he must obey the summons, trembled at his situation.

Ackbar was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and the only circumstance that occasioned him uneasiness was, lest the beauty of Zerinda should tempt the Supreme Lama to demand her for his own bride; but Zerinda, whose thoughts were all purity, revered the Lama for his decree, and believed that it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love: with these sentiments she looked only with joy to the period of their departure, which was fixed for the ensuing day; when they set out with all the pomp and splendour of an Eastern retinue.

After three days' journey, during which the Lama Zarin sometimes travelled in the splendid palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Ackbar, dividing his attention between the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind, the cavalcade arrived at Tonker, and proceeded without delay to the tribunal, which was held in the great 'Hall of Silence.' At the upper end of this superb apartment sat, on a throne of massive gold, the Supreme Lama; before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with a fragrant incense; and around him knelt a hundred Lamas, in silent adoration, (for in Thibet divine honours are paid to the Supreme Lama, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son). To this solemn tribunal Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and knelt in awful silence between the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Ackbar and Zerinda, each covered by a thick veil, and accompanied by a mute, both of whom fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed,—all was silent as death,—whilst doubt, suspense, and horror, chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval the throbbings of Zerinda's heart became distinctly audible; her father heard them, and a half-smothered sigh stole from his bosom, and resounded through the echoing dome. At length the solemn, deep-toned voice of the Supreme Lama uttered these words: 'Attend! and mark the will of him who speaks with the lips of heaven; arise! and hear! know that the promise of a Lama is sacred as the words of Allah, therefore are ye brought to behold each

other, and in the august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the reward of the love which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls, and which he having promised, must be fulfilled. Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but on your lives utter not a word; for know that in the 'Hall of Silence' 'tis death for any tongue to speak save that which utters the decrees of heaven!'

He ceased; and his words resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again pervaded the Hall; at length on a given signal the mutes removed their veils at the same moment, and exhibited the beauteous figures of Ackbar and Zerinda. They gazed in speechless rapture on each other, till by another sign from the throne the father joined their hands; and Ackbar, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms. It was now that her lover, unmindful of the prohibition, exclaimed—'Help, my Zerinda dies!' Instantly the voice from the throne ejaculated with dreadful emphasis, 'Ackbar dies!' upon which two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and, seizing their victim, fixed an instrument of silence upon his lips, whilst others hurried away the fainting Zerinda, insensible to the danger of her lover; but the Lama Zarin, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—'If to speak be death let me die also; but first, I will execrate the savage customs, and curse the laws which doom the innocent to death for so trivial an offence.' He would have proceeded, but the tyrant's slaves surrounded him and prevented him from uttering another word. Silence being restored, the Supreme Lama again vociferated—'Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye brake that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death! Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of Lamas by marrying thy daughter to a slave; and thou, Ackbar, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which Lama Zarin made was literally fulfilled; these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet, have seen and been united to each other; and the embrace which was permitted was doomed to be the last. Now, therefore,' added he, addressing the mute, 'perform your office on Ackbar first.' They accordingly bound their victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were about to fix the silken string upon his neck, when they on a sudden desisted, and prostrating themselves before Ackbar, performed the obeisance which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker. A general consternation seized all present, and the Supreme Lama, descending from his throne, approached the victim, on whose left shoulder (which had been uncovered by the executioner), he now perceived the mystic characters by which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. When he beheld the well-known mark, the voice of nature confirmed the testimony of his eye-sight, and falling on the neck of Ackbar, he exclaimed—'It is my son, my long lost son! let him speak: henceforth this place shall no longer be called the 'Hall of Silence,' but 'the Hall of Joy,' for in this room will we celebrate to-morrow the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda!'

The history then goes on to explain this singular event by relating that some Jesuit Missionaries who had gained access to the capitol of Thibet, in their zeal for their religion, had found means to steal the young heir to the throne, then an infant; hoping to make use of him in the conversion of his father's people; but in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by a banditti, who slaughtered them all, and sold the young Lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army,—he had been taken by the Knights of Malta, afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through Europe; he finally accompanied him to India; there, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet; by this means he came into the service of the Lama Zarin, without knowing any thing of his origin, or the meaning of the characters he bore on his left shoulder, and which had been the cause of effecting this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with an account of the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda.

Their happiness was unexampled; for the lessons which the young Lama had learned in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in the various countries through which he had travelled, prepared him to abolish many of the cruel and impious customs which had till then disgraced the legislature of Thibet.

EPISTLE

TO THE

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.*

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!
And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.
He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-fac'd enterprize.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.
He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man.
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.
Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on uthers' crimes:
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.
Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.
And, whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

SAMUEL DANIEL.*

MARGARET RAMSAY

AND THE

LADY HERMIONE.†

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle!
This were a leaguer-lass to love a soldier,
To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,
And sing a roundel as she help'd to arm him,
Though the rough foeman's drums were beat so nigh,
They seem'd to bear the burden.

Old Play.

When Mistress Margaret entered the Foljambe apartment, she found the inmates employed in their usual manner; the lady in reading, and her attendant in embroidering a large piece of tapestry, which had occupied her ever since Margaret had been first admitted within those secluded chambers.

Hermione nodded kindly to her visitor, but did not speak; and Margaret, accustomed to this reception, and in the present case not sorry for it, as it gave her an interval to collect her thoughts, stooped over Monna Paula's frame, and observed,

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* "The reader will not peruse this effusion with less interest or pleasure, from knowing that it is a favourite with Mr Wordsworth."—*Hazlitt.*

* Born 1562. Died 1619.

† From "The Fortunes of Nigel." See Plate.

in a half whisper, "You were just so far as that rose, Monna, when I first saw you —see, there is the mark where I had the bad luck to spoil the flower in trying to catch the stitch—I was little above fifteen then. These flowers make me an old woman, Monna Paula."

"I wish they could make you a wise one, my child," answered Monna Paula, in whose esteem pretty Mistress Margaret did not stand quite so high as in that of her patroness; partly owing to her natural austerity, which was something intolerant of youth and gaiety, and partly to the jealousy with which a favourite domestic regards any one whom she considers as a sort of rival in the affections of her mistress.

"What is it you say to Monna, little one?" asked the lady.

"Nothing, madam," replied Mistress Margaret, "but that I have seen the real flowers blossom three times over since I first saw Monna Paula working in her canvas garden, and her violets have not budded yet."

"True, lady-bird," replied Hermione; "but the buds that are longest in blossoming will last the longest in flower. You have seen them in the garden bloom thrice, but you have seen them fade thrice also; now, Monna Paula's will remain in blow for ever—they will fear neither frost nor tempest."

"True, madam," answered Mistress Margaret; "but neither have they life or odour."

"That, little one," replied the recluse, "is to compare a life agitated by hope and fear, and chequered with success and disappointment, and fevered by the effects of love and hatred, a life of passion and of feeling, saddened and shortened by its exhausting alternations, to a calm and tranquil existence, animated but by a sense of duties, and only employed, during its smooth and quiet course, in the unwearied discharge of them. Is that the moral of your answer?"

"I do not know, madam," answered Mistress Margaret; "but of all birds in the air, I would rather be the lark, that sings while he is drifting down the summer breeze, than the weather-cock that sticks fast yonder upon his iron perch, and just moves so much as to discharge his duty, and tell us which way the wind blows."

"Metaphors are no arguments, my pretty maiden," said the Lady Hermione, smiling.

"I am sorry for that, madam," answered Margaret; "for they are such a pretty indirect way of telling one's mind when it differs from one's betters—besides, on this subject there is no end of them, and they are so civil and becoming withal."

"Indeed?" replied the lady; "let me hear some of them, I pray you."

"It would be, for example, very bold in me," said Margaret, "to say to your ladyship, that, rather than live a quiet life I would like a little variety of hope and fear, and liking and disliking—and—and—and the other sort of feelings which your ladyship is pleased to speak of; but I may say freely, and without blame, that I like a butterfly better than a beetle, or a trembling aspen better than a grim Scotch fir, that never wags a leaf—or that of all the wood, brass, and wire that ever my father's fingers put together, I do hate and detest a certain huge old clock of the German fashion, that rings hours and half hours, and quarters and half quarters, as if it was of such consequence that the world should know it was wound up and going. Now, dearest lady, I wish you would only compare that clumsy, clanging, Dutch-looking piece of lumber, with the beautiful time-piece that Master Heriot caused my father make for your ladyship, which uses to play a hundred merry tunes, and turns out, when it strikes the hour, a whole band of morrice-dancers, to trip the hays to the measure."

"And which of these time-pieces goes the truest, Margaret?" said the lady.

"I must confess, the old Dutchman has the advantage in that—" said Margaret. "I fancy you are right, madam, and that comparisons are no arguments; at least mine has not brought me through."

"Upon my word, maiden Margaret," said the lady, smiling, "you have been of late thinking very much of these matters."

"Perhaps too much, madam," said Margaret, so low as only to be heard by the lady, behind the back of whose chair she had now placed herself. The words were spoken very gravely, and accompanied by a half sigh, which did not escape the attention of her to whom they were addressed. The Lady Hermione turned immediately round, and looked earnestly

at Margaret, then paused for a moment, and finally commanded Monna Paula to carry her frame and embroidery into the anti-chamber. When they were left alone, she desired her young friend to come from behind the chair, on the back of which she still rested, and sit down beside her upon a stool.

"I will remain thus, madam, under your favour," answered the girl, without changing her posture; "I would rather you heard me without seeing me."

"In God's name, maiden," returned her patroness, "what is it you can have to say that may not be uttered face to face, to so true a friend as I am?"

Without making any direct answer, Margaret only replied, "You were right, dearest lady, when you said I had suffered my feelings too much to engross me of late. I have done very wrong, and you will be angry with me—so will my godfather, but I cannot help it—he must be rescued."

"*He?*" repeated the lady, with emphasis; "that brief little word does indeed so far explain your mystery; but come from behind the chair, you silly popinjay. I will wager you have suffered yonder gay young apprentice to sit too near your heart. I have not heard you mention young Vincent for many a day—perhaps he has not been out of mouth and out of mind both. Have you been so foolish as to let him speak to you seriously? I am told he is a bold youth."

"Not bold enough to say any thing that could displease me, madam," said Margaret.

"Perhaps, then, you were *not* displeased,"—said the lady; "or perhaps he has not *spoken*, which would be wiser and better. Be open-hearted, my love—your godfather will soon return, and we will take him into our consultations. If the young man is industrious, and come of honest parentage, his poverty may be no such insurmountable obstacle. But you are both of you very young, Margaret,—I know your godfather will expect that the youth shall first serve out his apprenticeship."

Margaret had hitherto suffered the lady to proceed, under the mistaken impression which she had adopted, simply because she could not tell how to interrupt her; but pure despite at hearing her last words gave her boldness at length to say, "I crave your pardon, madam; but neither the youth you mention, nor any apprentice or master within the city of London—"

"Margaret," said the lady, in reply, "the contemptuous tone with which you mention those of your own class—many hundreds, if not thousands, of whom, are in all respects better than yourself, and would greatly honour you by thinking of you—is, methinks, no warrant for the wisdom of your choice—for a choice it seems there is. Who is it, maiden, to whom you have thus rashly attached yourself—rashly I fear it must be?"

"It is the young Scottish Lord Glenvarloch, madam," answered Margaret, in a low and modest tone, but sufficiently firm, considering the subject.

"The young Lord of Glenvarloch!" repeated the lady, in great surprise,—"Malden, you are distracted in your wits."

"I knew you would say so, madam," answered Margaret; "it is what another person has already told me—it is perhaps what all the world would tell me—it is what I am sometimes disposed to tell myself. But look at me, madam, for I will now come before you, and tell me if there is madness or distraction in my look and word, when I repeat to you again, that I have fixed my affections on this young nobleman."

"If there is not madness in your look or word, maiden, there is infinite folly in what you say," answered the Lady Hermione, sharply. "When did you ever hear that misplaced love brought any thing but misery?—Seek a match among your equals, Margaret, and escape the countless kinds of risk and misery that must attend an affection beyond your degree.—Why do you smile, maiden? Is there aught to cause scorn in what I say?"

"Surely no, madam," answered Margaret—"I only smiled to think how it should happen, that, while rank made such a wide difference between creatures formed from the same clay, the wit of the vulgar should, nevertheless, jump so exactly the same length with that of the accomplished and the exalted. It is but the variation of the phrase which divides them. Dame Ursley told me the very same thing which your ladyship has but

now uttered; only you, madam, talk of countless misery, and Dame Ursley spoke of the gallows, and Mistress Turner who was hanged upon it."

"Indeed?" answered the Lady Hermione; "and who may Dame Ursley be, that your wise choice has associated with me in the difficult task of advising a fool?"

"The barber's wife at next door, madam," answered Margaret, with feigned simplicity, but far from being sorry at heart that she had found an indirect mode of mortifying her monitress. "She is the wisest woman that I know, next to your ladyship."

"A proper confidante," said the lady, "and chosen with the same delicate sense of what is due to yourself and others. But what ails you, maiden—where are you going?"

"Only to ask Dame Ursley's advice," said Margaret, as if about to depart; "for I see your ladyship is too angry to give me any, and the emergency is pressing."

"What emergency, thou simple one?" said the lady, in a kinder tone. "Sit down, maiden, and tell me your tale.—It is true you are a fool, and a petted fool to boot; but then you are a child—an amiable child, with all your self-willed folly, and we must help you, if we can. Sit down, I say, as you are desired, and you will find me a safer and wiser counsellor than the barber-woman. And tell me how you come to suppose that you have fixed your heart unalterably upon a man whom you have seen, as I think, but once."

"I have seen him oftener," said the damsel, looking down; "but I have only spoken with him once. I should have been able to get that *once* out of my head, though the impression was so deep that I could even now repeat every trifling word he said; but other things have since rivetted it in my bosom for ever."

"Maiden," replied the lady, "*for ever*, is the word which comes most lightly on the lips in such circumstances, but which, not the less, is almost the last that we should use. The fashion of this world, its passions, its joys, and its sorrows, pass away like the winged breeze—there is nought for ever but that which belongs to the world beyond the grave."

"You have corrected me justly, madam," said Margaret, calmly; "I ought only to have spoken of my present state of mind, as what will last me for my life time, which unquestionably may be but short."

"And what is there in this Scottish lord that can rivet what concerns him so closely in your fancy?" said the lady. "I admit him a personable man, for I have seen him, and I will suppose him courteous and agreeable. But what are his accomplishments besides, for these surely are not uncommon attributes?"

"He is unfortunate, madam."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.

—— For thee are spun
Around our heart such tender ties
That our own children to our eyes,
Are dearer than the sun—

Wordsworth.

COME near to me, my gentle girl,
And share a father's parting sorrow,
And weep with me those tears to-day,
Nor thou nor I may weep to-morrow.

Come lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing;
For another day and far away
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing:

The wind blows fairly for the sea;—
The white waves round thy bark are swelling,
Thy lover sighs, for the moon to rise,
And make thee a bride, my gentle Ellen.

Yet closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here, to reprove the tear
That flows to day for a father's sorrow.

Come gaze on me, thou darling child,
My fairest and my fondest cherished,
That I may trace in thy placid face
Thy mother's beauty ere she perished.

And let me hear thy mother's song
Yet once more from thy sweet lip swelling,
And none again shall sing that strain,
The last song of my gentle Ellen.

And say that when between us lie,
Wide lands and many a mountain billow,
Thy heart will tend to thine earliest friend,
And think in prayer of his aged pillow.

For my head is white with winter snow,
No earthly sun away may carry,
Until I come to my waiting home,—
The last home where the aged tarry.

Then lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing,
For another day, and far away
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

Ay,—closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here to reprove the tear,
That flows to-day for a father's sorrow

MISS JEWISON.*

LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY.†

An extract from the Life of DR POZZ, *in ten volumes, folio, written by* JAMES BOZZ, ESQ. *who* FLOURISHED *with him near* FIFTY YEARS.

——WE dined at the chop house: Dr Pozz was this day very instructive. Talking of books, I mentioned *The History of Tommy Trip*, and said it was a great work. *Pozz.* 'Yes, sir, it is great relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy; but now, sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little man.'

Feeling somewhat hurt at this comparison, I believe he perceived it, for as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, 'Never be affronted at a comparison; I have been compared to many things, yet I never was affronted at a comparison. No, Sir, if they were to call me a dog, and you a cannister tied to my tail, I should not be affronted.'

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in *such* company, I asked him what he thought of a friend of our's who was always making comparisons. *Pozz.* 'Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing. I knew him when he kept shop,—he then made money, and now he makes comparisons; he would say, for instance, that you and I were two figs stuck together, two figs in adhesion, and then he would laugh.'

To this vivid exertion of intellect, I observed in reply, 'Certain great writers have determined that comparisons are odious.' *Pozz.* 'No, Sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious; the whigs make comparisons.'

We supped that evening at his house, when I took an opportunity of showing him a copy of verses I had made on a pair of breeches. *Pozz.* 'Sir, the lines are good: but where could you find such a subject in Scotland?' *Bozz.* 'The greater the proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry.' *Pozz.* 'Yes, Sir, but is an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy.' I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark. It affords a proof of that profundity which he displayed in every branch of literature.

Having accidentally asked him if he approved of green spectacles, he made answer: 'As to green spectacles, Sir, the question seems to be this,—If I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them; but if a man were to tell me he did not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, Sir, I would rather dissuade him from making use of them.'

A few months after, I consulted him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he confirmed his former opinion; it may be found in its proper place, Vol. VI. page 2789. And having since that time maturely considered the point myself, I must needs confess, that in all such matters, a man ought to be a free moral agent.

The next day I left town for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. During

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* "Phantasmagoria."

† This pleasant satire (from the pen, it is said, of MR BERESFORD, author of the "Miseries of Human Life") appeared shortly after the publication of Boswell's Life of Johnson. Deeply as we admire the 'great doctor' and the philosophic Boswell (for Boswell was nothing short of a philosopher) we can enjoy a hit at the magnificent truisms of the one and the petty adulations of the other, (and we hope the readers of 'THE CASQUET' can do the same) without estimating less highly the best, by far, and most delightful biographical work in the English language.—*Ed.*

this time I received only one letter from him, which is as follows :

' *To James Bozz, Esq.*

' Dear Sir,

' My bowels have been very bad; pray buy for me some Turkey Rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your tour.

' Write me soon, and write me often.

' I am, dear Sir,

' Your's affectionately,

' Sam. Pozz.'

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind.

On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house, and had a long, as well as a highly interesting conversation ; indeed, there is not one hour of my life, in which I do not profit by some part of his valuable communications.

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me that one of our friends had just been attacked by a most alarming complaint. He had entirely lost the use of his limbs,—he was speechless,—his eyes swollen, and every vein distended ; yet his face was pale, and his extremities cold, at the same time his pulse beat one hundred and sixty strokes in a minute.

I said, with tenderness, that I would immediately go and see him, and take Doctor Bolus with me. *Pozz.* ' No, Sir, don't go.' I was startled at so unexpected a reply, well knowing his compassionate heart, and earnestly demanded of him the reason why I should not procure for the afflicted person instant relief. *Pozz.* ' Sir, you do not know his disorder.' *Bozz.* ' Pray, what is it ?' *Pozz.* ' Sir, the man is *dead drunk*.'

This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about, as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke ; but he afterwards checked me, by the following words : ' Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said, for he who laughs at what another man says, will soon laugh at that other man. Sir, you ought to laugh but seldom ; you should laugh only at your own jokes.'

Talking of a friend of ours, who was a very violent politician, I said, ' I did not like his company.' *Pozz.* ' No, Sir, he is not healthy ; he is sore, Sir, his mind is ulcerated,—he has a political whitlow ; you cannot touch him, Sir, without giving him pain. I would never venture to speak on political subjects with that man ; I would talk of cabbage and of pease ; Sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, but I would not meddle with politics.' *Bozz.* ' But perhaps, Sir, he would talk of nothing else.' *Pozz.* ' Then it is plain what he would do.' On my earnestly intreating him to tell me what that was, Dr Pozz replied, ' Sir, he would let every thing else alone.'

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up a coach. *Pozz.* ' He is right, Sir ; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot be too soon off his legs. You tell me he keeps a coach ; now, Sir, a coach is better than a chaise ; Sir, it is better than a chariot.' *Bozz.* ' Why, Sir ?' *Pozz.* ' Sir, it will hold more.' I begged he would repeat this valuable observation, in order to impress it on my memory, and he complied with great good humour.

Taking a hint from the subject of our present conversation, I said, ' Dr Pozz, *you* ought to keep a coach.' *Pozz.* ' Yes, Sir, I ought.' *Bozz.* ' But you do not, and this has often surprised me.' *Pozz.* ' Surprised you ! There, Sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprised at nothing ; a man who has lived half so long as you, ought to be above surprise ; it is a rule with me, Sir, never to be surprised.'

' This is an error,' continued Doctor Pozz, ' produced by ignorance ; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprised ; now, Sir, if you did know, you would not be surprised.' I said, tenderly, ' I hope, my dear Sir, you will let me know before I leave town.' *Pozz.* ' Yes, sir, you shall know now ; the reason why I do not keep a coach is, because I can't afford it.'

We talked of drinking ; I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear. *Pozz.* ' Yes, Sir, and then nobody could bear them ; a man who is drunk, Sir, is a very foolish fellow.' *Bozz.* ' But, Sir, as the poet says, he is devoid of all care.' *Pozz.* ' That is true, Sir, he cares for nobody ; he has none of the cares of life ; he cannot be a merchant, Sir, for he is unable to write his name ; he cannot

be a politician, Sir, for he is almost speechless; he cannot be an artist, Sir, for he is nearly blind; and yet, Sir, there is a science in drinking.' *Bozz.* 'I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks.' *Pozz.* 'No, Sir, to know what one drinks is nothing, but the science consists of three parts; in knowing when we have had too little, when we have had enough, and when we have had too much. For instance, there is our friend ****, he can always tell when he has too little, and when he has too much, but never knows when he has enough.'

We talked this day on a variety of subjects, but I find few memorandums in my journal; on small beer, he said it was a flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power, and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours who would always have his eggs poached. Sign posts, he observed, had very much degenerated within his memory, and he found great fault with the moral of the Beggar's Opera.

I endeavoured to defend a play which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not muster that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction, that he afterwards communicated to me, a method of curing corns by the application of a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world, he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's chronology; but as they gave employment to so many hands, he did not dislike the large shoe-buckles then in the fashion.

Next day we dined at the Mitre; I mentioned spirits. *Pozz.* 'Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it; you may not believe it, but you cannot deny it.' I told him that my great grandmother once saw a spirit; he desired me to relate the circumstances, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention.

When I mentioned that the spirit had once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me. *Pozz.* 'There, Sir, is the point; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency; we cannot deny that the spirits appeared in these shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them; for, what has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton?

'The objects, Sir, are neither terrific nor contemporaneous; they are never seen at the same time, nor in the same place.' *Bozz.* 'I think, Sir, that ghosts are most often seen by old women.' *Pozz.* 'Yes, Sir, and their conversation is generally full of the subject; I would prefer old women to record such circumstances, their loquacity tends to minuteness.'

A few days after this interesting and enlightened conversation, we talked of a person who had a very bad character. *Pozz.* 'Sir, he is a scoundrel.' *Bozz.* 'I hate a scoundrel.' *Pozz.* 'There you are wrong; I would not have you hate scoundrels; scoundrels, Sir, are useful; there are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I should not choose to keep company with scoundrels; neither would I introduce them to my wife and children; but something may be got from them.' *Bozz.* 'Are not scoundrels for the most part fools?' *Pozz.* 'No, Sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool; but to be a complete rascal, requires considerable abilities. I think a good book might be written on the subject of scoundrels: a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, or the lives of eminent scoundrels, from the earliest accounts to the present time.'

Hanging was mentioned in the course of the conversation, and I observed, that it was a very awkward situation. *Pozz.* 'No, Sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, Sir, that a man whose actions tend to flagitious obliquity, should himself be perpendicular at last.'

I told Doctor Pozz, that I had lately been in company with a number of gentlemen, all of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged. *Pozz.* 'Yes, Sir, we know those who *have* been hanged,—that is a circumstance we can easily recollect, and may safely mention, without fear of offence; but we must not name those who *deserve* it,—such a proceeding would not be decorous in good company; it is one of those things we may *think*, but must not speak of.'

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Emblem of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless Sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.

Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

By a single glance of thought
Thy whole realm's before me brought.
Like the universe, from nought.

All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new;
Time nor tide thy powers subdue.

All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.

All thy wonders are reveal'd;
Treasures hidden in thy field!
From the birth of nature seal'd.

But thy depths I search not now,
Nor thy limpid surface plough
With a foam-repelling prow.

Eager fancy, unconfined,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.

Here a breeze, I skim thy plain;
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.

Where the billows cease to roll,
Round the silence of the pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul!

See, by Greenland cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled;
Yet the mother loves her child;—

And the wildernesses drear
To the native's heart are dear;
All life's charities dwell here.

Next, on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-falls roar,
Devastating all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man, the heir of all things, roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes;
—These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled Liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England, hail to thee!

Pennsylvania, while thy flood
Waters fields unbought with blood,
Stand for peace as thou hast stood.

The West Indies I behold,
Like the Hesperides of old,
—Trees of life, with fruits of gold.

No—a curse is on the soil,
Bonds and scourges, tears and toil
Man degrade, and earth despoil.

Horror-struck, I turn away,
Coasting down the Mexique bay;
Slavery there hath lost the day.

Loud the voice of Freedom spoke;
Every accent split a yoke,
Every word a dungeon broke.

South America expands
Mountain-forests, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a spectacle awaits!

The immense Pacific smiles
Round ten thousand little isles,
—Haunts of violence and wiles.

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the cross is in the field,
And the light of life reveal'd.

Rays from rock to rock it darts,
Conquers adamantine hearts,
And immortal bliss imparts.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car,—

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamschatka's headlands run,
South and east, to meet the sun.

Jealous China, strange Japan,
With bewilder'd thought I scan,
—They are but dead seas of man.

Ages in succession find
Forms unchanging, stagnant mind;
And the same they leave behind.

Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phœnix-nests, and halcyon-seas;
But I tarry not with these.

Pass we low New Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls;
—World of undiscover'd souls!

Bring them forth:—'tis heaven's decree;
Man, assert thy dignity;
Let not brutes look down on thee.

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretch'd between;
Ah! what horrors here have been.

War, disguised as commerce, came;
Britain, carrying sword and flame,
Won an empire,—lost her name.

But that name shall be restored,
Law and justice wield her sword,
And her God be here adored.

By the gulph of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Woos the rose in every vale.

Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press o'er southern seas.

Cape of storms, thy spectre's fled,
And the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thy head.

Where thy Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes, from dreary sands,
Bless the sight, with lifted hands.

St Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep—
There a Hero's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell;
On that theme all times shall dwell.

But, henceforth, till nature dies,
These three simple words comprise
All the future—"here he lies."

Mammon's plague-ships throng the waves;
Oh 'twere mercy to the slaves,
Were the maws of sharks their graves.

Not for all the gems and gold,
Which thy streams and mountains hold,
Or for which thy sons are sold,—

Land of negroes! would I dare
In this felon trade to share,
Or its infamy to spare.

Hercules, thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land;
Cloud-capp'd Atlas towers at hand.

Where, at Cato's word of fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate;—

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors;
Ha! the pirates seize their oars;
—Fly the desecrated shores.

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm,
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm,
—Slaves turn'd despots hold the helm.

Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.

Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent;
Thou art thine own monument;
But the sepulchre is rent,

And a wind is on the wing,
At whose breath new heroes spring,
Sages teach, and poets sing.

Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud:
Thy refulgent head is bow'd·

Rome, in ruins lovely still,
From her Capitolian hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.

Yet where Roman genius reigns,
Roman blood must warm the veins;
—Look well, tyrants, to your chains.

Feudal realm of old romance,
Spain, thy lofty front advance,
Grasp thy shield, and couch thy lance.

At the fire-flash of thine eye,
Giant Bigotry shall fly;
At thy voice, Oppression die.

Lusitania, from the dust,
Shake thy locks; thy cause is just,
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.

France, I hurry from thy shore;
Thou art not the France of yore;
Thou art new-born France no more.

Great thou wast, and who like thee?
Then mad-drunk with liberty;
Now,—thou'rt neither great nor free.

Sweep by Holland, like the blast;
One quick glance at Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia;—all is past.

Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
Germany, beware the day,
When thy Schoolmen bear the sway.

Now to thee, to thee I fly,
Fairest Isle beneath the sky,
To my heart as in mine eye!

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be bless'd;
Britain, thou'rt my home—my rest;
—My own land, I love *thee* best.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DEATH.

DEATH is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, while living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death *unto the life*. They did so, and found his face half-eaten, and his midriff and back-bone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us, who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as the lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age, it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?

A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escurial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: and where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings, and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crimes shall be less. To my apprehension, it is a sad record which is left by Athenæus concerning Ninus the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words: "Ninus the Assyrian had an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sand in the Caspian sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the Magi; nor touched his God with the sacred rod according to the laws: he never offered sacrifice, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to the people; nor numbered them: but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre, and now hear where Ninus is. Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust is all my portion: the wealth with which I was blessed, my enemies meeting together shall carry away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell: and when I went thither, I neither

carried gold nor horse, nor silver chariot. I that wore a mitre, am now a little heap of dust."*

JEREMY TAYLOR.

ON A HEADLAND

IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

'We ran up a small creek, near which was a headland, famous for a sanguinary battle, at some very remote period, far beyond the memory of man. We were told of fragments of huge bones that had once whitened all the ground there. We ourselves saw none, however; but turned up various fossils, which, for aught we knew to the contrary, might have belonged to some antediluvian giant or hero, who was cotemporary with the mammoth and leviathan.'

Voyage of Discovery, by Juan Pablos Gomez. p. 63.

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert places!
The fear which hath no name, hath wrought a spell!
Strength, courage, wrath—have been, and left no traces!
They came,—and fled;—but whither?—who can tell!

We know but that they *were*,—that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and bays,
And perished where these river waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,
White winter, and the sharp night winds, that boom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 'tis *said*, their proud unburied bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore:
Yet nought besides the rocks and worn sea stones
Now answer to the great Pacific's roar!

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died:
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride;
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

But *these*,—they vanished as the lightnings die
(Their mischiefs over) in the surging deep;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky,
What heroes perished here, nor where they sleep!

BARRY CORNWALL.

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* "He who wrote in this manner," says Hazlitt, "also wore a mitre, and is now a heap of dust; but when the name of Jeremy Taylor is no longer remembered with reverence, genius will have become a mockery, and virtue an empty shade!"

FEMALE EDUCATION.

ON taking a view of society in all parts of the world, but particularly our own, I am astonished at the degraded state of woman. She is not indeed a slave here, as in some other places, but she may, I think, with us, be termed 'a working creature without thought!' This may seem paradoxical at first sight, because we *all* have opinions, and not a few, dogmatical opinions. But are they ours? Are they not gathered up, I will not say here and there, for then there might be a chance for some expansion of intellect; but are they not *taken up*, rather, from the mother, aunt, or any one else to whose notions a careless father has confided us? Is there any physical cause for this? Has woman a smaller quantity of brain than man? The texture of her frame is indeed more delicate; her fibres are less gross, and her whole organization is of a finer order than that of her lord. What is it that renders the human mind, or spirit, so prone to passion and error? Is it not the load of matter by which it is encompassed? If then the corporeal part of a woman is composed of finer materials than that of a man, should not her mind, instead of being less capable of thought, be more so? But what is the actual case? We see that woman is an animal to whom a certain portion of manual labour, of domestic but always *subordinate* care, is assigned. In the higher walks of life, unthinking drudgery is exchanged for unthinking, active folly. Woman is to perform her tasks, or revolve round the dizzying wheel of dissipation, but she is never to think; that is, not for herself. Even the dullest mechanic will tell his wife, if she ask a question beyond her own range, to mind her work, and leave those things to men! The divine, the philosopher, the statesman, all alike tell their helpmates to mind their own avocations. 'Your house,' say they, 'your children, your domestics, your parties of pleasure, your balls and concerts, are your natural employments. You were formed for our solace and amusement, not for coadjutors in our studies, not for helpmates in our weightier concerns, for which *nature*

never intended you. On the contrary, you seem to have been made for the purpose of filling up the chasm between us and the cares of life.' I once heard a very learned clergyman say to a lady, who happened to put a doubting question, 'that no woman had learning enough to *entitle* her to be a sceptic.' How comes it, I would ask, that she has learning enough to entitle her to be a believer?

The same matter which superinduces all the evil passions of man, weighs down the spirit, and oppresses the whole human race with *mental* indolence. Man, from necessity, must struggle against this evil; but in woman it is pampered by the vanity and arrogance of man. Accustomed to think himself the lord of the creation, he is determined to make a monopoly of all true wisdon. Mark what the enlightened Sir Richard Steele says: 'If we were to form an image of dignity in a man, we should give him *wisdom* and valour, as being essential to the character of manhood. In like manner, if you describe a *right* woman in a laudable sense, she should have gentle softness, tender *fear*, and *all* those parts of life, which distinguish her from the other sex; with some subordination to it, but an *inferiority* which makes her *lovely*. Her look, her voice, her gesture, should all be truly feminine. A *goodness* mixed with *fear*, gives a tincture to all her behaviour. It would be savage to offend her, and cruelty to use art to gain her.'

Behold the helpless thing he would have us to be! It would be 'cruelty to use art to gain' this pretty defenceless toy. Were the *minds* of women in a healthy state, they would soon learn to set the *arts* of men at defiance. It may not be unprofitable to inquire into the cause of this degrading disease, which throws woman upon the *mercy* of man, for even *that* which gives her a proper place amongst her own sex.

It occurs to me, that the whole originates in man being naturally a warlike animal; and that, in general, a long series of hostilities precedes the cultivation of the mind. With a few exceptions, but these very exceptions carry me through in my theory, the female sex were entirely set aside from the clamours of war. Her more delicate frame, and the interruptions which the cares of a mother subject her to, sufficiently account for her being left to the superintendance of the tent or the house, while her fiercer helpmate was employed in those pursuits for which nature has pre-eminently qualified him. We have the authority of Homer for this, who makes the most amiable and philosophic of all his heroes admonish his wife to retire to her loom, &c. and leave the *more noble* pursuits to man: and Telemachus is, I think, rather petulant and disrespectful to his mother, under similar circumstances, when he gives the same advice, with a similar hint of inferiority in the sex. But was there on this account less mind? I should infer precisely the reverse. For although women were thus set aside, yet we find them in Sparta, in Rome, and amongst the barbarous Goths, stimulating their male relations to deeds of transcendant valour. We have only to glance at the feudal times in Europe, to be satisfied that there are at least strong grounds for the above supposition. It will be found that ladies of the first rank were then very much in the same state with Andromache. The continuance of female ignorance and unworthy subjugation, even after the clouds of mental darkness were in part dispelled, was extremely natural. Man, by that time accustomed to supremacy, was resolved to keep it; and as he felt himself a sort of God contrasted with his former ignorance, so he determined on being high lord of the intellectual world, as he was formerly of the physical.

Upon my hypothesis, it is evident that man is entirely indebted to his greater bodily strength for that superiority which he at first assumed, and which he has *imagined* it his interest to maintain; so it is probable, that had it been possible for the arts of civilization to have preceded those of war, we should have beheld woman the real helpmate of the stronger sex. She would not in that case have been admonished to her loom and her distaff, as if her faculties were of an order very little beyond those of monkeys; but she would have been called upon to clear away the intellectual mists, which man's greater physical grossness has made the bane of some of his happiest moments; she would have been called upon to refine and purify his ideas; and it would have been her task to revise his writings, and to expunge many passages

which must for ever remain as libels upon some of the greatest men that ever lived.

Even as it is, we see her softening down his tempestuous passions, bearing with his caprices, submissive to his anger, patient in his moments of inebriety, and, generally speaking, prudent during his infidelities. In the midst of all this, she may be said to be a stranger in her own house. Ignorant of her husband's concerns; considered as infinitely beneath a knowledge of his more serious pursuits; expected always to make an appearance consistent with his rank; but scowled at if she ask the means. This last evil, and it is a tremendous one, does not indeed apply to people in our rank of life; although the females of that class are but too often in a state of what may be called vicious ignorance; since, by not knowing what they ought to spend, they not infrequently ruin their husbands, but what is worse, inflict the same evil on many a hard-working tradesman, whose wife very probably endures the penance.

I happened, when a girl of sixteen, to pay a visit, which I shall never forget, to a lady who had been a ward of my father, and who had married a gentleman-farmer. I was there made acquainted with the hardships which women in that rank are subjected to. The lady had been educated, if not with more depth than her husband, with much more refinement. Her ideas on every subject were nicer than his, but particularly on that of honour. She revolted in an uncommon degree from deceit of all kinds, and even an evasion of the simplest and most harmless sort was held a crime by her. She was withal affectionate, patient, and good-tempered, but she was timid. It may be asked, how a woman of this description married the sort of man which the sequel proved him to be? There is only one answer: a man, when he is courting, and a man when he is married, are very often totally distinct persons. The lover is kind, attentive, affectionate; views all the qualities of his mistress through a highly magnifying medium: the husband too often becomes harsh, careless, and inconsiderate, and views all her qualifications through the lens of a myope.

When I went to visit my friend, I was surprised to see her often labouring under fits of excessive dejection, I used to observe her standing for an hour sometimes at a window, with a face of extreme anxiety. She would become pale, look terrified, and was evidently ignorant of every word addressed to her. At other times I observed her in tears; and at last ventured to ask her if she laboured under any sorrow or difficulty in which a sincere friend could serve her? She said 'No,' in a hollow tone, and left the room. Next day the mystery was partly unravelled, by a servant coming into the parlour while she, her husband, and myself were sitting chatting pleasantly enough. On looking round, and seeing the man with a parcel in his hand, she became suddenly pale, and her husband said in a surly tone, 'What is that?' She replied in a timid faltering voice, 'Something I wanted.' 'I hope you have paid for it, then,' said he in the same disagreeable way. She took up the unlucky parcel without speaking, left the room, and I observed did not return till he had gone out; and that at dinner she met his eye with an appearance of heart-breaking fear. Soon after that, I took an opportunity of saying, that if any temporary embarrassment on the part of her husband put her to an inconvenience, my purse was entirely at her command. 'No,' said she, 'my husband labours under no embarrassment; I have reason to suppose that at all times he lives much within his income. I see,' she continued, 'that you remark all is not right, and I may as well tell you, for, God knows, I hate mystery. When I married Mr ——, I loved him very sincerely, and had no anticipation of either harshness or reserve from him; but what was my surprise, on asking him for money a few days after I came here, to be told that he had none? I thought he was joking, and replied accordingly. But he became quite serious, and assured me his income was very small, and that I must expect very little money from him. I was shocked, because he was generally understood to be in good circumstances; and before our marriage, he had talked of living in a style of comfort which bespoke at least competence. I remained silent. After some time he put his hand in his pocket and took out a one pound note. On taking it from him, I said, 'Had you not better tell me at once what you can afford to spend, and give me a stated sum at certain times?'—'And pray,' said he, 'what

would you do with what I can afford? Perhaps I don't know myself; but at any rate women have nothing to do with the affairs of men.'—'Then,' said I, 'how am I to regulate my expenses?'—'Your expenses! You speak as if I were a duke? We must live at very little expense.'—'But we must have food and clothes?' 'There's a difference in food and clothes.' —'Very true,' said I, 'but the meanest cannot be had without money.'—'Well! I have given you money.'—'And how long must this last?'—'What a fool's question is this! As long as it can, to be sure.'—'It is needless,' continued my poor unhappy friend, 'to dwell on these things. I spent as little as I could; still money must be had, and each fresh application produced such replies as nearly broke my heart. At last I tried the desperate experiment of being without necessaries; but of all the evils that was the worst, yet I wish I had persisted in it. I then ran accounts, and although I ceased to ask for money, he never once expressed his surprise or curiosity. Did I say being without necessaries, and the anger incurred on that account was the worst of my evils? Alas! to perish of hunger, thirst, and cold, were a pleasure compared to new year's accounts! But of that I must not speak,' said she, while her utterance was choked, and she burst into a passion of tears. She composed herself with an effort, and then continued: 'After that awful storm, I got a little money for a few weeks; again I was forced to run into debt, and again another new year with all its palsying horrors returned. The same game was played over again; and now you see me under the threefold misery of contracting debts, of anticipating their payment, and of suffering a kind of death every time an article of food or of clothing enters the house. Threefold, did I say? Ah! my dear Miss M'Cleod, all *that* is swallowed up in the still greater evil of being obliged to stoop to mean concealments. I am every day guilty of a violation of my best principles. I do not actually lie with my tongue; nothing could force me to that; but when I conceal the arrival of a basket of bread, or a joint of meat, am I not in the positive practice of something very like deceit? Besides, I am degraded in the eyes of my servants, who cannot but observe the anxiety with which I watch their arrival, and the eagerness with which I snatch from them and carry into a place of concealment the very food of which my husband every day partakes! The inconsistency of his conduct too is astonishing. He sees the necessaries of life upon his table with perfect complacency; yet he cannot see them enter his house without being in such a rage as makes my heart die within me. I know that I cannot live long under such conflicting, but despicable, contemptible evils. I despise and loath myself, because I cannot muster up courage to meet the storm; but then, if you consider that this storm is of perpetual recurrence, you will easily see how dreadful it must be to a person of my timid disposition. I therefore stoop to every-day concealments, for which I abhor myself, and hoard up the evils of ten months to have the whole burst upon me during no shorter a space than two!'

I came home greatly distressed about my friend, and begged my father to interfere with her husband; but he laughed at me for my ignorance, in supposing anybody could take such a liberty between man and wife; blamed her for marrying a plebeian, and her father for not settling every penny of her fortune inalienably on herself. In four years after her marriage she was carried to her grave, the victim of petty tyranny, and, with an unparalleled sweetness and love of truth, blaming herself more than her murderer.

This circumstance, and the deep impression it made upon my mind, led me to observe, more narrowly than I otherwise should, the actual domestic state of my equals, and to pay frequent visits to the tenants on our estate. I invariably found the wives of the latter either depressed in the manner I have described, or driven into the actual practice of stealing from their own husbands; while the children are generally either the auxiliary of the mother or the spy of the father; but in each case, brought up in a system of evasion and deceit. Surely, thought I, there must be a remedy for this! and this remedy can be nothing but a full, unlimited, and mutual confidence. Where there is terror there can be no real love, and therefore no efficient trust; and consequently, as long as husbands fancy it their interest to make their wives dread them, they can never expect even a thorough and hearty friend in their miserable help-

mates. And why are women more afraid of men, morally speaking, than men are of one another? Merely because they are brought up in a state of moral diffidence; in a state of perpetual leaning, and with a constant misdirection of all their best faculties; if that can be called misdirected, which is buried under a mass of rubbish. The whole root of the evil then lies in the manner of our education. Look at a certain class, and you will see the strong probability of my theory. A class, which, with the exception of being able to read the Bible, is not educated at all; a class, which has not been elevated by the pageantries of war; which is not misled by the glare of wealth, nor tantalized by something in the shape of easy competence;—I mean the peasantry of our own and other countries. Amongst these, it is an unequivocal fact that all the superiority of the genus lies on the side of the female. And what is the reason? the man and woman have been brought up precisely alike. He has indeed more brute strength than she; but where are the acuteness, the sharpness; ay, and better than all, the kindly, active, warm-hearted benevolence to be found? In the female! On his part, in this class, he never dreams of inequality, and hence she enjoys a full and unlimited confidence, and gets his little all to spend in the best way she can. And those who are well acquainted with that walk of life must be struck with the admirable management and economy of the female peasantry. In all the other orders of society that I know any thing of, it has become *use* and *wont* to imagine, that the business concerns, rental, or professional income of the husbands, should be a deep and dark mystery in the eyes of their wives. This, as I have before said, springs entirely from the presupposition of inferiority in the female; and this has its root in difference of education.*

* From "TRUTH, a Novel, Lond. 1826," 3 vols. 12mo.

DRINK OFF.

DRINK off! A name is on my tongue,
But ask it not—it cannot be;
For she is far too wild and young
To think of me!

Come! I will smother in my breast
The heart-awakening sound; because
I'd fain forget, and be at rest,
As once I was.

Her sixteenth summer has not flown—
No wonder all is hope and gladness:
My five-and-twentieth winter's gone—
No wonder—sadness.

'Tis well worth laughing at: in truth,
I was a fool, to think of winning
Her young hand, when the dance of youth
Is but beginning.

And yet I could not choose but prize
So rare a girl in beauty' and grace:
A world of wealth is in her eyes,
And in her face!

What matters that? It was her form,
So far surpassing all I'd seen,
Or dreamt of, that awoke the storm
That bursts within.

Drink off! My soul is sick with love!
Yet I could bear it out, I see,
If unto others she would prove
As unto me.

But—on some fool, with collar'd neck,
And simpering smile, and 'good connection,'
(That is the word) the girl will wreck
Her best affection.

O misery! what a world is this!
Things without souls are crawling thick,
Ready to snatch the cup of bliss
Even from our lip.

Wisdom is nothing—all is wealth:——
You laugh?—as if you never knew it,
But, if I don't commend myself,
Pray, who would do it?

Another glass! The wine is good.
Why should I be cast down? I beat
A pint, she's in a better mood
Next time we meet.

My heart is getting somewhat light,
For all that's past. As I'm a sinner,
What say you, Tom?—This very night,
I'll go and win her!

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS. *

In days of yore, there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate, and strict; but he had one vice,—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew, so well as he, the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and consequently, the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments, and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said "Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform,"—but he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

"Awake, thou sleeper!" said the voice, "awake! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou mayst do thine office."

"The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, "and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?"

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins,—"I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man, "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger with a sigh, "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

"They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way;" and his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger. "Your journey is even now done," and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if thus thou sportest with the grey hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Woe unto him who insults the hoary head!"

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that

* From "The Literary Souvenir for 1828."

they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces—they were the faces of men pained within; and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin *. He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and, behold! he saw upon him too, the mark that showed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent, and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochonan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber;" and, accordingly, the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stair to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes!" said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office; I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart."

He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said:—

"Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?"

"I do," said he, with a heavy groan; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond, "know then, further, that no one is ever brought here, unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been imports not to thee—and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—lost, even as I am lost." And she wept again.

The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Woe is me! Who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a Doctor of the Laws, in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou sawest, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons; and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said, that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself."

"I swear, before Heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked steadfastly according to the traditions of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady, "all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape."

"What is that? O lady of beauty!" said the agonized Rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here; and as long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the

* Demons.

nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying :—

"Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon, "I will not that thou shouldst break thy vow:" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber, looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and the day, weeping, and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said :—

"Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past;" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my lord," said Jochonan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon, "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow:" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills, the Prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said :—

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine;" and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered :—

"Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow."

"Be it so then," said the other; "arise, and follow me."

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver, floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light, as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi," said the Demon—"take of these what thou pleasest; aye, were it the whole."

"I cannot, my lord," said Jochonan. "I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward."

"Follow me," said the Prince of the Mazikin; and Jochonan did so, into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins, which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labours of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are thine," said the Demon; "one of the vessels which thou beholdest would make thee richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all."

But Jochonan refused again; and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noonday sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which from the end of the hall, poured its ever living light, brighter than the rays of noontide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me then I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Mazikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous?—You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced, was a mean and paltry apartment without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he had put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron?"

"They are mine own, my lord," said the Rabbi, "them will I take, if they be offered me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand;—"thou mayst depart. But Rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before, was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he "am I to return, for I know not the way?"

"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and, in the space of a moment, heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all, were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

But people wondered, and said; "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?"—And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year according to the lesser supputation, five hundred ninety and seven, that thou mayst learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

SONG OF THE STARS.

(From the United States' Literary Gazette.)

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depth by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss, by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung:—

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie;
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like a fluid light.

"For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides;
Lo, yonder the living splendours play!
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle wind is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews,
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

"Away, away!—In our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

THE

NECROMANCER'S NOVICIATE.*

JACOBUS ALDROVANDUS was an alchemist of the fifteenth century, and spent his days and part of his nights over the furnace, with a degree of ardour which no disappointments were able to quench. Being subject to many annoyances from the bad temper of his wife, he sought, in his laboratory, that enjoyment which was denied him every where else. It was, indeed, an unfortunate circumstance for his peace, that his wife had brought him a considerable dowry, and that this dowry had ere long been devoured by the crucible. She now frequently lamented, that so much had gone to the making of a philosopher's stone which gave her no returns; and finding that remonstrances were entirely thrown away upon her infatuated husband, she betook herself to devotional habits, and was closeted for a long time every day with a pious confessor.

Under these trials, Jacobus did not fail to exhibit a becoming forbearance of temper. Enthusiasm, when it is sufficiently strong, supplies consolations and antidotes against all the evils of life; and, it cannot be denied, that the progress of philosophy, at the same time that it has undeceived us in many respects, has also diminished the number of mental opiates which enabled mankind to forget their sufferings.

One day, while examining a dusty shelf of his library, Jacobus stumbled upon a book of magic, which by some accident had crept in among the rest. The mysteries of its pages had an irresistible charm for his imagination. He rose and shut the door; for his wife's confessor was then descending from a morning visit, and the flapping of the holy man's garments put our alchymist in mind, that there was such a thing as a bundle of faggots reserved for those who dealt in forbidden lore. After this precaution, he once more drew forth the volume, and became so deeply interested in its contents, that he resolved to become an adept. Magic and alchemy seemed to throw a reciprocal light on each other. Jacobus thought, that if he could once get as thoroughly engaged among the different classes of devils as he was already among the different bottles of his laboratory, he would not have a single spare moment left on his hands, and would acquire such an accession of new powers, as might enable him to set his wife and the confessor at defiance.

* From "Fragments and Fictions, translated from the French." Edin. 1817, 12mo.

When twilight came on, therefore, he would frequently retire to a solitary walk among some old trees, at the back of his house, and endeavour to prepare for a trial of his art, by inuring himself to recite the most profane and horrible incantations. In the meantime, the leaves would whisper above him in a mysterious manner, and the bats come flapping about his ears, like so many imps of darkness. Jacobus was aware how much courage it requires to retain possession of one's faculties, in the presence of a bad angel. Firmness is indispensible in these interviews, and the want of it has sometimes been attended by very disastrous consequences, as will be seen from the sequel of this narrative.

Near the town where Jacobus lived there was a deserted building, which had once been the residence of a noted sorcerer. The last act of this man's life was to raise a disagreeable smell in the public market place, a feat which he performed with the assistance of some dry wood, and much against his will, although it gratified a numerous body of spectators. As the fiends who had served him were still supposed to lurk about his former mansion, no person would approach it, even in day light; and the magistrates of the burgh had repeatedly spoken of having it razed to the ground. Jacobus thought that, in this building, he would at least be sure of privacy; and on that account resolved to make it the scene of his first experiment.

Accordingly, one tempestuous evening, having wrapt himself up in a cloak, he appeared in presence of his wife. "My dear," said he, "I have just received a message, intimating that a certain friend of mine has received the extreme unction, and wishes to let me into a valuable secret before he dies. Do not be alarmed, therefore, although some time should elapse before I return. It will probably be morning before you see me again."

"Truly, husband, that will be no loss," replied his wife. "Begone, and hunt after your good for nothing secrets; but beware of coming back in the middle of the night, to knock up my servants. I will not allow them to be disturbed with impunity."

Jacobus Aldrovandus departed without attempting to make any reply. Darkness had already gathered. The merchants were shutting up their stalls, and only a scattered light gleamed here and there across the wet pavement. According to solemn usage, an official drummer was performing his evening rounds; while many a fat burgher hastened home to a comfortable repast, and enjoyed the pleasure of mentally counting over the profits of the day. This was more than Jacobus, or any other alchemist, could pretend to. He accordingly picked his steps as fast as he could, until he had left the city gates behind him, and saw the necromancer's house rising at some distance against the horizon.

This necromancer's house, as might naturally be expected, was a tall, frightful, and unornamented building. A single tree grew before the door, and from one of its branches was suspended the withered carcass of a dog, which had been hanged there at the same time as its master was burnt in the market-place. A certain magistrate conceived that the dog must have seen so many improper sights, as to render him unfit for any longer holding a place in the social system; and therefore gave orders that the magician's own accursed elm-tree might be employed in putting an end to the animal's existence. It was now currently believed, that young imps were in the habit of procuring themselves a swing, by taking hold of his legs on a windy night. Aldrovandus hurried past, without letting the carcass touch him. He found the door open, struck a light, and ascended the staircase. No spectre delayed his progress, no arm started from the wall; but he could not help feeling appalled at the silence of the place, and recollected that the last sounds which had been uttered in that staircase, were the groans of the old wizard as he was dragged away to his trial. Jacobus arrived at a large unfurnished apartment. One or two pictures hung on the walls, but their colouring was so very sombre that their subjects could not be unriddled. In the middle of the floor he saw the fragments of a wand, and at one end of the room was placed a death's head, wearing the cap of the departed magician.

Meantime, the wind howled in a most outrageous manner through the broken panes. Jacobus hastened to accomplish

the object of his journey. With the tremulous caution of a novice, he unfolded and arranged the different implements, which he had brought along with him, and endeavoured to collect his scattered thoughts, in order that no fiend, however quick-sighted, might be able to discover the least flaw in so delicate a process. When these things were accomplished, he read, recited, and paused for a reply. Finding, however, that some words of importance had been omitted, he was obliged to wipe his forehead, and begin a second time. Presently a low creaking spread over the room,—the glass-vials rung, and quivered in their places,—and a smoke began to ascend from the magical circle. The hair of Jacobus Aldrovandus stood on end; but he continued to read out his Latin with sufficient distinctness, although his senses had almost left him. In the meantime the preternatural symptoms increased, and the experiment advanced nearer and nearer to a crisis. At length there was a crash. A monstrous devil started from the floor, and asked him what was the reason of so pressing a summons. Jacobus had lost the power of articulation; he spoke not a syllable. The demon, having again and again repeated his question without receiving any answer, grew dreadfully importunate, and stretched forward his long neck with such perseverance, that his nose almost came in contact with that of our unhappy magician. Jacobus drew backwards precipitately, and in so doing stepped out of his own circle. The demon followed up his advantage. Jacobus turned and ran, but he was pursued with a frightful degree of agility. Three times did he glide round the chamber, with this horrible fiend careering at his back. On the fourth time Jacobus bolted through the door, ran down stairs, and left the house. It was to no purpose; the chase was continued over a fine level country. Jacobus, after several doublings and windings, took the road to the city, and his pursuer, who was never far behind, emitted such a glare of light, that both parties were able to choose their way with equal precision, as if it had been a summer's forenoon. They enter the city. Jacobus turns a corner and stumbles upon the watch, who endeavour to stop him. Presently the fiend comes up, and makes a clear somerset over their heads. The watchmen roll into the kennel, and break their lanthorns; while Jacobus, pressing on towards his own house, reaches the door, and drives it open with a noise which brings his wife and the whole family to the head of the staircase.

They came only to gaze and tremble. No one would venture down to assist him; and while Jacobus, pale, breathless, and covered with perspiration, mounted the steps, and joined his family, the demon followed and took possession of the landing place, which was part of an extensive gallery, surrounded by the doors of different apartments. A solemn pause ensued. The demon stooped, and with his red-hot finger drew a circle round himself, which occupied the whole breadth of the floor, so that it was impossible for any one to pass without stepping into it. "Now," said he, "whoever comes here is mine. I am determined not to vanish without receiving something for my trouble."

On hearing these words the domestics fell a sobbing bitterly round their master and mistress, and began to consider who should be the victim. The cook endeavoured to shove in the butler, and the butler, on the other hand, gave a sly push to the chambermaid. "My dear wife," said Jacobus, "is there no dog or cat about the house, which might be given him for a bribe. What is become of the black pointer which used to sleep every night on the foot of your bed?"

So saying, he ran to open the door of his wife's bedchamber; but the good woman, not having expected that her husband would come so speedily back, and being conscious that an unpleasant truth would come to light if Jacobus went any farther, endeavoured to retard his entrance. Jacobus would not be hindered, and pushed in. Forthwith a sort of jostling is heard. Instead of a black pointer, out rushes Father Joseph, the confessor, with his gown wrapped about his head, in order to conceal his features. So great is his confusion, that he dares not look around, or see who is present, but glides off towards the staircase. In so doing, he approaches the circle, which had been drawn by the demon, and the domestics utter a loud cry. Jacobus's wife runs after him, and takes hold of his gown; but the friar,—imagining that he

is detained by her husband,—gives a violent spring, which carries them both into the circle, and the fiend immediately vanishes with his prey.

Such was the lucky hit by which our worthy necromancer got quit of a disagreeable wife. Her gallant, at the same time, found the reward of his treachery; and Jacobus Aldrovandus having cautioned his servants to beware of circulating idle tales, which might attract the notice of the Inquisition, gave out that Friar Joseph had eloped with his wife to a foreign country.*

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Oh, Death! if there be quiet in thine arms,
And I must cease—gently, oh, gently come
To me! and let my soul learn no alarms,
But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
Senseless, and breathless.—And thou, sickly life,
If the decree be writ, that I must die,
Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
Nor pull me downwards to mortality,
When it were fitter I should take a flight—
But whither? Holy Pity, hear, oh hear!
And lift me to some far-off skyey sphere,
Where I may wander in celestial light:
Might it be so—then would my spirit fear
To quit the things I have so loved, when seen—
The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green—
Knowing how few would shed one kindly tear,
Or keep in mind that I had ever been?

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MR WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

MR WORDSWORTH'S genius is a pure emanation of the Spirit of the Age. Had he lived in any other period of the world, he would never have been heard of. As it is, he has some difficulty to contend with the hebetude of his intellect, and the meanness of his subject. With him "lowliness is young ambition's ladder:" but he finds it a toil to climb in this way the steep of Fame. His homely Muse can hardly raise her wing from the ground, nor spread her hidden glories to the sun. He has "no figures nor no fantasies, which busy *passion* draws in the brains of men:" neither the gorgeous machinery of mythologic lore, nor the splendid colours of poetic diction. His style is vernacular: he delivers household truths. He sees nothing loftier than human hopes; nothing deeper than the human heart. This he probes, this he tampers with, this he poises, with all its incalculable weight of thought and feeling, in his hands; and at the same time calms the throbbing pulses of his own heart, by keeping his eye ever fixed on the face of nature. If he can make the life-blood flow from the wounded breast, this is the living colouring with which he paints his verse: if he can assuage the pain or close up the wound with the balm of solitary musing, or the healing power of plants and herbs and "skyey influences," this is the sole triumph of his art. He takes the simplest elements of nature and of the human mind, the mere abstract conditions inseparable from our being, and tries to compound a new system of poetry from them; and has perhaps succeeded as well as any one could. "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto*"—is the motto of his works. He thinks nothing low or indifferent of which this can be affirmed: every thing that professes to be more than this, that is not an absolute essence of truth and feeling, he holds to be vitiated, false, and spurious. In a word, his poetry is founded on setting up an opposition (and pushing it to the utmost length) between the natural and the artificial: between the spirit of humanity, and the spirit of fashion and of the world!

It is one of the innovations of the time. It partakes of, and is carried along with, the revolutionary movement of our age: the political changes of the day were the model on which he formed and conducted his poetical experiments. His Muse (it cannot be denied, and without this we cannot explain its character at all) is a levelling one. It proceeds on a principle of equality, and strives to reduce all things to the same standard. It is distinguished by a proud humility. It relies upon its own resources, and disdains external show and relief. It takes the commonest events and objects, as a test to

* 'The Bramin's Well,' (p. 184.) was printed off, and the 'Necromancer's Noviciate' was in types, before we discovered that they had already been appropriated by a contemporary compilation.—*Ed.*

prove that nature is always interesting from its inherent truth and beauty, without any of the ornaments of dress or pomp of circumstances to set it off. Hence the unaccountable mixture of seeming simplicity and real abstruseness in the *Lyrical Ballads*. Fools have laughed at, wise men scarcely understand them. He takes a subject or a story merely as pegs or loops to hang thought and feeling on; the incidents are trifling, in proportion to his contempt for imposing appearances; the reflections are profound, according to the gravity and the aspiring pretensions of his mind.

His popular, inartificial style gets rid (at a blow) of all the trappings of verse, of all the high places of poetry: "the cloud-capt towers, the solemn temples, the gorgeous palaces," are swept to the ground, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." All the traditions of learning, all the superstitions of age, are obliterated and effaced. We begin *de novo*, on a *tabula rasa* of poetry. The purple pall, the nodding plume of tragedy are exploded as mere pantomime and trick, to return to the simplicity of truth and nature. Kings, queens, priests, nobles, the altar and the throne, the distinctions of rank, birth, wealth, power, "the judge's robe, the marshall's truncheon, the ceremony that to great ones 'longs," are not to be found here. The author tramples on the pride of art with greater pride. The Ode and Epode, the Strophe and the Antistrophe, he laughs to scorn. The harp of Homer, the trump of Pindar and of Alcæus are still. The decencies of costume, the decorations of vanity are stripped off without mercy as barbarous, idle, and Gothic. The jewels in the crisped hair, the diadem on the polished brow are thought meretricious, theatrical, vulgar; and nothing contents his fastidious taste beyond a simple garland of flowers. Neither does he avail himself of the advantages which nature or accident holds out to him. He chooses to have his subject a foil to his invention, to owe nothing but to himself. He gathers manna in the wilderness, he strikes the barren rock for the gushing waters. He elevates the mean by the strength of his own aspirations; he clothes the naked with beauty and grandeur from the store of his own recollections. No cypress-grove loads his verse with perfumes: but his imagination lends "a sense of joy

> "To the bare trees and mountains bare,
> And grass in the green field."

No storm, no shipwreck startles us by its horrors: but the rainbow lifts its head in the clond, and the breeze sighs through the withered fern. No sad vicissitude of fate, no overwhelming catastrophe in nature deforms his page: but the dew-drop glitters on the bending flower, the tear collects in the glistening eye.

> "Beneath the hills, along the flowery vales,
> The generations are prepared; the pangs,
> The internal pangs are ready; the dread strife
> Of poor humanity's afflicted will,
> Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

As the lark ascends from its low bed on fluttering wing, and salutes the morning skies; so Mr Wordsworth's unpretending Muse, in russet guise, scales the summits of reflection, while it makes the round earth its footstool, and its home!

To the author of the *Lyrical Ballads*, nature is a kind of home; and he may be said to take a personal interest in the universe. There is no image so insignificant that it has not in some mood or other found the way into his heart: no sound that does not awaken the memory of other years.—

> "To him the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The daisy looks up to him with sparkling eye as an old acquaintance: the cuckoo haunts him with sounds of early youth not to be expressed: a linnet's nest startles him with boyish delight: an old withered thorn is weighed down with a heap of recollections: a grey cloak, seen on some wild moor, torn by the wind, or drenched in the rain, afterwards becomes an object of imagination to him: even the lichens on the rock have a life and being in his thoughts. He has described all these objects in a way and with an intensity of feeling that no one else had done before him, and has given a new view or aspect of nature. He is in this sense the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could the least be spared: for they have no substitute elsewhere. The vulgar do not read

them, the learned, who see all things through books, do not understand them, the great despise, the fashionable may ridicule them: but the author has created himself an interest in the heart of the retired and lonely student of nature, which can never die. Persons of this class will still continue to feel what he has felt: he has expressed what they might in vain wish to express, except with glistening eye and faltering tongue! There is a lofty philosophic tone, a thoughtful humanity, infused into his pastoral vein. Remote from the passions and events of the great world, he has communicated interest and dignity to the primal movements of the heart of man, and ingrafted his own conscious reflections on the casual thoughts of hinds and shepherds. Nursed amidst the grandeur of mountain scenery, he has stooped to have a nearer view of the daisy under his feet, or plucked a branch of white-thorn from the spray: but in describing it, his mind seems imbued with the majesty and solemnity of the objects around him—the tall rock lifts its head in the erectness of his spirit; the cataract roars in the sound of his verse; and in its dim and mysterious meaning, the mists seem to gather in the hollows of Helvellyn, and the forked Skiddaw hovers in the distance. There is little mention of mountainous scenery in Mr Wordsworth's poetry; but by internal evidence one might be almost sure that it was written in a mountainous country, from its bareness, its simplicity, its loftiness, and its depth!

HAZLITT.

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithsome and cumberless,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be:
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

ALVAREZ DE RAMEIRO was the son of a Portuguese marquis by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations: but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed, however, that he was often, as much "upon compulsion" as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well-stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure-grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived walking on a slight elevation or terrace a young lady, whose form and countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness, which, had she observed it, might not have impressed

her with a very favourable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch) it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water, and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately afterwards the hapless owner floundering about, either ighorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair—for, unless she could have made a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did better: she seized a rake, and, approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water, whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a river-god, and sputtering thanks and duck-weed in great profusion. Never did human being present a more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered as he was with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim with Trinculo, "What have we here?—a man or a fish?" And indeed, until "the creature found a tongue," it would have been no easy task for Linnæus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more unromantic; nay, 'twas the most commonplace thing conceivable: whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse on seeing him safely landed was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is "the most serious thing in life."

"I pray you, senora," said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, "to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition."

"Apparition!—nay, senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for any thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute: and as for your apologies, you had better render them to these unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so unceremoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months."

"Indeed, fair lady, I owe them no apologies, since but for you I had been their food. Yon moat, although not wide enough to swim in, possesses marvellous facilities for drowning."

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. "Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the bottom of the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having landed on your territories, he politely requests you to relieve him."

"You are a saucy jade," said the merchant; "and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in."

"Nay, papa, that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat."

"You forget, lady," rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, "that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless."

"I beseech you, senor," said the daughter, "to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiads of the moat, to whom they are more justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud:—I should like the cast amazingly."

During this colloquy the party were approaching the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the dam-

sel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments—"a world too wide" for him—the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro; an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness and was equally remote from assurance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight-forward disposition of the Englishman, who probably found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, included conversation as well as refection, he made a point of keeping it up, and, with this general object rather than any particular one—for he had great simplicity of heart—he filled his glass, and, passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation: "It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late—fill your glass, man, and don't keep your hand on the bottle; it heats the wine."

"Then, sir, my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth's society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it."

"Then have the kindness to push the cigar-dish a little nearer, for mine is out."

"I hope, sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her?"

"I am sure I don't know, for I never asked her."

"Nor to yourself, I trust?"

"No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them."

"They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir?"

"Nay, your own honour is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence."

"May I, then, without offence, inquire whither your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject?"

"In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but, now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred."

"When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not, with the confidence you are pleased to place in my honour, have any difficulty in guessing them."

"Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I ever hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out."

"Why, sir, with your sanction, to make her my wife."

"Then you will do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray, is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honour her?"

"I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her."

"Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and, in the event of a repulse, the sooner a man quits it the better."

"But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favour, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it."

"As how?"

"Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before."

"You think so, do you? Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one."

"In what respect, sir, may I ask?"

"In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to church together; and you were born a Catholic."

"Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant."

"And a heretic."

"No, sir; my sainted mother was a Christian."

"You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?"

"I do, indeed, sir."

"Then, let me tell you that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal."

"Have you found it so?"

"Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual member of it; and as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk; but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities."

"You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehensions on that score."

"Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?"

"Why, as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed, when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed by sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still, however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart, and the honourable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious profession of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation, relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emer-

gency, it must be speedily adopted. But the power of the Inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

The name of Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, will be familiar to those who are conversant with the history of Portugal as that of the prime minister of king Joseph; to which elevation he appears to have risen from circumstances of extreme indigence and the humble rank of a corporal. He is represented to have been a man of enlarged mind, uncommon personal courage, and great decision of character. On the other hand, he is said to have exhibited a haughty overbearing spirit, to have executed justice with extreme severity, and evinced a cruel and ferocious disposition. It is, nevertheless, universally admitted, that in the majority of his political acts he had the good of his country at heart, which is evidenced by the wisdom with which he met, and the success with which he alleviated, the public calamities consequent upon the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755—by the salutary restraints which he imposed upon an arrogant aristocracy, as well as upon the tyranny of the Inquisition—and by the decided measures by which he contributed to overthrow the power of the Jesuits. In person he was of gigantic stature; and his countenance was so singularly marked and imposing, that a nobleman, who had opened his carriage-door with the intention of assassinating him, was deterred from his purpose by its awful and terrible expression.

To this man, whom the boldest could not approach without awe, Mary Wentworth resolved to appeal. It was night when she presented herself at his palace, where she was refused admittance. While, however, she was parleying with the sentinel, Carvalho's steward, who had accompanied his master on his embassy to the court of London, approached the gate, and, being interested by her English accent, caused her to be admitted. He inquired the nature of her business with the minister, which she briefly explained to him.

"Alas, my daughter!" said the old man, "I fear your errand to Carvalho will prove a fruitless one. I may not safely procure you an interview; but your countrymen, while I sojourned among them, were kind to me, and I would peril something to do you this service.—Follow me."

He preceded her up a flight of stairs, and, pointing to a door partly open, at the end of a long passage, he said: "There, in that room, is he whom you seek: may God prosper your errand!" With these words he disappeared by a side-door, and Mary approached the apartment which he had pointed out as that of Carvalho. The door was sufficiently open to admit her; and entering, she found herself in a spacious and lofty room, from the ceiling of which depended a lamp immediately over the head of the man at whose frown all Lisbon trembled; and when she beheld his gigantic form and ferocious countenance, she felt that nothing short of the stake which depended on the interview could induce her to persevere in seeking it.

His head rested on his hand; his brow was strongly knit; and his eyes were intently fixed upon some papers. The rustling of her dress, as she drew near the table, attracted his attention. He did not start, but raising his eyes, looked coldly and sternly upon her; and, without uttering a word, appeared to wait for an explanation of so extraordinary an intrusion.

Mary possessed shrewdness and discrimination enough to perceive that, with a man of Carvalho's strength and decision of character, nothing was more likely to prejudice her cause than circumlocution. She therefore entered at once upon her story, and told it in the fewest possible words, concluding with an appeal rather to his justice than to his feelings: and in this she did wisely. He listened without interrupting her, or betraying in his countenance the slightest indication of the effect of her appeal. When she had ended, he waited a few moments, as if to ascertain if she had any thing more to say. His reply was—"Senora, were I to try my strength with the Holy Office upon every occasion of its oppression and injustice, I should have constant occupation, and gain little by the contest. I am not omnipotent: I have checked the power of the Inquisition, but I cannot crush it, or, credit me, not one stone of that hated edifice should stand upon another. Your case is hard, and I compassionate it; but I fear I can do no-

thing to aid you in obtaining redress. You say your father was a British merchant; what was his name ?"

" Wentworth, senor."

" Wentworth !—I have good cause to recollect him. Of all my political opponents, that man, if not the most powerful, was the most persevering and unbending. I adopted certain measures which he considered to militate against the commerce of his country, and he combated them with all his might; but he did it like a man, boldly and openhanded. In the very heat of this controversy, when the feelings of both parties were at the height of their excitement, I was walking, unattended, in the streets of Lisbon, when a mob collected upon my path, and dark looks and threatening gestures were gathering around me. I am not a man to fly from a rabble: I frowned defiance upon my assailants, who continued to press upon me; and some of them unsheathed their daggers. On a sudden, and from behind me, I was seized by a powerful hand, dragged into a house, the door of which was instantly closed, and found myself in the presence of your father. 'Carvalho,' said he, 'you are my enemy and my country's; but you shall not die a dog's death while I can protect you.' He kept his word in defiance of the threats and imprecations of the rabble, declaring that they should pull his house upon his head ere they violated its sanctuary. A party of military at last arrived and dispersed the rioters. Your father, at parting, said with a smile, 'Now, Carvalho, we are foes again.'—And is he dead ?—Then have I lost an enemy, whom to bring back to earth I would freely surrender all who now call themselves my friends. Marvel not, lady, that I am somewhat rough and stern; ingratitude hath made me so. This city was once a ruin; gaunt famine was even in her palaces, and the cry of desolation in her streets. I gave bread to her famishing people, raised her from the dust, and made her what you see; but I sowed blessings, and curses were the harvest that I reaped. I have laboured day and night for the good of this priest-ridden people; and, because I have consulted their welfare rather than their prejudices, there is not a man in Lisbon who would not plunge his dagger into my heart, if he had courage for the deed. A sense of gratitude to any human being is new to me, and, trust me, I will indulge it. The debt I owe your father, and which his proud spirit would not permit me to acknowledge as I purposed, I will endeavour to repay to his child. Yet how to aid you in this matter I know not. I have to combat the most powerful engine of the church, which on this occasion will have the prejudices of the people on its side."

The minister paced the room for a few minutes, thoughtfully and perplexed; at length he resumed: " The holy brotherhood are not wont to do their work by halves, and you will be their next victim. I know of but one way to save you and him for whom you intercede: it is replete with peril, but it shall be dared. Go home to your dwelling: tell no one that you have seen me; and, happen what may, I will be with you in the hour of danger, if it be to perish by your side."

Alvarez had been a prisoner three days, during which his treatment was in no respect rigorous, when he was summoned before the inquisitor. The hall of audience, as it was termed, was a spacious chamber, in the centre of which, upon an elevation or platform, about three inches from the floor, was a long table, covered with crimson cloth; around it were placed chairs decorated with crosses; at one end of it sat the inquisitor, and at the other the notary of the Holy Office. At the extremity of the chamber was a figure of the Saviour on the cross, which nearly reached the ceiling; and immediately opposite was a bench appropriated to the prisoners during their examination. The inquisitor wore a kind of cap with a square crown; the notary and the prisoner were of course uncovered. Alvarez was first commanded to lay his hand on a missal which was on the table, and swear that he would truly answer the interrogatories which might be put to him. He was then desired to sit down upon the bench which was at the left hand of the inquisitor, who, after a panse, said: " Senor Alvarez, you are doubtless aware of the accusation upon which you have been summoned before this tribunal."

" Conscious of no offence which should have subjected me to the loss of my liberty, I hesitate not to pronounce the accusation false, be it what it may."

" You speak rashly, senor; the Holy

Office is not wont to proceed upon slight grounds. I pray you, therefore, to examine your conscience, and see if—not recently, perhaps, but in the course of your life—you have never committed any offence of which it is the peculiar province of the Inquisition to take cognizance."

"I can only repeat what I have already said: and if any man have aught against me, let him stand forth."

"The Holy Office, for wise reasons, does not confront the accuser and accused, as is the custom in ordinary courts; neither is it our wont to declare the nature of the charge, which we rather refer to the conscience of the delinquent: but, willing that you should meet, with as little delay as may be, the accusation which has been brought against you, I will read it. It recites that, having been born of an English mother, you have embraced the tenets of the falsely-called reformed religion, to the danger of your own soul and the scandal of the true faith; that you have of late been in habits of close intercourse with a pestilent heretic of the same country, since dead, and that you are on the point of marriage with his daughter, also a heretic, contrary to the canons of our holy church. This, senor Alvarez, is the charge: what have you to urge against its truth?"

"God forbid that, in hesitating to confess what I believe to be the true faith, I should deny its divine Author! You have reproached me with my English parentage; and if the religion of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer be heresy, then am I a heretic; and, if the cup which was presented to their lips may not pass from mine, may God give me grace to drink it as they did, holding fast by the faith to which I have linked my hopes of Heaven's mercy!"

"Nay, senor Alvarez, the Holy Office is not willing that any should perish, but rather rejoiceth in the exercise of that mercy which is in its discretion: and, although the offence of which you have confessed yourself guilty hath incurred the penalty of a death of ignominy and torture, we have power, by deferring the execution of the sentence, to give you time to repent; so that, upon a renunciation of your errors, you may finally be pardoned, and received into the bosom of the church.—By a law, whereby the goods of heretics are confiscated, those of the deceased merchant, Wentworth, become the property of the church; and as, from your connexion with him and his daughter, you cannot but be informed of the nature and disposition of his wealth, I call upon you, as you would propitiate the Holy Office by assisting in securing its rights, to put it in possession of all you know upon the subject."

"Behold," said Alvarez, with a burst of indignation which startled the inquisitor, "the cloven foot of the Evil One! Now listen to me. The robber of the mountains hath kept faith, and the lion of the desert hath spared his prey; but with the minions of the Inquisition there is neither faith nor mercy. I know that he, upon whom your dungeons have once closed, stands upon the brink of the grave, and that his life is beyond human ransom. Were I to answer the question you have so insidiously proposed, I should not only betray the trust reposed in me by a dying father and make his child a beggar, but I should strengthen the hands of an institution which, if its power were equal to its will, would make this beauteous world a howling wilderness. I will neither betray my trust nor deny my faith: by God's grace, the last act of my life shall not involve the double guilt of treachery and apostasy."

During this speech the countenance of the inquisitor was gradually losing that hypocritical expression of mildness, under which those holy functionaries were accustomed to mask the most cruel and vindictive feelings; his face became flushed with rage, and he exclaimed, when Alvarez had finished: "You vaunt it bravely, senor! we will now try that persuasive power which is wont to make our guests marvellously communicative."

"You may wring the blood-drops from my heart, but you will not rob it of its secret."

"Away with him to the torture!" roared the inquisitor, and immediately quitted the apartment, while Alvarez was conducted by another door, and through a long passage, into a spacious chamber, from which the light of day was entirely excluded. The lamp, which was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, was just sufficient to render distinct the tribunal of the inquisitor, the instruments of torture, and the familiars who were appointed to apply them, and whose grim

features and frightful habiliments imparted additional horror to the scene. The remoter parts of the room were involved in darkness. Alvarez looked towards the tribunal, and immediately recognized the inquisitor by whom he had been previously examined, and who now addressed him with a taunting smile, and said, "Well, senor Alvarez! we have met again: have you brought your boasted courage with you?"

"He who hath laid this trial upon me, and for whose truth I suffer, will give me strength to bear it."

"You will need it all, senor, when your turn shall come; but we do all things in order: we have one here before you, by whose example you may profit. Bring forward the other prisoner!"

Alvarez turned his eyes in the direction in which the inquisitor looked as he spoke, and, with feelings of agony and horror which no language can adequately describe, he beheld in the intended victim his own Mary! A shriek proclaimed that her feelings at the mutual recognition were not less acute than his, and she fell back, apparently lifeless, into the arms of her terrific attendants.

Alvarez turned to the inquisitor, and addressed him, for the first time, in the tone of supplication. "If," said he, "there be one instrument of torture more dreadful than another, let me be its victim: tear me piecemeal, limb from limb: but, for the sake of Him whose all-seeing eye is upon you, spare, oh spare, this beauteous work of his hands! Oh, if you have a human heart, you cannot look upon such loveliness and mar it!—Oh, if you image of the blessed Jesus be not set up in bitter mockery of his meekness and his mercy, I beseech you harm her not!"

"Nay, senor," replied the inquisitor with a laugh of irony, "you drew so captivating a portrait of our mercy in the hall of audience, that it were gross injustice in us to prove it false. Let the torture be applied to the female prisoner!"

The preparations to obey the mandate aroused Mary Wentworth from her swoon; and a faint, and, of course, ineffectual struggle was all she could oppose to the application of the first instrument of torture intended to be used, namely, the thumb-screw. It was, therefore, soon fixed, and the attendants waited the word from the inquisitor to draw the cords. This he was in the act of giving, when, from the gloom in which the extremity of the room was involved, a voice of thunder exclaimed "Forbear!" and immediately the speaker advanced to the front of the tribunal, his arm, however, enveloped in the folds of his mantle, concealing his face to the eyes.

The inquisitor angrily inquired who it was that presumed to interrupt the proceedings of the court, and directed the attendants to seize him. The stranger spoke not a word, but, slowly dropping his arm, discovered the stern and haughty countenance of Carvalho. The inquisitor started, as if a spectre had risen up before him, but immediately recovered himself.

"Senor Carvalho," said he, "this visit is an honour for which we were not prepared: may I beg to be informed of its object?"

"Simply the liberation of these prisoners."

"Upon what authority do you demand it?"

"My own will."

"Much as we respect that, senor, it were scarcely sufficient warrant to us for their surrender. The circumstances under which they were arrested are such as utterly to preclude us from according to you the courtesy you ask."

"As for your respect, I know well the standard by which to measure it. The circumstances attending their arrest have been reported to me, and leave me at no loss to account for your reluctance to give them up; and as for your courtesy, I pray you keep it until it be asked. I did not come to sue for their liberty, but to demand it."

"It may not be, senor; the prisoners must pass to their trial, where they will have justice."

"Oh, doubtless!" said Carvalho, with a bitter smile, "such justice as the wolf metes out to the lamb, and the vulture to the dove."

"I pray you, senor, to reflect upon the unseasonableness of a jest upon an occasion like this."

"In good sooth, jocularity is not my wont, or a jest within the torture-room of the Holy Office, from any other than an inquisitor, would possess too much of the charm of novelty to be forborne. But, credit me, I was never more in earnest

than I am now. Be this the proof. Before I ventured to obtrude myself into your reverend presence, I left instructions with the commandant of artillery, in obedience to which, if I be not with him in half an hour, he will open a fire upon your walls. Now I depart not alone; and you, who best know how the light of day will accord with the secrets of your dungeons, will make your election between surrendering the prisoners or seeing this edifice a smoking ruin."

"Senor Carvalho," said the inquisitor, who had witnessed too many awful instances of the minister's veracity, as well as of his power, to doubt, for a moment, that his threat, if disregarded, would be fulfilled with a terrible punctuality, "in yielding to this extraordinary exercise of power, I feel it my duty, in the name of the Holy Office, solemnly to protest against this interference with its privileges; and you will not be surprised, if, in our own justification, we find it expedient to appeal to the pope."

"So did the Jesuits; and in order that their memorial might not miscarry, I sent the appellants after it by ship loads, until his holiness heartily wished the appeal and the locusts that followed it in the Red Sea. You will do wisely to profit by the warning which their example should convey to you."

Having said this, he turned towards Alvarez and Mary Wentworth, and, passing an arm of each through his own, led them unmolested through the several gates of the prison. Mary glanced at his countenance, and perceived that the sardonic smile which had marked it while in the presence of the inquisitor had passed away, leaving in its place his wonted sternness, softened, she thought, by somewhat more of solemnity than she had hitherto observed him to assume. He walked on between them in silence until they arrived within a few paces of the principal street in Lisbon, when he stopped, and said: "Here we part: I have risked my power, and, it may be, my life, to save you. But be that my care; all I ask of you is, get you out of this city, for it is no abiding place for either of you. There is an English vessel in the bay; this officer" (beckoning to him a person in uniform, whom, for the first time, they observed standing within a few yards of them,) "will assist you in getting your effects on board: follow them with all despatch; for twenty-four hours you are safe; beyond that time I will not answer for your lives. Let me hear of your arrival in England. May God bless and keep you!—Farewell!" He pressed the hand of each, and they saw him no more.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the advice was followed: before half of the allotted time had expired they were on their voyage, which proved safe and prosperous.

W H. HARRISON.

REGRET. *

I HAVE come from the south, where the free
streams flow,
'Mid the scented valleys of Mexico,
I have come from the vines and the tamarind
bowers,
With their wild festoons and their sunny flowers;
And wonder not that I turned to part
From that land of sweets with an aching heart.

I have come from the south, where the landward
breeze,
Comes laden with spices, to roam on the seas,
And whisper its spells to the mariner,
Whose homeward vessel is floating there.
And wonder not that I come with sighs
To this colder clime, and those dreary skies.

I have roamed through those Indian wild-woods
oft,
When the hot day-glare fell shadow'd and soft,
And nought in their green retreats was heard
But the notes of the hermit humming bird,
Or the wayward murmurs of some old song,
That broke through my thoughts as I stray'd
along.

O! could my footsteps but wander now
Where those woodpaths wind and those dark
streams flow!
O! could I but feel on my brow once more
The scented winds of the golden shore,
How my heart would bound, as it hailed thee
mine,
O Mexico! land of the olive and vine!

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* From "The Bedouins, and other poems, by A. B. P. Edin. 1828." post 8vo.

THE RUSTIC WREATH.*

I HAD taken refuge in a harvest field belonging to my good neighbour, Farmer Creswell: a beautiful child lay on the ground, at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labour of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath,—enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow-white lily-bines, and light fragile harebells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears,—around its hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic, occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmonised with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology,—of the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of that finest pastoral in the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world, the only child of his only brother; and, having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle, as fondly and carefully as his own son, Walter. He said, that he loved her quite as well, perhaps he loved her better; for, although it were impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold, handsome youth, who at eighteen had a man's strength and a man's stature, was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the county, yet the fair Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the very apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred horse or a favourite greyhound. She could make a shirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspaper: was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy-woman in the county. There was not such a handy little creature any where; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet, out of doors, as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind,—nobody was like his Dora. So said, and so thought Farmer Creswell; and, before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that, in due time, she should marry his son, Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now, Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular man, stout and active, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile: his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl was, undoubtedly, the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the very highest degree, had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle, and perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent, and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiments, and pursuing them cautiously and successfully; a good farmer, and a good man.

His son Walter, who was, in person, a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him, also, in many points of character; was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin much as he would have loved a favourite sister, and might, very possibly, if let alone, have become attached to her as his father wished: but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement; to hold himself bound to a mere child—the very idea was absurd—and restraining, with difficulty, an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman

* From "Friendship's Offering for 1828."

who should come in his way,—and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other side of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight drooping figure, and a fair, downcast face like a snow-drop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together. The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length her mother died, and, deprived of a home and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage. An immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and, in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and pennyless widow; unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper, neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation, and blameless deportment, of the widowed bride, she and her infant must have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighbourhood was zealous to relieve and to serve them; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off, at once, her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would admit. Every shilling of her pocket-money she expended on her dear cousins; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from the silk frock to a penny tartlet. Every thing that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for, though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her, to those whose claim seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs, at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter, in the Harvest Field: the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue:—

"And so, Madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick and so melancholy; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me, and smiled in my face.—"Only look at him!" continued she, "and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother, living on charity, and they my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst I, that have no right whatsoever, no claim, none at all, I that, compared to them, am but a far-off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself; he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself, too; I know that he is. So tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often, at meal times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened; or, what is worse, call me ungrateful or undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He never has seen him, then? and that is why you are tricking him out so prettily?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter; and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's fowers!" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words that I had ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's flowers!" said his zealous preceptress.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No, Ma'am; I look for my uncle here every minute, and this is the best place to ask a favour in, for the very sight of the great crop puts him in good humour;

not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day on purpose to please him: for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, Ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him, poor child, so helpless, so harmless; his own blood too, and so like his father? No heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that his will not. Only,"—pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope—"only I'm half afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange, when one wants any thing to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets, especially.—I remember when my Lady Countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow Marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open at five, the other day, when dear Miss Julia came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern;—and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard! If the child should be frightened!—Be sure, Walter, that you don't cry!" said Dora in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat; and his young protectress was comforted.

At this moment, the farmer was heard whistling to his dog, in a neighbouring field; and, fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success; and passing the harvest-field in my way, found a group assembled there which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself: a pale, slender young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols, with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and the sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand.—Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora, and I give you joy, from the bottom of my heart.

Little Walter behaved well, then?"

"Oh, he behaved like an angel!"

"Did he say Gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once; the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up in his arms and hugged him, just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy: he put up his little hands and stroked it; and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed;—and oh! how my uncle did kiss him! I thought he would never have done; and then he sat down on a wheat-sheaf, and cried; and I cried, too. Very strange, that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the rustic wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat: "Very strange," repeated she, looking up, with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn-flowers—"very strange, that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down, faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

MISS MITFORD.

LETTER WRITING. *

O SILENT herald! bless'd invention!
That gives a thought to meet the eye,
Invests with form a kind intention,
Conveys a hope, and wafts a sigh!

But when thy faithful task is over,
That thus can all my thoughts reveal,
Dismiss the record—nor discover
To all—what one alone should feel.

So through the heavens, his errand bearing,
Some white robed messenger of light
Performs his task—and disappearing,
Eludes the gaze of mortal sight.

For why recall each soft emotion,
Perpetuate anguish, doubt, or fear?
Or give each momentary notion
To live through every future year?

Or why permit each tender feeling
Again in future years to rise,
The secrets of the soul revealing
To colder hearts and stranger eyes?

To faithful love, 'tis profanation,
And damps true friendship's holy flame;
They hate the useless ostentation,
And only seek their own acclaim.

Affection—every thought pervading,
Disdains the tedious letter'd scroll!
And stamps in characters unfading
Her living record—on the soul.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

THE THREE ADVICES.

THERE once came, what of late happened so often in Ireland, a hard year. When the crops failed, there was beggary and misfortune from one end of the island to the other. At that time, a great many poor people had to quit the country from want of employment, and through the high price of provisions. Among others, John Carson was under the necessity of going over to England, to try if he could get work; and of leaving his wife and family behind him, begging for a bite and a sup up and down, and trusting to the charity of good Christians.

John was a smart young fellow, handy at any work, from the hay-field to the stable, and willing to earn the bread he ate;—and he was soon engaged by a gentleman. The English are mighty strict upon Irish servants: he was to have twelve guineas a year wages, but the money was not to be paid until the end of the year, and he was to forfeit the entire twelve guineas in the lump, if he misconducted himself in any way, within the twelve months. John Carson was to be sure upon his best behaviour, and conducted himself in every particular so well for the whole time, there was no faulting him late or early, and the wages were fairly his.

The term of his agreement being expired, he determined on returning home; notwithstanding his master, who had a great regard for him, pressed him to remain, and asked him if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with his treatment.

"No reason in life, Sir," said John:—"you've been a good master, and a kind master to me; the Lord spare you over your family: but I left a wife with two small children of my own at home, after me in Ireland, and your honour would never wish to keep me from them entirely.—The wife and the children!"

"Well, John," said the gentleman, "you have earned your twelve guineas, and you have been, in every respect, so good a servant, that, if you are agreeable, I intend giving you what is worth the twelve guineas ten times over, in place of your wages.—But you shall have your choice,—will you take what I offer, on my word?"

John saw no reason to think that his master was jesting with him, or was insincere in making the offer; and therefore, after slight consideration, told him, that he agreed to take, as his wages, whatever he would advise, whether it was the twelve guineas or not.

"Then listen attentively to my words," said the gentleman.

"First, I would teach you this—'Never to take a bye road, when you have the highway.'

"Secondly,—'Take heed not to lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman.'

* From "The Winter's Wreath. Lond. 1828."

"And thirdly,—'Remember, that honesty is the best policy.'

"There are the Three Advices I would pay you with; and they are, in value, far beyond any gold; however, here is a guinea for your travelling charges, and two cakes, one of which you must give to your wife, and the other you must not eat yourself, until you have done so, and I charge you to be careful of them."

It was not without some reluctance on the part of John Carson, that he was brought to accept mere words for wages, or could be persuaded that they were more precious than golden guineas.—His faith in his master was however so strong, that he at length became satisfied.

John set out for Ireland the next morning early; but he had not proceeded far, before he overtook two pedlars, who were travelling the same way. He entered into conversation with them, and found them a pair of merry fellows, who proved excellent company on the road. Now it happened, towards the end of their day's journey, when they were all tired with walking, that they came to a wood, through which there was a path that shortened the distance to the town they were going towards, by two miles. The pedlars advised John to go with them through the wood; but he refused to leave the highway, telling them, at the same time, he would meet them again at a certain house in the town, where travellers put up. John was willing to try the worth of the advice which his master had given him, and he arrived in safety, and took up his quarters at the appointed place. While he was eating his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen, and gave orders about different matters there, and then went out again. —John would have taken no particular notice of this; but, immediately after, a young woman, young enough to be the old man's daughter, came in, and gave orders exactly the contrary of what the old man had given, calling him, at the same time, a great many hard names, such as old fool, and old dotard, and so on.

When she was gone, John inquired who the old man was.—"He is the landlord," said the servant; "and, Heaven help him! a dog's life he has led since he married his last wife."

"What," said John, with surprise—"is that young woman the landlord's wife?—I see, I must not remain in this house to night;" and, tired as he was, he got up to leave it, but went no farther than the door, before he met the two pedlars, all cut and bleeding, coming in, for they had been robbed and almost murdered in the wood. John was very sorry to see them in that condition, and advised them not to lodge in the house, telling them, with a significant nod, that all was not right there; but the poor pedlars were so weary and so bruised, that they would stop where they were, and disregarded the advice.

Rather than remain in the house, John retired to the stable and laid himself down upon a bundle of straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons come into the stable, and, on listening to their conversation, discovered that it was the landlady and a man, laying a plan how to murder her husband. In the morning, John renewed his journey; but at the next town he came to, he was told that the landlord in the town he had left had been murdered, and that two pedlars, whose clothes were found all covered with blood, had been taken up for the crime, and were going to be hanged. John, without mentioning what he had overheard to any person, determined to save the pedlars, if possible; and so returned, to attend their trial.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at the bar; and the young woman and the man, whose voice he had heard in the stable, swearing their innocent lives away.—But the judge allowed him to give his evidence, and he told every particular of what had occurred. The man and the young woman instantly confessed their guilt; the poor pedlars were at once acquitted; and the judge ordered a large reward to be paid to John Carson, as through his means the real murderers were brought to justice.

John now proceeded towards home, fully convinced of the value of two of the advices which his master had given him. On arriving at his cabin, he found his wife and children rejoicing over a purse full of gold which the eldest boy had picked up on the road that morning. Whilst he was away, they had endured all the miseries which the wretched families of those who go over to seek work

in England are exposed to. With precarious food, without a bed to lie down on, or a roof to shelter them, they had wandered through the country, seeking food from door to door of a starving population:—and when a single potatoe was bestowed, showering down blessings and thanks on the giver, not in the set phrases of the mendicant, but in a burst of eloquence too fervid not to gush direct from the heart. Those only who have seen a family of such beggars as I describe, can fancy the joy with which the poor woman welcomed her husband back, and told him of the purse full of gold.

"And where did Mick—*ma bohil* *—find it?" inquired John Carson.

"It was the young squire, for certain, who dropped it," said his wife; "for he rode down the road this morning, and was leaping his horse in the very gap where Micky picked it up—but sure, John, he has money enough besides, and never the halfpenny have I to buy my poor *childer* a bit to eat this blessed night."

"Never mind that," said John; "do as I bid you, and take up the purse at once to the big house, and ask for the young squire. I have two cakes which I brought every step of the way with me from England, and they will do for the children's supper. I ought surely to remember, as good right I have, what my master told me for my twelve months' wages, seeing I never, as yet, found what he said to be wrong."

"And what did he say?" inquired his wife.

"That honesty is the best policy," answered John.

"'Tis very well, and 'tis mighty easy for them to say so that have never been sore tempted, by distress and famine, to say otherwise: but your bidding is enough for me, John."

Straightways she went to the big house, and inquired for the young squire; but she was denied the liberty to speak to him.

"You must tell me your business, honest woman," said a servant, with a head all powdered and frizzled like a cauliflower, and who had on a coat covered with gold and silver lace and buttons, and every thing in the world.

"If you knew but all," said she, "I am an honest woman, for I've brought a purse full of gold to the young master, that my little boy picked up by the road side; for surely it is his, as nobody else could have so much money."

"Let me see it," said the servant.—"Ay, it's all right—I'll take care of it—you need not trouble yourself any more about the matter;" and so saying, he slapped the door in her face. When she returned, her husband produced the two cakes which his master gave him on parting; and breaking one to divide between his children, how was he astonished at finding six golden guineas in it; and when he took the other and broke it, he found as many more. He then remembered the words of his generous master, who desired him to give one of the cakes to his wife, and not to eat the other himself until that time; and this was the way his master took to conceal his wages, lest he should have been robbed, or have lost the money on the road.

The following day, as John was standing near his cabin-door, and turning over in his own mind what he should do with his money, the young squire came riding down the road. John pulled off his hat, for he had not forgot his manners through the means of his travelling to foreign parts, and then made so bold as to inquire if his honour had got the purse he lost.

"Why, it is true enough, my good fellow," said the squire, "I did lose my purse yesterday, and I hope you were lucky enough to find it; for, if that is your cabin, you seem to be very poor, and shall keep it as a reward for your honesty."

"Then the servant up at the big house never gave it to your honour last night, after taking it from Nance—she's my wife, your honour—and telling her it was all right?"

"Oh, I must look into this business," said the squire.

"Did you say your wife, my poor man, gave my purse to a servant—to what servant?"

"I can't tell his name, rightly," said John, "because I don't know it; but never trust Nance's eyes again, if she can't point him out to your honour, if so your honour is desirous of knowing."

"Then do you and Nance, as you call

* My boy.

her, come up to the hall this evening, and I'll inquire into the matter, I promise you." So saying, the squire rode off.

John and his wife went up accordingly in the evening, and he gave a small rap with the big knocker at the great door. The door was opened by a grand servant, who, without hearing what the poor people had to say, exclaimed—"Oh, go! —go—what business can you have here?" and shut the door.

John's wife burst out crying—"There," said she, sobbing, as if her heart would break, "I knew that would be the end of it."

But John had not been in merry England merely to get his twelve guineas packed in two cakes.—"No," said he firmly, "right is right; and I'll see the end of it."—So he sat himself down on the step of the door, determined not to go until he saw the young squire; and, as it happened, it was not long before he came out.

"I have been expecting you some time, John," said he; "come in and bring your wife in;" and he made them go before him into the house. Immediately, he directed all the servants to come up stairs; and such an army of them as there was! It was a real sight to see them.

"Which of you," said the young squire, without making further words,—"which of you all did this honest woman give my purse to?"—but there was no answer.—"Well, I suppose she must be mistaken, unless she can tell herself."

John's wife at once pointed her finger towards the head footman; "There he is," said she, "if all the world were to the fore—*clargyman*—magistrate—judge —jury and all—there he is, and I'm ready to take my bible-oath to him;—there he is who told me it was all right when he took the purse, and slammed the door in my face, without as much as thank ye for it."

The conscious footman turned pale.

"What is this I hear?" said his master. "If this woman gave you my purse, William, why did you not give it to me?"

The servant stammered ont a denial; but his master insisted on his being searched, and the purse was found in his pocket.

"John," said the gentleman, turning round, "you shall be no loser by this affair.—Here are ten guineas for you,—go home now, but I will not forget your wife's honesty."

Within a month, John Carson was settled in a nice new-slated house, which the squire had furnished, and made ready for him.—What with his wages—the reward he got from the judge,—and the ten guineas for returning the purse, he was well to do in the world, and was soon able to stock a small farm, where he lived respected all his days. On his deathbed, he gave his children the very Three Advices which his master had given him on parting.—

Never to take a bye-road, when they could follow the highway.

Never to lodge in the house, where an old man was married to a young woman.

And, above all, to remember, that Honesty is the best policy.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

CERTAIN PLEASANT VERSES TO THE LADY OF MY HEART.

THE murmur of the merry brook,
As, gushingly and free,
It wimples, with its sun-bright look,
Far down yon shelter'd lea,
Humming to every drowsy flower
A low quaint lullaby,
Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,
Of Love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,
When every leaf and tree
Is coaxed by winds, of gentlest mood
To utter harmony;
And the small birds, that answer make
To the winds' fitful glee,
In me most blissful visions wake,
Of Love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,
So soon as it can see,
Along the eastern hills, one streak
Of the Sun's majesty:
Laden with dewy gems, it gleams
A precious freight to me,
For each pure drop thereon me seems
A type of thee.

And when abroad in Summer morn,
I hear the blythe bold bee
Winding aloft his tiny horn,
(An errant knight perdy,)

That winged hunter of rare sweets,
O'er many a far country,
To me a lay of love repeats,
Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty, onward float
Through heaven's own silent sea:
My heart is in their voyaging
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate, in such wandering,
Is ever thee.

But, oh, the murmur of the brook,
The music of the tree;
The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,
The booming of the bee;
The course of each bright voyager,
In heaven's unmeasured sea,
Would not one heart pulse of me stir,
Loved I not thee!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

SPANISH NUNNERIES.*

Seville, 1805.

THE nunneries in this town amount to twenty-nine. Of these, some are under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Friars, whose rule of religious life they profess; and some under that of the episcopal see. The last generally follow the monastic rules of Saint Benedict, Saint Bernard, or Saint Jerom; and it is remarkable, that the same superiority which is observable in the secular above the regular clergy, is found in the nuns under the episcopal jurisdiction. Some of these inhabit large convents, whose courts and gardens allow the inhabitants ample space for exercise and amusement. Instead of narrow cells, the nuns live in a comfortable suite of apartments, often at the head of a small family of younger nuns whom they have educated, or of pupils, not under religious vows, whom their parents place there for instruction. The life, in fact, of these communities, is rather collegiate than monastic; and were it not for the tyrannical law, which deprives the professed nuns of their liberty, such establishments would be far from objectionable. The dress of these nuns is still that which the *duennas*, or elderly matrons, wore when the convents were founded, with the addition of a large mantle, black, white, or blue, according to the custom of the order, which they use at the choir. From a head-dress not unlike that which, if I may venture upon such matters, I believe you call a *mob-cap*, hangs the black veil. A rosary, or chaplet of black beads, with a cross at the end, is seen hanging over the neck and shoulders, or loosely coiled on a leather strap, which tightens the tunic or gown to the waist. A slip of cloth of the breadth of the shoulders, called the *scapulary*, hangs down to the feet both before and behind, probably with a view to conceal every outline of the female shape.

The mildness of these monastic rules being unsatisfactory to the fiery spirit of bigotry, many convents have been founded under the title of the *Reformed*, where, without the least regard to the sex of the votaries, young and delicate females are subjected to a life of privations and hardship, as the only means of obtaining the favour of Heaven. Their dress is a tunic of sackcloth, tied round the waist with a knotted rope. The rule allows them no linen, either for clothing or bedding. Woollen of the coarsest kind frets their bodies, day and night, during the burning summers of the south of Spain. A mantle of the same sackcloth is the only addition which the nuns make to their dress in winter, while their feet, shod with open sandals, and without either socks or stockings, are exposed to the sharp winter blasts, and the deadening chill of the brick floors. A band of coarse linen, two inches in breadth, is worn by the Capuchin nuns, bound tight six or eight times round the head, in remembrance it is said, of the *crown of thorns;* and such is the barbarous spirit of the rule, that it does not allow this band to be taken off, even under an excess of fever. A young woman who takes the veil in any of the reformed convents renounces the sight of her nearest relations. The utmost indulgence, as to communication with parents or brothers, extends to a short conversation once a month, in the presence of one of the el-

* From Doblado's "Letters from Spain."

der nuns, behind a thick curtain spread on the inner side of the iron grating, which completely intercepts the view. The religious vows, however, among the Capuchin nuns, put a final end to all communication between parents and children.

To those unacquainted with the character of our species of Christianity it will be difficult to conceive what motive can influence the mind of a young creature of sixteen thus to sacrifice herself upon the altars of these Molochs, whom we call saints and patriarchs. To me, these horrid effects of superstition appear so natural, that I only wonder when I see so many of our religious young females still out of the convent. Remorse and mental horrors goad some young men into the strictest monasteries, while more amiable, though equally mistaken views, lead our females to a similar course of life. We are taught to believe self-inflicted pain to be acceptable to the Deity, both as an atonement for crime, and a token of thankfulness. The female character, among us, is a compound of the most ardent feelings—vehement to deliriousness—generous to devotedness. What wonder, then, if, early impressed with the loveliness and sufferings of an incarnate Deity, an exquisitely tender mind grow restless and dissatisfied with a world as yet known only through the pictures of morose fanatics, and pant after the most effectual means of giving her celestial lover an unquestionable proof of gratitude? The first nascent wish of taking the veil is eagerly watched and seized by a confessor, who, to a violent jealousy of earthly bridegrooms, joins a confident sense of merit in adding one virgin more to the ten thousand of the spiritual *harem*. Pious parents tremble at the thought of standing between God and their daughter, and often with a bleeding heart lead her to the foot of the altar.

There is an extreme eagerness in the Catholic professors of celibacy, both male and female, to decoy young persons into the toils from which they themselves cannot escape.* With this view they have disguised the awful ceremony which cuts off an innocent girl from the sweetest hopes of nature, with the pomp and gaiety which mankind have unanimously bestowed on the triumph of legitimate love. The whole process which condemns a female 'to wither on the virgin thorn,' and 'live a barren sister all her life,' is studiously made to represent a wedding. The unconscious victim, generally in her fifteenth year, finds herself, for some time previous to her taking the veil, the queen—nay, the idol of the whole community which has obtained her preference. She is constantly addressed by the name of bride, and sees nothing but gay preparations for the expected day of her spiritual nuptials. Attired in a splendid dress, and decked with all the jewels of her family and friends, she takes public leave of her acquaintance, visits on her way to the convent several other nunneries to be seen and admired by the recluse inhabitants, and even the crowd which collects in her progress follows her with tears and blessings. As she approaches the church of her monastery, the dignified ecclesiastic, who is to perform the ceremony, meets the intended novice at the door, and leads her to the altar, amid the sounds of bells and musical instruments. The monastic weeds are blessed by the priest in her presence; and having embraced her parents and nearest relations, she is led by the lady who acts as bride's maid to the small door next to the double grating which separates the nuns' choir from the body of the church. A curtain is drawn while the abbess cuts off the hair of the novice, and strips her of her worldly ornaments. On the removal of the curtain she appears in the monastic garb, surrounded by the nuns bearing lighted tapers, her face covered with the white veil of probationship, fixed on the head by a wreath of flowers. After the *Te Deum*, or some other hymn of thanksgiving, the friends of the family adjourn to the *Locutory*, or visiting-room, where a collation of ices and sweetmeats is served in the presence of the mock-bride, who with the principal nuns, attends behind the grating which separates the visitors from the inmates of the convent. In the more austere convents the parting visit is omitted, and the sight of the novice in the white veil, immediately after having her hair cut off, is the

* When the last census was made in 1787, the number of Spanish females confined to the cloister for life amounted to 32,000.

last which, for a whole year, is granted to the parents. They again see her on the day when she binds herself with the irrevocable vow, never to behold her more, unless they should live to see her again crowned with flowers, when she is laid in the grave.

Instances of novices quitting the convent during the year of probation are extremely rare. The ceremony of taking the veil is too solemn, and bears too much the character of a public engagement, to allow full liberty of choice during the subsequent noviciate. The timid mind of a girl shrinks from the idea of appearing again in the world, under the tacit reproach of fickleness and relaxed devotion. The nuns, besides, do not forget their acts during the nominal trial of the victim, and she lives a whole year the object of their caresses. Nuns, in fact, who, after profession, would have given their lives for a day of free-breathing out of their prison, it has been my misfortune to know; but I cannot recollect more than one instance of a novice quitting the convent; and that was a woman of obscure birth, on whom public opinion had no influence.

That many nuns, especially in the more liberal convents, live happy, I have every reason to believe; but, on the other hand, I possess indubitable evidence of the exquisite misery which is the lot of some unfortunate females, under similar circumstances. I shall mention only one case, in actual existence, with which I am circumstantially acquainted.

A lively and interesting girl of fifteen, poor, though connected with some of the first gentry in this town, having received her education under an aunt, who was at the head of a wealthy, and not austere, Franciscan convent, came out, as the phrase is, *to see the world*, previous to her taking the veil. I often met the intended novice at the house of one of her relations, where I visited daily. She had scarcely been a fortnight out of the cloister, when that world she had learned to abhor in description was so visibly and rapidly winning her affections, that at the end of three months she could hardly disguise her aversion to the veil. The day, however, was now fast approaching which had been fixed for the ceremony, without her feeling sufficient resolution to decline it. Her father, a good but weak man, she knew too well, could not protect her from the ill treatment of an unfeeling mother, whose vanity was concerned in thus disposing of a daughter for whom she had no hopes of finding a suitable match. The kindness of her aunt, the good nun to whom the distressed girl was indebted for the happiness of her childhood, formed, besides, too strong a contrast with the unkindness of the unnatural mother, not to give her wavering mind a strong, though painful, bias towards the cloister. To this were added all the arts of pious seduction so common among the religious of both sexes. The preparations for the approaching solemnity were, in the meantime, industriously got forward with the greatest publicity. Verses were circulated, in which her confessor sung the triumph of Divine Love over the wily suggestions of the *impious*. The *wedding-dress* was shown to every acquaintance, and due notice of the appointed day was given to friends and relatives. But the fears and aversion of the devoted victim grew in proportion as she saw herself more and more involved in the toils she had wanted courage to burst when she first felt them.

It was in company with my friend Leandro that I often met the unfortunate Maria Francisca. His efforts to dissuade her from the rash step she was going to take, and the warm language in which he spoke to her father on that subject, had made her look upon him as a warm and sincere friend. The unhappy girl, on the eve of the day when she was to take the veil, repaired to church, and sent him a message, without mentioning her name, that a female penitent requested his attendance at the confessional. With painful surprise he found the future novice at his feet, in a state bordering on distraction. When a flood of tears had allowed an utterance, she told him that for want of another friend in the whole world to whom she could disclose her feelings, she came to him; not, however, for the purpose of compassion, but because she trusted he would listen with pity to her sorrows. With a warmth and eloquence above her years, she protested that the distant terrors of eternal punishment, which she feared might be the consequence of her determination, could not deter her from the step by

which she was going to escape the incessant persecution of her mother. In vain did my friend volunteer his assistance to extricate her from the appalling difficulties which surrounded her; in vain did he offer to wait upon the Archbishop, and implore his interference: no offers, no persuasions, could move her. She parted as if ready to be conveyed to the scaffold, and the next day she took the veil.

The real kindness of her aunt, and the treacherous smiles of the other nuns, supported the pining novice through the year of probation. The scene I beheld, when she was bound with the perpetual vows of monastic life, is one which I cannot recollect without an actual sense of suffocation. A solemn mass, performed with all the splendour which that ceremony admits, preceded the awful oaths of the novice. At the conclusion of the service she approached the superior of the order. A pen gaily ornamented with artificial flowers, was put into her trembling hand, to sign the engagement for life, on which she was about to enter. Then, standing before the iron grate of the choir, she began to chant, in a weak and fainting voice, the act of consecration of herself to God; but, having uttered a few words, she fainted into the arms of the surrounding nuns. This was attributed to mere fatigue and emotion. No sooner had the means employed restored to the victim the powers of speech, than, with a vehemence which those who knew not her circumstances attributed to a fresh impulse of holy zeal, and in which the few that were in the painful secret saw nothing but the madness of despair, she hurried over the remaining sentences, and sealed her doom for ever.

The real feelings of the new votaress were, however, too much suspected by her more bigotted or more resigned fellow prisoners; and time and despair making her less cautious, she was soon looked upon as one likely to bring disgrace on the whole order, by divulging the secret that it is possible for a nun to feel impatient under her vows. The storm of conventual persecution (the fiercest and most pitiless of all that breed in the human heart) had been lowering over the unhappy young woman during the short time which her aunt, the prioress, survived. But when death had left her friendless, and exposed to the tormenting ingenuity of a crowd of female zealots, whom she could not escape for an instant, unable to endure her misery, she resolutely attempted to drown herself. The attempt, however, was ineffectual: and now the merciless character of Catholic superstition appeared in its full glare. The mother, without impeaching whose character no judicial steps could be taken to prove the invalidity of the profession, was dead; and some relations and friends of the poor prisoner were moved by her sufferings to apply to the church for relief. A suit was instituted for this purpose before the ecclesiastical court, and the clearest evidence adduced of the indirect compulsion which had been used in the case. But the whole order of Saint Francis, considering their honour at stake, rose against their rebellious subject, and the judges sanctioned her vows as voluntary and valid. She lives still in a state approaching to madness, and death alone can break her chains.*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Why stirs my heart? was it thy voice, my love,
That stole into my ear like music dying
In the dim vale, or was it but the dove
Answering the nightingale, or zephyrs sighing
Through the sweet woodbines? whatsoe'er the noise,
It discomposed my joys.

I dream'd that we were sailing to a shore
Happier by far than this; that living breath
Inspired our bark, which, without sail or oar,
Winged the blue wave: passed were the gates of death,
And I, reclining in thy bless'd embrace,
Looked upwards on thy face.

I asked why when on earth thou hadst so oft
Checked my fond passion with an air austere
Resembling wrath; and with a voice more soft
Than lute or zephyr thou mad'st answer—"Fear;
Lest my changed eyes should speak of passion too!"
Oh! tell me, dream'd I true?

J. H. Wiffen.

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* She died in 1821.

THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE lived in Suabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise; to whose lot it fell to have a serving man, a great rogue, and above all much addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story, therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrons travels. He had visited countries which are no where to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eyes never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock,—for he dreamed falsehoods in his sleep to the truth of which he swore when he has awake. His lord was a cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the varlet's mouth, so that he was often caught,—hung as it were in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless he persisted still the more in his lies; and when any one said, "how can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and might the devil have his soul, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household; quick and handy: therefore he was not disliked of his lord, though verily he was a great liar.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together, and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well grown fox:—look! exclaimed the master of the knave,—look, what a huge beast! never before have I seen a reynard so large!—Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness? replieth straight the serving groom, casting his eye slightingly on the animal as he fled for fear away into the cover of the brakes: by *stone and bone* I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are big as are the *bulls* in this! Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart,—in that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!

And so they rode on; the lord in silence; but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction, or cause of sorrow had happened. Alas! replied the wily master, I trust in heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath to-day, by any frowardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not: for assuredly he that hath so done must this day perish. The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word, or syllable, of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense. And so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

Hear, then, dear knave, answered the lord to the earnestness of his servant—since thou must needs know, hearken! and God grant that no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far, and in our course is a vast and heavy-rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep. To it hath heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie, there is no fear of this river:—Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long.

Then the knave thought,—long indeed must the journey be for some who are now here: and, as he spurred, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done before him—who now went gaily on: nor ceased he to cry, Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the knave began to tremble, and falteringly he asked, is this now the river where harmless liars must perish? This! ah no, replied the lord: this is but a brook—no liar need tremble here. Yet was the knave not wholly assured; and, stammering, he said—my gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him that he to-day hath made a fox too huge: that of which he spake was verily not so large as is an

ox; but *stone and bone*, as big as is a good-sized *roe!*

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone, what of this fox concerneth me? If large or small I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long!

Long indeed, still thought the serving groom; and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then they came to a stream, running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud—another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkedst heretofore? No, replied the lord, not of this: and more he said not: yet marked he, with inward gladness, his servant's fear. —Because, in good truth, rejoined the knave,—it is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not larger than a *calf!* Large or small, let me not be troubled with thy fox: the beast concerneth not me at all!

As they quitted the woody country, they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains; and on it was a boat. This, then, is the doom of liars, said the knave; and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. Be informed, my good lord, that reynard was not larger than a fat *wedder sheep!* The lord seemed angry, and answered, this is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this cursed fox! Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go. *Stone and bone*, said the knave to himself, the end of my journey approacheth!

Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And, as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master, if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water? Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern, so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord:—but the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near. Alas, alas, cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. Ah miserable me! this then is the river in which liars must perish! Even so, said the lord: this is the stream of which I spake: but the ford is sound and good for true men: Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go.

My life is dear to me, said the trembling serving-man; and thou knowest that were it lost my *wife* would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare, that the fox, which I saw in the distant country, was not larger *than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!*

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, Ho, knave! wast thou afraid of thy life, and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other; nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed. But who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulph of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by heaven's grace. And, as he railed against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave, by *stone and bone*, that from that time forward he would duly measure his words—and glad was he so to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant, and the merry lord, by which let the reader profit.

London Mag.

LINES FROM THE ITALIAN.

My Lilla gave me yester-morn
A rose methinks in Eden born,
And as she gave it, little elf,
Blush'd like another rose herself.
Then said I, full of tenderness,
"Since this sweet rose I owe to you,
Dear girl, why may I not possess
The lovelier rose that gave it too?"

Anon.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

And Is there glory from the heavens departed?
—Oh void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou! that no more art seen of mortal eye!

Hath the Night lost a gem, the regal Night?
—She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence!
No desert seems to part those orbs of light,
'Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning!
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free,
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning;
—Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee!

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
Even as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there powers to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
—It is too sad to think on what *we* are,
When from its height afar,
A world sinks thus! and yon majestic Heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

Mrs Hemans.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS. *

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct, are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric, than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great, as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus, reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and that so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent, have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and like Priam *survives* them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures, for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a *mean* to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an *end*. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailor of his house, and the turnkey of his

* From "Lacon: or Many Things in few words; addressed to those who think, By the Rev. C. C. Colton." 2 vols.

wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But unlike other tombs it is enlarged by *repletion*, and strengthened by *age*. This latter paradox so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth, *must* be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies, and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

We should justly ridicule a general, who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them, a bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here, we plainly see the folly of calling in the bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, farfetched, and usually *not worth the carriage*. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their highbred *theories* to death, in order to come at truth, through byepaths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along, upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes *before* her, and sometimes *behind* her, but very seldom *with* her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinize into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa, no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befel the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very *heavy*—the night to be very *dark*—the water to be very *deep*—and the bottom to be very *muddy*. And it is another *plain fact*, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever, between a *conqueror and a cat*.

Fortune has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond the belief, as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support, either from the gaze of the many, or the admiration of the few, yet, flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world, as the falls of the Missouri, in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur, only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object, rather than how he loses it; for, when we fail, our pride supports us, when we succeed, it betrays us.

After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only *disinterested* action these men can accuse themselves of is, that of serving the devil, without receiving his wages; for the assumed formality of the one, is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment, than the real avarice of the other. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many very profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad indeed, that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since a very old author observes, that "*as mortar sticketh between the stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling.*" Such a worldling may be compared to a merchant, who should put a rich cargo into a vessel, embark with it himself, and encounter all the perils and privations of the sea, although he was thoroughly convinced beforehand that he was only providing for a shipwreck, at the end of a troublesome and tedious voyage.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ, is worth contending about.

It is an unfortunate thing for fools, that their pretensions should rise in an inverse ratio with their abilities, and their presumption with their weakness; and for the wise, that diffidence should be the companion of talent, and doubt the fruit of investigation.

Were a plain unlettered man, but endowed with common sense, and a certain *quantum* of observation and of reflection, to read over attentively the four gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, without any *note or comment*, I hugely doubt whether it would enter into his ears to hear, his eyes to see, or his heart to conceive, the purport of many ideas signified by many words ending in *ism*, which nevertheless have cost Christendom rivers of ink, and oceans of blood.

Should the world applaud, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for, if the most deserving of us appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid. The world, it has been said, does as much justice to our merits as to our defects, and I believe it; but, after all, none of us are so much praised or censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of their self-importance, if they would only *rehearse their own funeral*, and walk abroad *incognito* the very day after that on which they were *supposed* to have been buried.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

Few things are more destructive of the best interests of society, than the prevalent, but mistaken notion, that it requires a vast deal of talent to be a successful knave. For this position, while it diminishes that odium which ought to attach to fraud, in the part of those who suffer by it, increases also the temptation to commit it, on the part of those who profit by it; since there are so many who would rather be written down knaves, than fools. But the plain fact is, that to be honest *with* success, requires far more talent than to be a rogue, and to be honest *without* success, requires far more magnanimity; for trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness. The honest man proposes to arrive at a certain point, by one straight and narrow road, that is beset on all sides with obstacles and with impediments. He would rather stand still, than proceed by trespassing on the property of his neighbour, and would rather overcome a difficulty, than avoid it by breaking down

a fence. The knave, it is true, proposes to himself the same object, but arrives at it by a very different route. Provided only that he gets on, he is not particular whether he effects it where there is a road, or where there is none; he trespasses without scruple, either on the forbidden ground of private property, or on those bye-paths where there is no legal thoroughfare; what he cannot reach over, he will overreach, and those obstacles he cannot surmount by climbing, he will undermine by creeping, quite regardless of the *filth* that may stick to him in the scramble. The consequence is that he frequently overtakes the honest man, and passes by him with a sneer. What then shall we say, that the rogue has *more* talent than the upright, let us rather say that he has less. For wisdom is nothing more than judgment exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the fiat of the tribunal both of God and of man;—That *honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom;* since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times *more* difficult for knavery to *get off;* and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no *other* reward, because they have heard that she is her *own*.

Pride differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable. Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the *overrating* of certain qualities that *we do actually possess;* whereas vanity is more easily satisfied and can extract a feeling of self-complacency, from qualifications that are *imaginary*. Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic; the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many, and to the moment, pride to the future, and the few; hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbours, and his own vote in favour of himself, he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his pretensions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy, or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonoured, this cannot happen until *that debt* which cancels all others, shall have been paid.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

Many schemes ridiculed as Utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realised, the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species; that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

COLTON

THE DEAD TRUMPETER,

WAKE, soldier! wake! thy war horse waits,
To bear thee to the battle back;—
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,—
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep,
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st not helm nor cuirass now,
Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast,—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound.

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild, widowed look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems!—
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And sickened at the sounds of joy,
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait,
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her home to thee at last;—
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard
Its lingering echoes fail.

T. K. HERVEY.

AN OLD STORY*

Of. a merry conceited Brickclayer, that had a curst queane to his wife, and of that which happened.

IN the town of Bleare, near Aragon, there is a village called S. Mortis the faire, where there dwelt a handsome propper fellow, as any in Paris, where he was borne; and for his valour he durst have travelled into any gentleman's buttery, where all the barrels had beene full, without either dagger or sword about him. For his resolutions, if he had once gotten under a maydes chamber-window he would never have started, till they had emptied something on his head. For his courage he durst have gone into any bad place, and would have come out againe as honest a man as when he first went in. For his credit, he might have runne on the score for sixe pots, with any alewife that kept house within five miles where he dwelt. For his qualities every maner of way, he had the preheminence amongst all the youths that were in those quarters; for at Maytide, who was the ringleader for the fetching home of a maypole, but he? at Midsummer he was chosen the Summer lord: at every bridal, who must dance with the bride, but lusty Roger? Thus for a pleasant life, the constables of Paris lived not more merrily than he. And for his reputation, he was almost as much reverenced as our Churchwardens. But as the stoutest stand of ale at last is set on tilt, and the fattest goose comes soonest to the spitte; so his former fortunes were drawn to the latest date, and his prime of pleasures concludes with mishap. But oh cruel love, oh cruel love, that was the first fruit to his felicities! But who can resist love, if it be once crept into the bottome of a man's belly? Oh, what a rumbling it makes in his stomach, and how it bethrobs him about the heart. And see now the sequelle of his mishappe: he fortuned to be at a sheep-shearing, where he met with a pretie wench named Sissy, in a fine red petticoate, with damaske upper bodies, a white apron before her; and upon her head a broad felt hat, with a brave branch of rosemary sticking in her bosome; appointed amongst the rest with a paire of sheares to helpe sheare sheepe, and he having brought a lusty yoang ramme, would haue laid him in her lappe; but she refusing to take him, sayd unto him: Now good friend Roger, if you love me, bring me none but polde sheepe; for of all things in the world, I cannot abide these horned beasts. When he heard these milde words, thus gently spoken, and how kindly she pronounced this sentence, (Good friend Roger, if you

* From "Heptameron. The Queen of Nauarres Tales. Containing verie pleasant Discourses of fortunate Lovers. Now newly translated out of French into English. London. Printed by V. S. for John Oxenbridge, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules-churchyard, at the signe of the Parrot, 1597." small quarto.

love me) oh heavens (thought he) what a sweete charme is this! Then noting her modestie, that she could not abide the sight of an horned beast, he began to thinke with himself, how happy might that man be accounted who could light of such a wife. And having but a little given scope to his owne affections, love that had his tinder-boxe ready to strike fire, by this time had set his fancy of such a flame, that not longer able to endure the heate without a cup of sacke, he said unto her: Sister, your manner of phrase hath wonderfully troubled me: for in your first speeches you call me your good friend Roger, and then you came in with a doubtfull demand, in these words (if you do love me) as though I could be your good friend, and yet did not love you: but Sissey, sith you have popt me such a doubtfull question, If you and I were alone by ourselves, I would give you such an answer, that you should well finde that I loved you, and that hereafter you might leave out your *If*, and say Roger *asse* you love me.

With these words, pretily casting her head at one side, she gave him such a leering looke, that might as well have danted him with dispaire, as give him comforte and hope of grace; for the one of her eyes was bleared, and seemed as though she wept, the other was a prety pinkeney, looking ever as thongh shee smiled, for that in her very countenance at one instance, you might easily beholde pleasure and paine, pitie and rigour, curtesie and crueltie, love and disdaine; and then with a sweet voice, like one that were asking an almes, she sayd: Roger, if you love me as you say, your love shall not be lost: but men are so crafty now adayes before they are married, that they will make a mayde believe they love her, *till*,—and then they will not stick to deny their owne children; but if your love be no such love, Roger, you shall not finde me unkinde: when he heard the wisedome of the wench, it made his pulses to beate; and for answere he said,

Sissy, your sober speeches so wisely delivered, together with your sweet countenance so lively placed, hath so prevailed with your good friend Roger, that for the better confirmation of my love, receave here this token, as a pledge of my good will; and, taking then a twopenny piece which hee had in his purse, he bowed it and gave it unto her, the which when she had received, she said,

Well, Roger, now I doe account you as mine owne; and at night when my mother is gone to bedde, if you will come home, we will there talke farther of this matter: and for your welcome I will bestowe of you a messe of creame.

Sissy (says he) looke you keepe your promise; for I will be there, and because you will be at so much cost with a messe of cream, I will bring with me a penny worth of spice cakes: and although they had thus referred their further speeches til their next meeting, yet during the time that they remained there in place, many amarous glances, and loving countenances, there passed still too and fro between them: but at night the appointed time being come, thither he went, and Sissy was at the window watching for his coming, who having once espied him, she opened the dore, where she received him with such a sweete kisse, as if her breath had been lately perfumed for the purpose, whose dainty smell was as savery, as if it had beene a red herring that had beene newly rosted; — her lovely lippes pleasant and soft like a locke of wool that was but then come out of the seame basket. Before they parted their marriage day was appointed; and Sissy, in time, made her mother acquainted with the matter; who, nothing misliking of her daughter's choyce, gave her her blessing, with many other good helps to furnish foorth her bridall day: the which in due time was solemnized.

Within a very few months after Roger was married, Sissy began to grow jelous: for she had been once thirsty, and when that he wanted money to send to the alehouse, she would tell him that hee spent away his thrift amongst some other yong queanes. Here began the first falling out: and to set forward the matter, there dwelt at the very next house by him a Taylor that had a wife, who was sure once a day to measure the breadth of her husbands shoulders with his own meteyarde.

Sissy and this Taylors wife grew to be acquainted: and amongst other conclusions it was agreed between them, that to preuent diseases, and to preserue them in health, they would euery morning, next their hearts, take a physical diet,

which was a full quarte of the quintessence drawne from an ale tub, warmed by the fire, with a grated nutmeg, halfe a yeard of blacke pudding rosted, a quantitie of salt, with a measure of fine wheat flower, first made into paste, and after baked in a loafe of bread; these ingredients, after they had incorporated together, they would afterwardes lightly fast till noone: and they found such a commoditie in vsing the medicine, that if the Taylor and he had not euery morning giuen them money to pay for the simples, it had not beene good for them to come that day after in their sights; for the Taylor's wife shee could handle a meteyard or a cudgell passing nimbly. But Sissy had gotten the practise of all manner of weapons; and besides that, shee had the use of her nailes, which she employed many times about my face. She could likewise handle a pair of bellowes about my pate, a paire of tongues about my shinnes, a firebrand sometimes should flie at my head, a ladle full of scalding liquor otherwhiles in my bosom, a three-footed stoole, a pot, a candlesticke, or any other thing whatsoeuer came next her hand, all was one to her, she had learned such a dexteritie in the deliuerie, that they should haue come whirling about his eares. But in the end, hee deuisIng with himselfe a remedy for the mischiefes, he found meanes to be made the constable, hoping that his office would haue bin a protection to him for a yeare, and that shee durst not haue stricken her majesties officer.—But within a day or two, it was his fortune to finde oute a pot of strong ale, which she had set vp in a corner for her owne drinking; and he (being thirsty) gane to it such a soope, that he left very little behinde; the which afterwards when she came to seeke for, and found her store so pitifully impaired, against his comming home at night, she prouided her of a waster; and hee was no sooner entered the doores, but forth she comes with her cudgell in her hand, and with such a terrible countenance, that were able to affright any man that should behold it.

Roger (said she) I had thought you would neuer haue giuen me occasion to be jealous of you; but now I see you loue a cup of strong ale better than you loue me: and do you not thinke then that I haue great reason to be displeased with your vnkindness towards mee, and to beate out that lack of loue that causeth you so lightly to regard me: Sissy (said he) take heed what you do, for you know that I am her majestie's officer, and here I charge you in the Queenes name that you holde your handes. What master constable (said she) have you gotten an enchantment for me: or do you thinke that your charme shall serve to excuse you: No, sure no, for now you have deserued double punishment: first, you being an officer, if you offer wrong, your punishment must be so much the more grieuous: and is it not meere iniustice to take that which was not prouided for you? Next, you haue deserved to be wel punished, for the little reuerence you haue used in the execution of your office, commanding mee in the Queenes name to holde my handes with your cappe on your head, nor vsing any dutie or reuerence. But maister constable, I will teach you how to vse an office: and with that she let flie at his head, shoulders, and armes, and would still crie, Remember heerafter how you doe your office; remember your duety to the Queene; remember when you do command in her Maiesties name, that you put off your cap, and do it with a reuerence; and such a number of other remembrances she gaue him, as (I thinke) there was neuer poore constable before nor since, so instructed in an office as hee was. To tell of many other like remembrances which at other times she bestowed upon him, would be but tedious: but the conclusion is, he is now rid of her, she being dead, and heele keepe himselfe a widower (for her sake) as long as he liveth.

A DIRGE.

O! sing unto my roundelay,
O! drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be:
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,

Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the night-mares as they go;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud;
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow tree.

Here upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briars
Round his holy corse to gre,
Elfin fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be,
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow tree.

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his deathbed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die; I come; my true love waits.—
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

CHATTERTON.

SONNET.

WHERE lies the land to which you ship must go?
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
And vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

WORDSWORTH.

ACCOUNT OF

AN ORANG OUTANG.*

THE Orang-Outang, on his arrival in Java from Batavia, was allowed to be entirely at liberty, till within a day or two of being put on board the Cæsar, to be conveyed to England: and whilst at large, made no attempt to escape, but became violent when put into a large railed bamboo cage for the purpose of being conveyed from the island. As soon as he felt himself in confinement, he took the rails of the cage into his hands, and shaking them violently, endeavoured to break them in pieces; but finding that they did not yield generally, he tried them separately, and having discovered one weaker than the rest, worked at it constantly till he had broken it and made his escape. On board ship, an attempt being made to secure him by a chain tied to a strong staple, he instantly unfastened it, and ran off with the chain dragging behind; but finding himself embarrassed by its length, he coiled it once or twice and threw it over his shoulder. This feat he often repeated, and when he found that it would not remain on his shoulder, he took it into his mouth.

After several abortive attempts to secure him more effectually, he was allowed to wander freely about the ship, and soon became familiar with the sailors, and surpassed them in agility. They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his adroitness in managing an escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed, but when much pressed, eluded them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times he would patiently wait in the shrouds, or at the mast-head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the

* From Clark Abel's "Personal Observations made during the progress of the British Embassy through China, and on its voyage to and from that country in 1816—17." 4to.

mainstay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung, with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling, but I soon found, that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcome. When in a playful humour, he would often swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

Whilst in Java, he lodged in a large tamarind-tree near my dwelling; and formed a bed by intertwining the small branches and covering them with leaves. During the day he would lie with his head projecting beyond his nest, watching whoever might pass under, and when he saw any one with fruit, would descend to obtain a share of it. He always retired for the night at sun-set, or sooner, if he had been well fed; and rose with the sun, and visited those from whom he habitually received food.

On board ship he commonly slept at the mast head, after wrapping himself in a sail. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove every thing out of his way that might render the surface on which he intended to lie uneven; and having satisfied himself with this part of his arrangement, spread out the sail, and lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I pre-occupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest until I had resigned it. If it was large enough for both, he would quietly lie by my side. If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering, and either steal one of the sailor's jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. Off the Cape of Good Hope, he suffered much from a low temperature, especially early in the morning, when he would descend from the mast, shuddering with cold, and running up to any one of his friends, climb into their arms, and clasping them closely; derive warmth from their persons, screaming violently at any attempt to remove him.

His food in Java was chiefly fruit, especially mangostans, of which he was excessively fond. He also sucked eggs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking them. On board ship his diet was of no definite kind. He ate readily of all kinds of meat, and especially raw meat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred fruits when he could obtain them.

His beverage in Java was water; on board ship, it was as diversified as his food. He preferred coffee and tea; but would readily take wine, and exemplified his attachment to spirits by stealing the captain's brandy-bottle. Since his arrival in London, he has preferred beer and milk to any thing else, but drinks wine and other liquors.

In his attempts to obtain food, he afforded us many opportunities of judging of his sagacity and disposition. He was always very impatient to seize it when held out to him, and became passionate when it was not soon given up; and would chase a person all over the ship to obtain it. I seldom came on deck without sweetmeats or fruit in my pocket, and could never escape his vigilant eye. Sometimes I endeavoured to evade him by ascending to the mast head, but was always overtaken or intercepted in my progress. When he came up with me on the shrouds, he would secure himself by one foot to the rattling, and confine my legs with the other, and one of his hands, whilst he rifled my pockets. If he found it impossible to overtake me, he would climb to a considerable height on the loose rigging, and then drop suddenly upon me. Or if, perceiving his intention, I attempted to descend, he would slide down a rope and meet me at the bottom of the shrouds. Sometimes I fastened an orange to the end of a rope, and lowered it to the deck from the mast head, and as soon as he attempted to seize it, drew it rapidly up. After being several times foiled in endeavouring to obtain it by direct means, he altered his plan. Appearing to care little about it, he would remove to some distance, and ascend the rigging very leisurely for some time, and then, by a sudden spring, catch the rope which held it. If defeated again by my suddenly jerking the rope, he would at first seem quite in despair, relinquish his effort, and rush about the rigging screaming violently. But he would always return, and again seizing the rope, disregard the jerk, and allow it to run through his hand till within reach of the

orange; but if again foiled, would come to my side, and taking me by the arm, confine it whilst he hauled the orange up.

This animal neither practises the grimace and antics of other monkeys, nor possesses their perpetual proneness to mischief. Gravity, approaching to melancholy and mildness, were sometimes strongly expressed in his countenance, and seem to be the characteristics of his disposition. When he first came amongst strangers, he would sit for hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively at all around him; or when much incommoded by their examination, would hide himself beneath any covering that was at hand. His mildness was evinced by his forbearance under injuries, which were grievous before he was excited to revenge; but he always avoided those who often teased him. He soon became strongly attached to those who kindly used him. By their side he was fond of sitting; and getting as close as possible to their persons, would take their hands between his lips, and fly to them for protection. From the boatswain of the Alceste, who shared his meals with him, and was his chief favourite, although he sometimes purloined the grog and the biscuit of his benefactor, he learned to eat with a spoon; and might be often seen sitting at his cabin door enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sober air that seemed a burlesque on human nature.

Next to the boatswain, I was perhaps his most intimate acquaintance. He would always follow me to the mast head, whither I often went for the sake of reading apart from the noise of the ship; and having satisfied himself that my pockets contained no eatables, would lie down by my side, and pulling a topsail entirely over him, peep from it occasionally to watch my movements.

His favourite amusement in Java was swinging from the branches of trees, in passing from one tree to another, and in climbing over the roofs of houses; on board, in hanging by his arms from the ropes, and in romping with the boys of the ship. He would entice them into play by striking them with his hand as they passed, and bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him and engage in a mock scuffle, in which he used his hands, feet, and mouth. If any conjecture could be formed from those frolics of his mode of attacking an adversary, it would appear to be his first object to throw him down, then to secure him with his hands and feet, and then wound him with his teeth.

Of some small monkeys on board from Java he took little notice, whilst under the observation of the persons of the ship. Once indeed he openly attempted to throw a small cage, containing three of them, overboard, because, probably, he had seen them receive food of which he could obtain no part. But although he held so little intercourse with them when under our inspection, I had little to suspect that he was less indifferent to their society when free from our observation; I was one day summoned to the top gallant yard of the mizenmast, to overlook him playing with a young male monkey. Lying on his back, partially covered with the sail, he for some time contemplated with great gravity, the gambols of the monkey which bounded over him; but at length caught him by the tail, and tried to envelope him in his covering. The monkey seemed to dislike the confinement, and broke from him; but again renewed his gambols, and although frequently caught, always escaped. The intercourse, however, did not seem to be that of equals, for the Orang-Outang never condescended to romp with the monkey as he did with the boys of the ship. Yet the monkeys had evidently a great predilection for his company; for whenever they broke loose, they took their way to his resting-place, and were often seen lurking about it, or creeping clandestinely towards him. There appeared to be no gradation in their intimacy; as they appeared as confidently familiar when first observed as at the close of their acquaintance.

But although so gentle when not exceedingly irritated, the Orang-Outang could be excited to violent rage, which he expressed by opening his mouth, showing his teeth, seizing and biting those who were near him. Sometimes indeed he seemed to be driven almost to desperation; and on two or three occasions committed an act, which, in a rational being, would have been called the threatening of suicide. If repeatedly refused an orange when he attempted to take it, he would shriek violently and swing furiously about

the ropes, then return and endeavour to obtain it; if again refused he would roll for sometime like an angry child upon the deck, uttering the most piercing screams; and then suddenly starting up, rush furiously over the side of the ship and disappear. On first witnessing this act, we thought that he had thrown himself into the sea; but on a search being made, found him concealed under the chains.

I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible. On seeing eight large turtle brought on board, whilst the Cæsar was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached, and, looking down upon them, projected his long lips into the form of a hog's snout, uttering at the same time a sound which might be described as between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After sometime he ventured to descend, but with great caution, peeping continually at the turtle, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them. He ran to the same height, and uttered the same sounds, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the sea; and since his arrival in England, has shown nearly the same degree of fear at the sight of a live tortoise.

Such were the actions of this animal, as far as they fell under my notice during our voyage from Java; and they seem to include most of those which had been related of the Orang-Outang by other observers. I cannot find, since his arrival in England, that he has learned to perform more than two feats which he did not practise on board ship, although his education has been by no means neglected. One of these is to walk upright, or rather on his feet unsupported by his hands; the other, to kiss his keeper. I have before remarked with how much difficulty he accomplishes the first, and may add, that a well-trained dancing dog would far surpass him in the imitation of the human posture. I believe that all the figures given of Orang-Outangs in an unpropped erect posture, are wholly unnatural. Some writer states, those Orang-Outang which he describes gave "real kisses;" and so words his statement, that the reader supposes them the natural act of the animal. This is certainly not the case with the Orang Outang which I have described. He imitates the act of kissing, by projecting his lips against the face of his keeper, but gives them no impulse. He never attempted this action on board ship, but has been taught it by those who now have him in charge.

I shall enter into no speculation respecting his intellectual powers, compared with those of men; but leave the foregoing account of his actions as a simple record of facts, that may be used by other observers to estimate the rank which he holds in the scale of sagacity.

HYMN TO PAN.

O THOU whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness,
Who lov'st to see the Hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks, where meeting hazels darken,
And through whole solemn hours dost sit and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

Thou to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
Or upward rugged precipices flit,
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiad's cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their outpeeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O Satyr king!—

O hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:

Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan
Upon the Mount Lycean!

JOHN KEATS.

CHARACTER OF BURKE.

It is not without reluctance that we speak of the vices and infirmities of such a mind as Burke's: but the poison of high example has by far the widest range of destruction; and, for the sake of public honour and individual integrity, we think it right to say, that however it may be defended upon other grounds, the political career of that eminent individual has no title to the praise of consistency. Mr Burke, the opponent of the American war—and Mr Burke, the opponent of the French revolution, are not the same person, but opposite persons—not opposite persons only, but deadly enemies. In the latter period, he abandoned not only all his practical conclusions, but all the principles on which they were founded. He proscribed all his former sentiments, denounced all his former friends, rejected and reviled all the maxims to which he had formerly appealed as incontestible. In the American war, he constantly spoke of the rights of the people as inherent, and inalienable: after the French Revolution, he began by treating them with the chicanery of a sophist, and ended by raving at them with the fury of a maniac. In the former case, he held out the duty of resistance to oppression, as the palladium, and only ultimate resource, of natural liberty; in the latter, he scouted, prejudged, vilified, and nicknamed, all resistance in the abstract, as a foul and unnatural union of rebellion and sacrilege. In the one case, to answer the purposes of faction, he made it out, that the people are always in the right; in the other, to answer different ends, he made it out that they are always in the wrong—lunatics in the hands of their royal keepers, patients in the sick-wards of an hospital, or felons in the condemned cells of a prison. In the one, he considered that there was a constant tendency on the part of the prerogative to encroach on the rights of the people, which ought always to be the object of the most watchful jealousy, and of resistance, when necessary: in the other, he pretended to regard it as the sole occupation and ruling passion of those in power, to watch over the liberties and happiness of their subjects. The burthen of all his speeches on the American war was conciliation, concession, timely reform, as the only practicable or desirable alternative of rebellion: the object of all his writings on the French Revolution was, to deprecate and explode all concession and all reform, as encouraging rebellion, and an irretrievable step to revolution and anarchy. In the one, he insulted kings personally, as among the lowest and worst of mankind; in the other, he held them up to the imagination of his readers as sacred abstractions. In the one case, he was a partizan of the people, to court popularity; in the other, to gain the favour of the court, he became the apologist of all courtly abuses. In the one case, he took part with those who were actually rebels against his sovereign; in the other, he denounced, as rebels and traitors, all those of his own countrymen who did not yield sympathetic allegiance to a foreign sovereign, whom we had always been in the habit of treating as an arbitrary tyrant.

Judging from plain facts and principles, then, it is difficult to conceive more ample proofs of inconsistency. But try it by the more vulgar and palpable test of comparison. Even Mr Fox's enemies, we think, allow *him* the praise of consistency. *He* asserted the rights of the peo-

ple in the American war, and continued to assert them in the French Revolution. He remained visibly in his place; and spoke, throughout, the same principles in the same language. When Mr Burke abjured these principles, he left this associate; nor did it ever enter into the mind of a human being to impute the defection to any change in Mr Fox's sentiments—any desertion by him of the maxims by which his public life had been guided. Take another illustration, from an opposite quarter. Nobody will accuse the principles of his present Majesty, (George III.) or the general measures of his reign, of inconsistency. If they had no other merit, they have at least that of having been all along actuated by one uniform and constant spirit: yet Mr Burke at one time vehemently opposed, and afterwards most intemperately extolled them; and it was for his recanting his opposition, not for his persevering in it, that he received his pension. He does not himself mention his flaming speeches in the American war, as among the public services which had entitled him to this remuneration.

The truth is, that Burke was a man of fine fancy and subtle reflection; but not of sound and practical judgment—nor of high or rigid principles.—As to his understanding, he certainly was not a great philosopher; for his works of mere abstract reasoning are shallow and inefficient:—Nor a man of sense and business; for, both in counsel and in conduct, he alarmed his friends as much at least as his opponents:—But he was a keen and accomplished pamphleteer—an ingenious political essayist. He applied the habit of reflection, which he had borrowed from his metaphysical studies, but which was not competent to the discovery of any elementary truth in that department, with great felicity and success, to the mixed mass of human affairs. He knew more of the political machine than a recluse philosopher; and he speculated more profoundly on its principles and general results than a mere politician. He saw a number of fine distinctions and changeable aspects of things, the good mixed with the ill, the ill mixed with the good; and with a sceptical indifference, in which the exercise of his own ingenuity was always the governing principle, suggested various topics to qualify or assist the judgment of others. But for this very reason he was little calculated to become a leader or a partizan in any important practical measure: for the habit of his mind would lead him to find out a reason for or against any thing: and it is not on speculative refinements, (which belong to *every* side of a question,) but on a just estimate of the aggregate mass and extended combinations of objections and advantages, that we ought to decide and act. Burke had the power, almost without limit, of throwing true or false weights into the scales of political casuistry, but not firmness of mind—or, shall we say, honesty enough—to hold the balance. When he took a side, his vanity or his spleen more frequently gave the casting vote than his judgment; and the fieriness of his zeal was in exact proportion to the levity of his understanding, and the want of conscious sincerity.

He was fitted by nature and habit for the studies and labours of the closet; and was generally mischievous when he came out;—because the very subtlety of his reasoning, which, left to itself, would have counteracted its own activity, or found its level in the common sense of mankind, became a dangerous engine in the hands of power, which is always eager to make use of the most plausible pretexts to cover the most fatal designs. That which, if applied as a general observation on human affairs, is a valuable truth suggested to the mind, may, when forced into the interested defence of a particular measure or system, become the grossest and basest sophistry. Facts or consequences never stood in the way of this speculative politician. He fitted them to his preconceived theories, instead of conforming his theories to them. They were the playthings of his style, the sport of his fancy. They were the straws of which his imagination made a blaze, and were consumed, like straws, in the blaze they had served to kindle. The fine things he said about Liberty and Humanity, in his speech on the Begum's affairs, told equally well, whether Warren Hastings was a tyrant or not: nor did he care one jot who caused the famine he described, so that he described it in a way to attract admiration. On the same principle, he represents the French priests and nobles under the old regime as excellent moral people, very charitable, and very

religious, in the teeth of notorious facts,—to answer to the handsome things he has to say in favour of priesthood and nobility in general; and with similar views, he falsifies the records of our English Revolution, and puts an interpretation on the word *abdication*, of which a schoolboy would be ashamed. He constructed his whole theory of government, in short, not on rational, but on picturesque and fanciful principles; as if the king's crown were a painted gewgaw, to be looked at on gala-days; titles an empty sound to please the ear; and the whole order of society a theatrical procession. His lamentation over the age of chivalry, and his projected crusade to restore it, is about as wise as if any one, from reading the Beggar's Opera, should take to picking of pockets; or, from admiring the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, should wish to convert the abodes of civilized life into the haunts of wild beasts and banditti. On this principle of false refinement, there is no abuse, nor system of abuses, that does not admit of an easy and triumphant defence; for there is something which a merely speculative inquirer may always find out, good as well as bad, in every possible system, the best or the worst; and if we can once get rid of the restraints of common sense and honesty, we may easily prove, by plausible words, that liberty and slavery, peace and war, plenty and famine, are matters of perfect indifference.

Burke's literary talents were, after all, his chief excellence. His style has all the familiarity of conversation, and all the research of the most elaborate composition. He says what he wants to say, by any means, nearer or more remote, within his reach. He makes use of the most common or scientific terms, of the longest or shortest sentences, of the plainest and most downright, or of the most figurative modes of speech. He gives for the most part loose reins to his imagination, and follows it as far as the language will carry him. As long as the one or the other has any resources in store to make the reader feel and see the thing as he has conceived it,—in its nicest shade of difference, in its utmost degree of force and splendour,—he never disdains, and never fails to employ them. Yet, in the extremes of his mixed style there is not much affectation, and but little either of pedantry or of coarseness. He every where gives the image he wishes to give, in its true and appropriate colouring: and it is the very crowd and variety of these images that have given to his language its peculiar tone of animation, and even of passion. It is his impatience to transfer his conceptions entire, living, in all their rapidity, strength, and glancing variety—to the minds of others, that constantly pushes him to the verge of extravagance, and yet supports him there in dignified security—

> 'Never so sure our raptnre to create,
> As when he treads the brink of all we hate.'

He is, with the exception of Jeremy Taylor, the most poetical of prose writers, and at the same time his prose never degenerates into the mere glitter or tinkling of poetry; for he always aims at overpowering rather than at pleasing; and consequently sacrifices beauty and grandeur to force and vividness. He has invariably a task to perform, a positive purpose to execute, an effect to produce. His only object is therefore to strike hard, and in the right place; if he misses his mark, he repeats his blow; and does not care how ungraceful the action, or how clumsy the instrument, provided it brings down his antagonist.

FRANCIS JEFFREY. *

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY. †

WELL hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought—
Is now all over-cast!

Ay—where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest,—
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest!

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* Edinburgh Review, for 1817. No. 56.
† From "The Bijou," for 18[illegible]8.

The bold king Arthur sleepeth sound,
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat!
Oh, Time has pluck'd the plumy brow!
And none engage at Turneys now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those "early champions"—what are they
But "knights without a morn."

No Percy branch now perseveres
Like those of old in breaking spears—
The name is now a lie!—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye!

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick!
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace:
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall!
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great *Saladin*,
But only grow the small!

Our *Cressys* too have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff:
The only one we moderns had,
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off!

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and hills, and partizans;
Their hauberks—jerkins—buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends—to Fate,
'Tis gone—the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft!

The spear—the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear, is laid aside,
Oh, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain armour gone?
Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,
A low and vulgar art!
No mounted man is overthrown:
A tilt! It is a thing unknown—
Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
For warding steel's appliance!
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir!
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
That bugles the "Defiance!"

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *Casque* is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place—
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight!
Our coats and custom soften,—
To rise would only make you weep—
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,
As in a safety-coffin!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE STORY OF
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.*

I TOLD you, my dear Hugh, that Edward the First of England had reduced Scotland almost entirely to the condition of a conquered country, although he had obtained possession of the kingdom less by his bravery, than by cunningly taking advantage of the disputes and divisions that followed amongst the Scots themselves after the death of Alexander the Third.

The English, however, had actually obtained possession of the country, and governed it with much rigour. The Lord High Justice Ormesby called all men to account, who would not take the oath of allegiance to King Edward. Many of the Scots refused this, as what the English King had no right to demand from them.

* From "Tales of a Grandfather, being stories taken from Scottish History, humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. Edin. 1828." 3 vols.

Such persons were called into the courts of justice, fined, deprived of their estates, and otherwise severely punished. Then Hugh Cressingham, the English Treasurer, tormented the Scottish people, by collecting money from them under various pretexts. The Scots were always a poor people, and their own native kings had treated them with much kindness, and seldom required them to pay any taxes. They were, therefore, extremely enraged at finding themselves obliged to pay to the English Treasurer much larger sums of money than their own good kings had ever demanded from them; and they became exceedingly dissatisfied.

Besides these modes of oppression, the English soldiers, who, I told you, had been placed in garrison in the different castles of Scotland, thought themselves masters of the country, treated the Scots with great contempt, took from them by main force whatever they had a fancy to, and if the owners offered to resist, abused them, beat and wounded, and sometimes killed them; for which acts of violence the English officers did not check or punish their soldiers. Scotland was, therefore, in great distress, and the inhabitants, exceedingly enraged, only wanted some leader to command them to rise up in a body against the English, or *Southern* men, as they called them, and recover the liberty of their country, which had been destroyed by Edward the First.

Such a leader arose in the person of William Wallace, whose name is still so often mentioned in Scotland. It is a great pity we do not know exactly the history of this brave man; for, at the time when he lived, every one was so busy fighting, that there was no person to write down the history of what took place; and afterwards, when there was more leisure for composition, the truths that were collected were greatly mingled with falsehood. What I shall tell you of him, is generally believed to be true.

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men who ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then used. Wallace, like all the Scottishmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basket-full. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of his sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, sometimes with very few companions, against superior numbers of the English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms, is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying, a Scotchman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel, as on many former occasions; and Wallace having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavouring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped at a

back-door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, called the Cartland Crags, all covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices, in the vicinity of Lanark, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers. In the meantime, the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by doing this, increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which Wallace had always borne against the English. Hazelrigg also proclaimed him an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer to endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, often defeated them, and at length became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until he was at the head of an army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people call the *Barns of Ayr*. It is said, the English governor of Ayr had invited the greater part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts, to meet him at some large buildings called the Barns of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English earl entertained the treacherous purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halters with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof, and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the necks, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner, was, it is said, Sir Ranald Crawford, sheriff of the county of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

When Wallace heard of what had befallen, he was dreadfully enraged, and collecting his men in a wood near to the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the meanwhile made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drank plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace, learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman who knew the place, to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside, that those within could not open them. On the outside, the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the Barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright flame. Then the English were awakened, and endeavoured to get out to save their lives. But the doors, as I told you, were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scotch, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus, great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent, but they had no better fortune than the others; for the prior, as he was called, of the convent, caused all the friars to arm themselves, and attacking their English guests, they put most of them to the sword. This was the called the friar of Ayr's Blessing. We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true; but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country.

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Amongst those was Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confident. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of the Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers, and

hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army. He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they would lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

"Go back to the Earl of Warren," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on;—we defy them to their very beards!"

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. The Earl of Warren hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow, wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first, might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham the Treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once; and Warren gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armour and fought in battle. The danger took place which Warren had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged them who had crossed with his whole army, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The rest of the English, who remained on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle, and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English Treasurer. Some say they made saddle-girths of this same skin, a purpose for which I do not think it could be very fit. It must be owned to have been a dishonourable thing of the Scots to insult the dead body of their enemy, and shows that they must have been then a ferocious and barbarous people.

The remains of Warren's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions; some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented, or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England, and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing the people who were not in arms, and he endeavoured to protect the clergymen and others, who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence."—The troops who followed Wallace received no pay, because he had no money to give them; and that was one great reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent their doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his Treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a great rage, and determined not to leave Scotland till he had finally conquered that kingdom; so he assembled a very fine army, and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be Governor or Protector of the kingdom, because they had no king at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector or Governor of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that they did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have him to be general. This was base and mean conduct, and it was attended with great disasters to Scotland. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of his army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English King, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all armed in complete armour. He had also the celebrated archers of England, who were said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under their girdles; because they carried each of them twelve arrows stuck into their belt, and they were expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scotch had some good archers from the Forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. Far the greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance;" meaning I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks, and undaunted appearance, of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. Accordingly, he gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly, at the full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, which were held out by the Scots to keep them back; and there was a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other. However, the Scots stood their ground, with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armour. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but fled away from the battle. It is supposed that this was owing to the treachery or ill-will of the nobility, who were jealous of Wallace. But it must be considered that the Scots cavalry were very few in number; and that they had much worse arms, and weaker horses, than their enemies. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it

was impossible to sustain them. It happened at the same time, that sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were killed in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterwards distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army

The spearmen of the Scottish army being thus thrown into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight.

This fatal battle was fought upon 22d July 1298. Sir John the Grahame lies buried in the churchyard of Falkirk. A tombstone was laid over him, which has been three times renewed since his death. The inscription bears, "That Sir John the Grahame, equally remarkable for wisdom and courage, and the faithful friend of Wallace, being slain in battle by the English, lies buried in this place." A large oak tree in the adjoining forest was long shown as the spot where Wallace slept before the battle, or, as others said, in which he hid himself after the defeat. Nearly forty years ago, Grandpapa saw some of its roots; but the body of the tree was even then entirely decayed, and there is not now, and has not been for many years, the least vestige of it to be seen.

After this fatal defeat of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace seems to have resigned his office of Governor of Scotland. Several nobles were named guardians in his place, and continued to make resistance to the English armies; and they gained some advantages, particularly near Roslin, where a body of Scots, commanded by John Comyn of Badenoch, who was one of the Guardians of the kingdom, and a distinguished commander, called Simon Fraser, defeated three armies, or detachments, of English in one day.

Nevertheless, the King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head: for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner; and, shame it is to say, a Scotchman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradition of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him at unawares, was, when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed on the table with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner, if there was a person named Menteith in company; since it was as much as to remind him that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland.

Whether Sir John Menteith was actually the person by whom Wallace was betrayed is not perfectly certain. He was, however, the individual by whom the patriot was made prisoner, and delivered up to the English, for which his name and his memory have been long loaded with disgrace.

Edward having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused Wallace to be brought to trial in Westminster-hall, before the English judges, and pronduced him there, crowned, in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he

had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. He was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then accused of having killed many men, and done much evil. He replied, with the same calm resolution, "that it was true, he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense, (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so,) the English judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off, and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon pikes of iron upon London Bridge, and were termed the limbs of a traitor.

No doubt King Edward thought that by exercising this great severity towards so distinguished a patriot as Sir William Wallace he would terrify all the Scots into obedience, and so be able in future to reign over their country without resistance. But though Edward was a powerful, a brave, and a wise king, and though he took the most cautious, as well as the most strict measures, to preserve the obedience of Scotland, yet his claim, being founded in injustice and usurpation, was not permitted by Providence to be established in security or peace. Sir William Wallace, that immortal supporter of the independence of his country, was no sooner deprived of his life in the cruel and unjust manner I have told you, than other patriots arose to assert the cause of Scottish liberty.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO THE SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

UNNOTICED shall the mighty fall?
Unwept and unlamented die?
Shall he, whom bonds could not enthral,
Who plann'd, who fought, who bled for all,
Unconsecrated lie,
Without a song, whose fervid strains
Might kindle fire in patriot veins?

No!—thus it ne'er shall be: and fame
Ordains to thee a brighter lot;
While earth—while hope endures, thy name,
Pure—high—unchangeable—the same—
Shall never be forgot;
'Tis shrined amid the holy throng;
'Tis woven in immortal song!

Yes!—Campbell of the deathless lay,
The ardent poet of the free,
Has painted Warsaw's latest day,
In colours that resist decay,
In accents worthy Thee;
Thy hosts on battle-field array'd,
And in thy grasp the patriot blade!

Oh! sainted is the name of him,
And sacred should his relics be,
Whose course no selfish aims bedim;
Who, spotless as the seraphim,
Exerts his energy,
To make the earth by freemen trod,
And see mankind the sons of God!

And thou wert one of these: 'twas thine
Through thy devoted country's night,
The latest of a free-born line,
With all that purity to shine,
Which makes a hero bright;
With all that lustre to appear,
Which freemen love, and tyrants fear.

A myrtle wreath was on thy blade,
Which broke before its cause was won!
Thou, to no sordid fears betray'd,
'Mid desolation, undismay'd,
Wert mighty, though undone;
No terrors gloom'd thy closing scene,
In danger and in death serene!

Though thou hast bid our world farewell,
And left the blotted lands beneath,
In purer, happier realms to dwell;
With Wallace, Washington, and Tell,
Thou sharest the laurel wreath—
The Brutus of degen'rate climes,
A beacon-light to other times!

Δ

In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while in silence. In about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil of humanity." In a short silent half hour, the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared," —said the youth, with a tear in his eye, —"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

Another hour of trial passed, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him; for the heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and sim-

plicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer-door gently opened, and he, whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his Manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room, and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and, when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isobel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

> He waled a portion with judicious care:
> And Let us worship God, he said, with solemn air.

A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little thing of our own—a few pounds—and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring."

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie L.1500. "The sum," said Gilbert Ainslie, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose Providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still,

for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm-chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and the setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy groupe were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

JOHN WILSON.*

THE PAST YEAR.

It was but yesterday the snow
Of thy dead sire was on the hill—
It was but yesterday the flow
Of thy spring showers increased the rill,
And made a thousand blossoms swell
To welcome summer's festival—
It was but yesterday I saw
Thy harvests wave their golden treasures,
And man, to Nature's genial law,
Responsive, taste the season's pleasures;
And now all these are of the past,
For this lone hour must be thy last!

Thou must depart! where none may know—
The sun for thee hath ever set,
The star of morn, the silver bow
No more shall gem thy coronet
And give thee glory; but the sky
Shall shine on thy posterity,
Bright as it ever shone on thee;
While as a torrent they are pouring
On where forgetfulness will be
In ambush couched for their devouring,
Where now it waits thy latest sand
From destiny's unpitying hand.

In darkness—in eternal space,
Sightless as a sin-quenched star,
Thou shalt pursue thy wandering race,
Receding into regions far:
On thee the eyes of mortal men
Shall never, never light again:
Memory alone may steal a glance,
Like some wild glimpse in sleep we're taking,
Of a long perish'd countenance
We have forgotten when awaking—
Sad, evanescent, colour'd weak,
As beauty on a dying cheek.

Whence flow the streams of ages? Where
Pass perished things its surface bears—
The breathing life, the joy and care,
The good and evil of earth's years?
And were they made with thee to die—
Created who can tell us why?
As dewy flowers that bloom to-day,
Hallowing the summer air with sweetness,
Extinguished ere to-morrow's ray,
Leave but memorials of death's fleetness.
Man alone hopes in distant skies
To bloom 'mid some bright paradise.

I once had many pleasant gleams
Of thy prospective hours, and things
That turn'd out but delusive dreams,
Fading beneath thy restless wings;
And many unreckoned gift of thine,
I never thought could have been mine,
And many joys, and many pains,
At this thy dying hour departed,
And hopes I dare not count as gains,
And fears which made me coward-hearted,
That soon must be as they were not—
I, thou, and they, alike forgot!

Farewell! that cold regretful word
To one whom we have called a friend—
Yet still "farewell" I must record
The sign that marks our friendship's end.
Thou'rt on thy couch of wither'd leaves,
The surly blast thy breath receives,
In the stripped woods, I hear thy dirge,
Thy passing-bell the hinds are tolling,
Thy death-song sounds in ocean's surge,
Oblivion's clouds are round thee rolling,—
Thou'lt buried be where buried lie
Years of the dead Eternity!

Amen.

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* "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

HENRIETTA,

THE BEAUTIFUL SONGSTRESS.*

THE Opera was over! Still, however, the tumultuous applause uplifted in honour of the fair *debutante* who had that evening made her first obeisance before the audience of Berlin, reverberated through the house, and seemed as if it would have no end. A thousand clapping hands, and a corresponding number of roaring voices, were employed in bearing testimony to the merits of Henrietta, and in demanding her momentary re-appearance, to receive the homage of the spectators. At length the curtain again rolled up, and the beauty came forward in all the graceful loveliness whereby she had previously enchanted her auditory.

In comparison to the noise which now arose, the former might be regarded almost as the silence of the dead! Every one present, in fact, seemed to abandon himself to the most extravagant marks of rapture; the young songstress, alone, was unable to give vent to her emotions, and was obliged to retire with silent obeisances; her eyes, however, were eloquent, demonstrating, by their animated lustre, the gratification she experienced.

But the amount of Henrietta's gratification appeared trivial beside that manifested by the glances and exclamations of the gentlemen in the house. A regular epidemic seemed to have seized them (although of no very disastrous nature) and to have included every class and every age within its range of attack. Even old Field Marshal Von Rauwitsch, † upon whose head, worn grey during numerous campaigns, scarcely a few straggling hairs were to be counted—even he appeared, in his old age, to have been wounded by Love's dart, against which he perhaps imagined himself completely armed.

If, however, these right noble warriors were fascinated by the syren, he was more than matched by a couple of royal counsellors—Messrs Hemmstoff and Wicke,* who had become close friends in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment in matters relating to the fine arts and the drama. The latter, his eye fixed on the fallen curtain, broke out with an ejaculation—"Oh, friend! what is life without love? I now understand the delicate lines of the poet."

"True, very true!" interposed Hemmstoff, vainly endeavouring to pass, in the true *exquisite* style, his fingers through the remnant of that luxurious crop of hair which the scythe of Time had cut down—"very truly does the poet say—but I feel confoundedly hungry. Shall we sup at the Restaurateur or where?"

"Below, my dear fellow," rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, "for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas! how sweet a thing is love!"

Thus sentimentalizing did he and his companion descend into the supper-room, which was unusually full—doubtless on account of the necessity felt by so many young bucks of recruiting their shaken nerves and spirits by the help of a little *eau-de-vie*.

All the tables were soon entirely occupied. The discourse naturally turned on the opera; and all coincided in voting Henrietta's abilities to be pre-eminent, although each differed from the other as to her chief qualifications. But, as the uproar began almost to resemble that of Babel (for the parties seemed to think that the strength of the argument lay in vociferation) we turn with pleasure to a more agreeable and interesting object—the songstress herself.

To the young, pure, and sensitive heart of Henrietta, the notice she attracted was any thing but congenial. She was conscious that the publicity of her situation could not fail to imply something indelicate to true feminine feeling: but

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* The above is abridged from a little work lately published at Leipsic, under the title of *Henrietta die Schone Sangerinn*, which has excited much attention in Germany. The story is founded on fact, and is interspersed with characteristic anecdotes of the leading fashionables at Berlin. The real name of the heroine is Mlle Sontag.—*Ed.*

† Marshal Von Brauchitsh, Governor of Berlin.

* Gemmstoff and Wilke.

circumstances and custom (together with a certain innocent belief that it could not be otherwise) tended greatly to overcome this sensation. Altogether, however, her lot had more the *appearance* than the *reality* of being enviable; and this chiefly from two co-operating causes—namely, the impertinent freedom of the critics, who (probably because they knew nothing of music) seemed to prefer descanting in no measured terms upon her *personal* accomplishments, and the countless tedious visits which were daily made her, and which she, unfortunately, was obliged to receive. By this latter annoyance, indeed, all those leisure hours were purloined which she had formerly been habituated to devote to the enjoyment of her own thoughts and the society of books, varied by agreeable household occupations.

Amongst her regular train, it will not be difficult to imagine that our friends the orators of the Restaurateur were duly numbered, including *a young man* (of whom the rest knew no more than we did). He spoke but little, although a sarcastic smile now and then curled his lip: by Henrietta he was uniformly well received—but this courtesy was not extended to him by his fellow admirers, who, indeed, appeared alone withheld by fear (inspired by his evident decision of character) from treating the stranger rudely. Nothing further could be gathered respecting him than that he was a young musician, by name Werner; and he was of superior presence, although his dress betrayed not the man of opulence.

One morning, the party assembled in Henrietta's saloon, were engaged in discourse respecting the journals of the day, and the criticisms they contained, when there arose a general exclamation of—"Here comes Count Regenbogen," who in a moment or two entered the saloon.

Count Regenbogen was held to be the most polite and well-dressed cavalier at the court of Berlin. Nobody had a more stylish head of hair; his perfumes were all procured direct from the French capital; his boots and shoes were uniformly made at Vienna—his coats at Paris—his nether-garments and surtouts at London. Even at the very first period of the morning (namely, about 12 o'clock,) on lifting himself out of bed, he was elegant! and the report went, that he absolutely slept in two waistcoats, and a cravat of the finest mixture—*a l'incroyable!* and that, for greater luxury, he was accustomed to dress his hair himself in bed, for which purpose a sheet of looking-glass was affixed to the top! It was also rumoured, on the authority of his lawyer, that he had made provision in his will for being buried *en habit habillé*—deeming it unbecoming to appear at the day of judgment otherwise than full dressed.

This notable gentleman was assiduously paying his devoirs to the assemblage, amongst whom he used particular attention to my lord, when his brilliant nothings were interrupted by the stalking in of a very ghastly apparition, which bore some resemblance to M. Bruckbaner, director of the K— Opera. A universal exclamation ensued upon his entrance—the more particularly as his garments displayed some stains of blood.

"Good heavens!" said Henrietta, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Let me breathe, dearest lady," said Bruckbaner, "and you shall learn the cause. Never, surely, was any director of a theatre at once so gratified and terrified as I have been within the last five minutes. I had just called on the cashier of the house to ascertain how it stood respecting the tickets for to-morrow's opera, wherein you are to appear as *Amanda*, and learned that one only was left. Two officers entered at the same moment—mutual friends—each inquiring, as if with one breath, whether places were to be had. The cashier exhibited the solitary ticket—like tigers, both sprang at it: a dispute arose; we tried to interfere, but in vain! Already swords were drawn, and the steels clashed together: both were practised fighters, and their strokes fell swift as lightning, and thick as hailstones! Nor had more than a minute scarcely passed, before one of the combatants lay bleeding on the earth, whilst the other (who had not himself escaped without receiving a wound) struck triumphantly the point of his sword into the ticket, and retired with his dearly-bought prize."*

"And the wounded officer?" demanded Henrietta.

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* Matter-of-fact.

"They were taking him to his barracks," answered the director.

The beautiful songstress, who, to conceal her emotion at this serious accident, had turned toward the window, sank fainting upon a chair.

All rushed to her assistance. Werner, however, with Louisa's aid, conveyed the fainting girl into an adjacent apartment. He returned immediately, and addressing the company, said—"The invalid is confided to the care of becoming attendants; and as rest and silence are now most important to her well-doing, I trust, gentlemen, you will all see the propriety of following my example." With which words, he seized his hat and departed.

The others quitted the house, all of them learning the cause of Henrietta's sudden disorder when they reached the street, namely, that the wounded man had just been carried down it, and must have been seen by her.

The violent shock which our heroine's nerves had experienced on viewing the body of Maulbeere* carried out of the cashier's house (opposite which she resided) rendered her for some time speechless. On recovering, her first inquiry was after the wounded officer, which the servant was enabled to answer, through the attention of Werner (who had meanwhile made inquiries) satisfactorily. The attendant then proceeded to communicate a request of Werner's that he might be permitted to renew his call, and favoured with an interview in the evening, as he had something of importance to disclose. This proposition was complied with, and accordingly about dusk the young man re-appeared. Henrietta was at the moment engaged in reading, and every thing around wore the air of deep quiet and seclusion, the room being lighted only by an astral lamp. "I almost fear to interrupt this stillness," said the visitor. "Oh," replied Henrietta, "I rejoice to see you—and the rather, as this is literally the first evening which, since my stay in this city, I have been able to call my own."

Werner took his seat by the lovely girl, and an animated discourse ensued; in one of the pauses whereof, Werner, half mechanically, took up the book which Henrietta had laid down on his entrance. "You should know that volume," said she, "for it was through you I became acquainted with it—and through it I became acquainted with you."

"Ah, Jean Paul's Titian," exclaimed Werner, turning over the leaves.

"The same; and I now peruse it with a feeling of melancholy, since the great heart from which it sprang has ceased to beat. Werner, do not think me over bold if I say that I prize the work not only from its intrinsic merits, but from the circumstances attending my first acquaintance with it."

The delighted youth, taking her hand, was about to reply, when she said, smiling, "Come, I will be your landlady for once, and make tea for you."

The equipage was accordingly introduced; but a chord had been touched, which ceased not to vibrate, and the young pair insensibly found themselves recurring to the interesting tone of thought and feeling that had been started.

"I shall never forget your attention that day," said Henrietta; "forced to descend the hill on foot, whilst the carriage proceeded alone, and admiring the woody landscape around, and the green valley at my feet; the jutting rocks on my left, and the dark forest of firs on my right. Aye," continued she, "I could even paint the stone whereon I found your open book, and, curious (woman-like) took it up in the idea that some traveller had forgetfully left it behind him. How surprised was I, on lifting my eyes again from its pages, to find you, Werner, standing by me! What must you have thought of me?" And she turned aside her head to conceal the rising blushes.

"I was overjoyed to think," replied he, "that my favourite author seemed to interest you so deeply. I too retain the memory of that day as one of the happiest of my life; for it was then, as I escorted you to the next village, that we became gradually known to each other Ere we had reached it, I was aware, Henrietta, what you were in *the world*, and what in *your heart;* whilst from you I did not conceal that I was a poor musician, undistinguished, although devoted to my profession."

* Molliere, an officer of artillery.

My readers will easily imagine that this kind of conversation was, under all the circumstances, by no means the securest for a young couple who had previously felt for each other an incipient attachment. Perhaps they did not *wish* to guard themselves; but at any rate, before the lapse of an hour, a passionate declaration was made by the youth, and received by the lady, who, in the confidence of her affection, entreated her lover to continue near her, and act as her guide in her precarious situation.

"But why not abandon it, Henrietta?" said Werner.

"My kind friend," returned she, "reflect a while. In the theatrical profession I grew up; and was forced to accustom myself, in spite of the glittering splendour wherewith we are surrounded, to many humiliations imposed on me by the station Fate had pointed out. To what, indeed, besides could I resort? I have not received the education necessary to enable me to fill the situation of a governess, and that of mere *companion* would only be a change for the worse! The *labour of my hands*, it is true, remains; but the proceeds of that would be insufficient to support my young and helpless brothers and sisters, for whom I sacrifice myself, in order to draw them from a profession which certainly, to a heart impressed with honourable principles, is in many respects irksome and dangerous."

The seriousness of her appeal exhausted herself, and deeply moved her auditor. Leaning her head upon the cushion of the sofa, she left her hand free to the warm pressure of Werner, who after a while arose and paced the room in silence, as if revolving in his mind some great determination. At length he resumed his seat, and said—"Henrietta, let us combine our efforts for your emancipation. I think I know a person who, if he can be propitiated, is able amply to provide for you and your's. Say, my charming girl, will you at once be mine?" She answered not, but turning her eloquent eyes, into which the tears were starting, full upon him, sank upon his breast.

I will not attempt to detail the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that a plan was arranged, by virtue of which, Henrietta was to bid farewell to public life, taking her leave in a concert, the proceeds whereof, which would probably be large, were to be laid aside as a fund to further their ultimate objects: that, meantime, Werner was to use every means to soften and reconcile his father to the union, and to obtain an appointment as teacher of music at the University. Some other preliminary measures being decided on, the lovers separated.

The days flew by. The contemplated arrangements were made; and Henrietta, now fully contracted to Werner, resolutely declined the gallantry of her host of other beaux, who, at length perceiving the authorized and constant attentions of their rival, one by one retired from the field. Thus were matters circumstanced, when the eventful day appointed for the final public exhibition of the syren's powers approached.

Never had there been such a demand for tickets. All classes vied with each other in giving parting testimonies of respect to the fair songstress, and the rich and great loaded her with handsome presents. For three days previously not a ticket was to be procured—and hence it was announced that no pay-office would be kept open.

On the morning of the concert-day, a visitor was announced to Henrietta—count Klannheim. On being introduced, he stated that he had arrived the preceding night at Berlin, as plenipotentiary from the court of V—, and had learned with chagrin that the enjoyment he had so long promised himself, of hearing Henrietta, was likely to be denied him. He had therefore taken the liberty of appealing to herself, to inquire if there were no means of his obtaining admission into the concert-room. Henrietta expressed herself highly flattered by this compliment on the part of the count; but assured his excellency that she was altogether powerless in the matter, as, literally speaking, every place had been long engaged.

The count expressed great mortification on receiving this answer. "Must I then," said he, "abandon all hopes of hearing this wonder by which so many have been entranced?"

"I know but one way," returned Henrietta smiling, "of averting such an evil, and that is by your allowing me to sing an air to you on the spot."

This offer was made with so much grace

and modesty, that Count Klannheim was quite delighted; and seating herself at her piano, Henrietta sang several canzonettes with her characteristic sweetness.

The count was much moved; he pressed her hand gratefully, and before he dropped it, said, in the words of Schiller—"Accept a remembrance of this hour!" placing on her finger, as he spoke, a brilliant ring. He then retired, requesting her not to mention his visit, as he had not yet publicly announced his arrival.

The concert, it is almost superfluous to say, passed off with the utmost *éclat*. The applause was almost stunning; roses and myrtles were thrown into the orchestra at the feet of the singer; and tears gushed from her eyes on bidding farewell, for the last time, to her generous auditors.

The following morning, Henrietta was somewhat surprised by a visit from an elderly minister, who addressed her as follows:—"My daughter, Fame reports you to be kind-hearted and charitable, no less than accomplished, and I have been tempted, in my compassion for a destitute family, to make trial of your goodness. The parties in favour of whom I seek to interest you, I know to be as deserving as they are unfortunate; the father is now in confinement for debt; but a few hundreds would at once liberate him, and re-establish them all. Will you be the ministering angel to effect this benevolent purpose?"

Henrietta was touched with the speaker's venerable manner and urgent appeal. She answered—"I am but too happy in being able to do this. Fortune has been liberal to me, and ill would it become me to hesitate in aiding the distressed." She then inquired the necessary sum, produced it, and the minister retired, exclaiming, as he received her bounty, "God will reward you, my daughter!" His voice had a prophetic tone, nor was the prophecy false.

Henrietta had scarcely time to recollect and felicitate herself on this occurrence, before an elegant carriage stopped at her door, and her former visitor, Count Klannheim, was announced. After some mutual passages of ceremony, the Count, though with rather an embarrassed air, spoke as follows:

"I am not a man of many words; nor will I now attempt to deny that it is chiefly on your account, lovely Henrietta, I am at present in Berlin. Our prince, a man in his best years, has found it necessary, from political considerations, to take a step repugnant to his taste, and is about to marry. He anticipates in his spouse those charms of society which he seeks. In short, he has seen you."

"Proceed no further, I entreat, count!" exclaimed Henrietta, shrinking; "I believe I anticipate what you would say."

"Perhaps you consider the affair in a false light. The prince will avow that he not only loves but also honours you. Can you blame him if, in spite of the duties his state imposes, he still feels he has a human heart?"

The fair girl rose from her seat: her bosom heaved tumultuously: she took hastily from her finger the jewel which Count Klannheim had previously fixed there, and returned it him—"I know now," cried she, "the object of this gift;" and the starting tears prevented further speech.

The count, visibly moved, was silent a few minutes, during which Henrietta stood as if expecting him to retire. At length he resumed—"Well then, I will proceed to unfold to you *the whole* of my commission."

"Not another word, I pray," answered she: "I dare not—I *will* not hear you!"

"You dare! you must! The prince anticipated your reply, and was prepared to meet it. So entire is his devotion to you, Henrietta, that he is even willing, since the laws of the state forbid his offering you his hand while he continues to reign, to resign in favour of his brother: and, in lawful possession of you, whom he accounts his greatest treasure, to retire from a throne to a private station. Say but the word, and I greet you the *wife* of my prince."

Henrietta paused one moment, as if hesitating in what terms to couch her reply. She then said—"Count, I am indeed grateful for *this* proposal, and I honour and esteem the party from whom it springs. But I will not deprive his country of such a man. Nay, I will go further, and own to you, in confidence, that, even could your prince raise me to his throne, I should not be at liberty—I should not be

desirous to share it with him. You are too thoroughly a gentleman, I am sure, to press me farther!"

The count, during this address, had observed his fair companion with eyes beaming with joy. At its conclusion, he could restrain himself no longer, but tenderly catching the astonished maiden in his arms, he cried—"Noble excellent girl, come to my heart! You shall be *my daughter!*" and, at the same moment, the door sprang open, and Werner, rushing towards the old man, exclaimed—"Henrietta, my father!"

The riddle now is easy to solve. The young count Klannheim had been travelling some two or three years *incognito*, and during that interval had contracted an irrepressible passion for Henrietta. Of this he apprised his father, who, as might be expected, opposed it inexorably. Finding, however, that his son's happiness was positively at stake, he, like a wise parent, set about proving the worthiness of the object; and the prosecution of this purpose will at once explain the visit of the old minister, and the mock proposal on the part of the prince. Werner had indeed, like a dutiful son, determined to marry his beloved at any rate, and seek his own fortunes, in case his father should disinherit him.

What remains?—but that the nuptials of Werner (no longer the poor musician) and Henrietta (no longer the popular actress) were celebrated with all due publicity and splendour;—and that our old friends of the Restaurateur, &c., being each necessitated to *sink* the *admirer*, were happy to mix in the gay circle as respectful guests.

THE RETURN.*

O JOYFUL hour, when, to our longing home,
The long expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "They come! they come!"
And hope's impatience quickened every eye!
"Never had man, whom Heaven would heap with bliss,
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

Aloft on yonder beach, with arms despread,
My boy stood shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came:
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when these overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

Here silently between her parents stood,
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft, from time to time she wooed
Pressure of hand, or word or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wished caress.

The younger twain, in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel;
Long of our promised coming, day by day,
It had been their delight to hear and tell:
And now, when that long promised hour was come,
Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
When to its second childhood life declines,
A dim and troubled power does memory hold;
But soon the light of young remembrance shines
Renewed, and influences of dormant love
Wakened within, with quickening influence move.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again!
Nor deem our second infancy unblessed,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

Soon they grew blithe, as they were wont to be,
Her old endearments each began to seek,
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;
With voice, and touch, and look, reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

But there stood one, whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fulness of the joy;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only, and his studious boy;
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.

It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy.

* From "The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo, by Robert Southey, Poet Laureat."

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight;
The mother's heartfelt happiness the while;
The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight;
And he who in his gaiety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue performed the showman's part.

Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day!
For so that inward light by nature given,
Shall still direct, and cheer me on my way;
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

SOUTHEY.

THE

PARROT OF THE VISITANDINES.

BEFORE the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama, when the way to the East Indies lay by the Isthmus of Suez, and the Red Sea, there was a convent of nuns established at a place called Nevers, in France,—the which felt itself blessed above other like holy houses in the possession of a beautiful parrot. The fair bird had come, by land and water, even from those far distant countries where Alexander the Great went to reap glory under a hot sun, but where the natives, alas, know little or nothing of the mysteries of the Catholic religion—where lions and elephants abound, but confessors are wholly wanting: nor is there in these tropical parts any Pope. The parrot had passed through many dangers and hardships; having travelled in a caravan through Persia, where the people eat pillaw, pray to the sun, and commonly practise polygamy: afterwards he embarked on the shores of the Black Sea, where insects abound in great numbers, and near to which are the Tartars of the Crimea: furthermore, he visited the countries of the Nile, which are watered periodically by the rise of that river, and where there are said to be Mamelukes. Passing through the straits of Abydos, where Leander perished in a sinful attempt, he stemmed the current of the Gut of Gibraltar, where the English have a strong settlement, and Hercules in former times raised two huge and lofty pillars, to prove that he was sorely fatigued with travel. Arrived at the egress or mouth of the Gut, the parrot, like our first father and mother, when they were justly expelled from Paradise, had the world before him to choose a dwelling place: nor, under such circumstances, is it strange that he should have pitched upon the goodly kingdom of France; after which that he should proceed to Nevers, on the Loire, and take up his abode with the Visitandine Nuns, was to be expected—and even so, gentle reader, it turned out.

At Nevers then, in a nunnery, lived this fair bird,—whom, aptly for his colour, the devout sisterhood named *Green-back*. He was indeed a brilliant, vivacious, nimble, and talkative creature; worthy to be placed with the sisters, both because of his gentleness and his chattering. Hitherto he had discoursed in strange languages; but, by the care of the tender-hearted nuns, he soon became master of the French tongue, and, in so good a school, his memory, as you must needs think, was wholly stored with the most pious and courteous phrases. He would cleverly draw blood with his hooked bill, or his sharp claws, from the hand that molested him, exclaiming "*Mercy of God!*"—"*Work of Redemption!*"—"*May the Virgin take pity on you!*" &c.—and he would hang,—his head downmost,—by his feet, from the top of his cage, till he had gone clean through the *Paternoster*—so that he was esteemed a very prodigy of a parrot, and many came to the convent, not only from the town of Nevers, but also from the adjacent country, entreating a sight of this beautiful Indian bird.

As for the nuns of the Visitandines, there were few of them who did not cherish the parrot in their hearts next after their confessors; and some even were supposed to give *Green-back* the preference; nor did the bird fail to share with the fathers the sweet syrups, rich cakes, and luscious sweetmeats, which these religious maids prepared to solace their spiritual comforters. But in one thing the parrot was more favoured than the holy men; for he was openly kissed and caressed of the young nuns, who took him without scruple to their

tender bosoms, nestling him to rest where the monks durst only look, and that not without jealousy of their glances being marked by the severe lady abbess—for in a nunnery there needs to be much watchfulness on this head exercised by the superior.

Thus, from day to day, the parrot grew in favour with the sisterhood; nor were there but a few, whom age and disappointment of their youthful wishes had made sour and crabbed of disposition, who did not doat upon *Green-back;* and happy was the she who could take him to her dormitory-cell, there to rest till the morning, and to amuse her with his gentle tricks, and his pious phrases: in the midst of which he would oftentimes whistle loud and shrill, so as to make the nuns laugh, each in her separate chamber, though engaged in vesper-prayers. So might you hear in this convent the laugh go along the whole range of dormitory-cells,—each nun laughing to herself, before her crucifix, because that *Green-back* was making merry with his loud whistling, when, by the rules of the order, no sound should be discernible in the convent, but the low muttering of the inmates at their secret devotions. And the severe lady-abbess would laugh even louder than the others, when the parrot whistled at prayers; nor could she exactly count her beads for laughing: and when this happened in the chapel, and was seen of all, then the nuns would laugh still more because of the laughter of the lady-abbess—which, when the bird observed, he was sure to whistle with piercing shrillness, and then he would fall to screaming with all his might; after which, dropping his voice to a deep serious tone, he would utter the *Domine vobiscum!* with so much unction, that the sisterhood would straitway be recalled to the solemnity of the occasion. Thus did this delightful parrot amuse and edify the holy nuns of the Visitandines at Nevers, in France.

But with increase of fame too often comes addition to care; and sorrows grow out of the surfeits of enjoyment. The sisterhood was now happy in the bird, and the bird passed his time in a grateful leisure, assisting at the meals, the devotions, and the toilettes of a hundred religious maids. In the meanwhile, however, the voice of renown was not mute; and so much was said in praise of this wonderful parrot,—of his Latin prayers, mystical colloquies, *benedicites*, and pious responses,—his taste for sweetmeats, his fond tricks, his innocent caressings,—that not a nun in France but longed for *Green-back*, in order to satisfy herself of the truth of his accomplishments. Then requests were made to the Visitandines from all quarters, entreating them, by their sisterly bowels, as the phrase was, not to hide their candle under a bushel—giving for an example the dove of Noah's ark, who was permitted to leave his abode, yet returned again thereto, bearing in his mouth goodly fruit of his travels. And so they concluded, that the parrot of the Nevers' convent be allowed to visit other holy Catholic houses, where pious women dwelt—providing only that he should never be suffered to go amongst the monks, lest he might chance to be turned from those innocent habits that fitted him for familiarity with holy sisterhoods.

Much perplexity was amongst the Visitandine nuns, when these multiplied invitations came to hand. Young sister Mary said, she would sooner part with her breviary than with the gentle parrot; but, in fine, it was agreed upon, in full chapter, that *Green-back* should be sent to Nantes for fifteen days, there to pay a visit to the abbess Seraphine, and then to return to his Visitandine mistresses, who were now to be left to say their prayers in sad quiet, and doleful gravity. Many were the tears shed at parting on both sides: even the old portress wept, and the lay-sisters were moved. The sacristain-nun was charged to convey the dear parrot to the boat in which he was to descend the Loire; and there, having given him her benediction, she left him with his fellow-travellers.

These happened to be three dragoons, a midwife, two Gascons, and a friar of the order of Saint Dominick. The poor bird found himself, as we may say, in a strange land, though upon the water. He knew not what to think of the conversation of his companions, it being interlarded with phrases which he had never heard before; but it appeared to him to bode no good; and their noisy tones, and boisterous manners, ill accorded with the mild accents of the nuns of the Visitandines, and the soft carriage of these holy maids. For a long season he held his

peace in bashfulness and timidity, drooping his head, and turning his ear slauntingly towards the melancholy sound of the water, rushing by the side of the vessel in which they were all embarked. The noise of the travellers, however, increased; and the parrot was constrained to listen to words which were not those of the Evangelist. Instead of the pious ejaculations, texts of Scripture, and gentle godly sentences of the tender vestals whom he had so lately left, he had now the swearing of the sailors, the carousing of the dragoons, the cabalistic language of the friar and the midwife, and the loud asseverations, backed with oaths, of the Gascons! Then Father Lubin, observing that the bird was in a deep reverie, and nevertheless handsome of plumage, bethought him of adding to the merriment of the party: so, in a tone but little monastical, he interrogated the silent creature, who, hearing himself thus addressed,—smoothed down his feathers, and extended his beak in a humble attitude; afterwards, heaving a devout and tremulous sigh, such as that for which he had been so much and so often praised by the affectionate nuns, he meekly replied, "*Ave, Sister!*"—"*Peace be with you!*"

You may guess whether the Gascons and the midwife, the dragoons and the friar, did not laugh at this! Their merriment shook the sides of the vessel, and the peasants, who passed on the banks, thought that so jovial a freight seldom came that way. The parrot perceiving that he had made a mistake, and finding that he was not now rewarded by applause and sweetmeats as usual, bethought him of his *Pater-noster*, which he rapidly repeated, hanging by his claws with his head downwards. At this the jeers and the laughter increased tenfold, and sore was the consternation of the affrighted bird: but, being proud of heart and nimble of faculty, he quickly set about imitating the phrases which flew about him, so that, before the end of the voyage, which endured three days, he had learned to utter mortal oaths instead of immortal truths; curses instead of collects; and loose jests instead of the litany! Nay, it was observed, that he took great delight in these his new and evil acquirements; and waxed more talkative as his talk became more corrupt.

"Sister, he is come—he is in the parlour, in the abbess's great arm chair!" screamed the nuns to each other in an ecstacy, at Nantes: and forthwith they all rushed to see and salute the dear stranger. "Where is this bird of grace? the comfort of our Visitandine Sisters! the companion of their holy retirement! the innocent partner of their beds! this bird so famous for his pious responses, his gentle manners, his pleasant tricks, his tender carriage, and his fondness for sweetmeats!—Where is he?"

But when the so much desired creature opened upon them with a profane and licentious jargon; making use, to salute them, of the cant terms of the midwife, the blasphemy of the dragoons, the swearing of the sailors, the ribaldry of the friar, and the insolence of the Gascons, the sisters of Nantes were indeed confounded, and much did they marvel at the great profligacy of the Visitandine Nuns! The parrot was said to be possessed by an evil spirit; and, having been heard to call the abbess opprobrious names, and to asperse the chastity of old sister Lucrece, he was condemned to die as a heretic and sorcerer, which sentence was forthwith carried into effect on the luckless bird—who had thus too good cause given him for regretting his fond mistresses of Nevers: nor had they less reason to deplore that they ever permitted their favourite to quit their pious protection.

London Mag.

AN AGED WIDOW'S OWN WORDS.*

VERSIFIED BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Oh, is he gane, my good auld man?
And am I left forlorn?
And is that manly heart at rest,
The kindest e'er was born?

We've sojourn'd here, thro' hope and fear,
For fifty years and three,
And ne'er in all that happy time
Said he harsh word to me.

* From "The Bijou," for 1828.

And mony a braw and bourdly son,
And daughters in their prime,
His trembling hand laid in the grave,
Lang, lang afore the time.

I dinna greet the day, to see
That he to them has gane,
But oh, it's fearful thus to be
Left in a world alane,

Wi' a poor worn and broken heart,
Whose race of joy is run,
And scarce has little opening left
For aught aneath the sun.

My life nor death I winna crave,
Nor fret, nor yet despond,
But a' my hope is in the grave,
And the dear hame beyond.

JAMES HOGG.

THE MATCH-MAKERS.*

'Where are you driving the pig, Paddy?'—'To Limerick, your honour.'—'Limerick! This Is the Cork road.'—'Hush! Speak low. I'm only pretending. If it knew I was wanting it to Cork, it would take the Limerick road.'

Mr Matthews at Home.

ABOUT two miles to the east of the old-fashioned burgh of Thrawntrappel, in the west of Scotland, the reader, from that point where the road turns northward, may have observed, at the bottom of a fine sweeping valley, a large ungainly building, of no particular order of architecture. If curiosity led him to take a nearer survey of it, he would discover that it was occupied by weavers and their families; and from the innumerable batch of children puddling in its vicinity, and the hearty howl of a drawling ballad, heard even above the ceaseless clatter of the shuttle, he might, without much stretch of ingenuity, be led to conclude, that the inhabitants originally belonged to the sister island. A slight glance, nevertheless, would persuade him, that the building had seen better days; and, mutilated as it is by time and the alterations of successive proprietors, he might even stumble upon the supposition, that it had been at one period a family residence of no mean repute. Such, indeed, was its former state—such now is its destination!

Even the name of the building has undergone an alteration—an alteration, however, in keeping with its appearance. It is not known when the appellation *Shieldhall* degenerated into *Shuttlehall*; but this much is certain, that the place is now recognized by the former title among a few only of the older peasantry. The ancient family of Shield held it in possession for two or three hundred years; but, on the death of Sir Richard Shield, which happened early in the beginning of the last century, it passed into a collateral line, by whom it was afterwards abandoned for a more elegant and better situated mansion.

Sir Richard (with whom our present story is connected) lived and died unmarried; and it was supposed that a disappointment in early life was the cause of his celibacy. This supposition, however, was not confirmed by his general character and conduct; for he was neither morose, cynical, nor recluse, but, on the contrary, all his life, cheerful, good-natured, and social. When young, he had indulged in the various manly sports and exercises of the period; but as he advanced in years, his field-passions left him, and he became an active burgh politician, and county-meeting attender, for which he was eminently fitted, being not only naturally speculative, acute, and public-spirited, but also something of an humorist and bon-vivant. Perhaps, the principal reason for his remaining a bachelor was his attachment to his nephew, Charles Maitland, the only child of an only and beloved sister, whose memory Sir Richard held in deep and affectionate remembrance. Charles lost both his parents at the early age of twelve; and, on that event, his tutorage devolved upon his uncle, and a maiden aunt by the father's side, Miss Matilda Maitland of Kittlemeadows. These two guardians (as was foreseen and predicted by every body) were not very harmonious on the subject of their charge, however harmonious they might

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* This story has been written expressly for THE CASQUET, to suit the plate, which is after a design by Metzu, in the Marquis of Stafford's collection. —*Ed.*

G. Metzu. Pinx.t

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THE MATCH MAKERS.

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be in their affection towards it: each aimed at exclusive possession and authority; their views regarding the education and conduct of their pupil were constantly clashing; bickerings, squabblings, and heart-burnings were the invariable consequences; and the result of all was, that Charles—approved and reproved, flattered and threatened, for the same action—commanded and countermanded in the same breath—instructed to pay no heed to his aunt, and instructed to pay no heed to his uncle—very naturally followed his own inclination, and grew up a self-willed and obstinate youth, which, however, was fully relieved by a naturally frank, confiding, and generous disposition. It so happened, that Charles was just within a month of attaining his majority, and of being freed from the nominal authority of his guardians (for of virtual authority there was none) when Miss Matilda Maitland was gathered to her fathers, leaving him, all and whole, her estate of Kittlemeadows. Her death, which, at an earlier period, would have been to the last degree gratifying to Sir Richard, tended, at this time, to increase his perplexity, as it fully enabled Charles to indulge, whenever he pleased, in certain romantic notions, which he had not been backward in revealing, of visiting the celebrated countries where literature and the fine arts had originated or been fostered. Travelling in these days was much less a matter of course than now, and was in fact attended with many inconveniences and dangers to which the modern tourist is little liable. Sir Richard's affections were alarmed for his nephew; and of nothing was he more sensibly persuaded, than that Miss Matilda Maitland had died, as she had lived—merely to vex him. He understood, however, the character of his nephew too well to make any decided opposition to his intention; but rather endeavoured, by affecting an indifference in the matter, or, at the most, by intimating the propriety of deferring the journey for a short time, to delude Charles into the opinion, that it was after all a point of no great moment, which he might put into execution whenever he found it perfectly convenient. By this means, Charles was induced to remain at home for nearly two years after the death of his aunt, spending his time chiefly with his uncle, and studying the art of design with great enthusiasm, as well as making himself master of one or two of the modern languages of Europe.

It was towards the close of a lowering Autumn day in the year 1690, that Sir Richard Shield, sitting listlessly at his parlour window, descried an elderly personage riding down the avenue of Shieldhall upon a shambling pony. Dinner was just over; and Sir Richard, having (as it happened) no engagement for the afternoon, was beginning to meditate upon that distressing point, What shall I do with myself? when the appearance of this visitor roused him from his speculation. "Ha! old Provost Pennycroft," he said, with apparent satisfaction—"What brings him this way to-day? Some pawky burgh business, it is likely." And he hurried down to the court.

The character of the visitor generally affects his reception less than the seasonableness of the visit. Sir Richard welcomed old Mr Pennycroft with great cordiality; and, ordering his pony to be attended to, led him unto his snug supping apartment.

"I was thinking," he said, "of a stroll as far as Cricket-place, and a bout with the laird, or, as the afternoon was gousty-like, of a sixpenny whist with Charles up stairs; but, since you are come, we shall just content ourselves, in our own room, with a sober mug and crack.—And there," he added, smashing an immense piece of coal with the poker, "there will make a noble blaze!"

"Na—I cannot stop, Sir Richard; for I must be hame by gloamin—having just a bit invitation to give you"—

"Pa—pa. Not a word more. It's gloaming already, man. You must stay till supper, and John will see you safe home. Maybe I'll give you a Scotch convoy myself."

"He-he-he! You mind, Sir Richard, how fou you filled me the last time? You maybe sooped me out o' the room wi' a besom, for ony thing I ken. How I got hame is a mystery: but I recollect that Margaret, silly thing, fell a greeting when she opened the door—and nae wonder, for I was a' glaur and as white's a clout."

"And how is my pretty rose? It is long since I kissed her fair brow. Could you not have brought her with you?"

"A-hem! 'Deed, I was thinking of that. But she'll be better acquaint,

thinks I, after the supper. For, d'ye ken, Sir Richard, I have just come to invite you and your nephew, Mr Charles, to a bit supper in my ain house on Friday night—naething much out o' the common, but just a bit social doing like, amang auld friends."

"Friday night? Ay—unengaged. I do not see but I may come, and Charles too for that matter. But what's in the wind? A new provostship already?"

"Na, na. Ance in a life-time's enough. I meddle or fash little with the council now, as ye ken. But, as I was saying, you must bring Charles with you."

"I'll call him——But you can see him before you go.—John, bring the Bourdeaux, 33. Or you may prefer Brandy?—Both, John.—Charles takes his own way in most matters——Have you got dinner, that's true?"

"Just before coming away."

—"And I cannot blame him, being inclined to do so myself. Yet he has nothing of me but my stubbornness; for when I was a young billy like him, books I held in abhorrence, and my love of letters was confined to love letters.—Ha! what think you of that? Unpremeditated, I assure you.—Nothing but rain could keep me within doors, and then I had a thousand things to do with my falcons, my guns, my dogs, my flies, and my fishing-rods.—Come away, John."

"I have heard say that love makes folk lanely ways. Maybe the young gentleman's in love?"

"Pa—pa. I do not say such a thing is impossible, but I don't believe it.—Drink—you will find that good.—Why, instead of settling on the excellent estate that his old aunt has left him, he is talking of disposing of it, and visiting foreign parts. He'll be off next spring, without fail. I wish the dog *would* fall in love. It would keep him at home."

"A-hem! He has seen my Margaret, I think?"

"Eh? No—yes. He may have seen her, but that is all. Believe me, Sir, he is as free of love as yourself——Whew! Did not somebody tell me of a certain widow, who lives opposite you, Provost, whom you are looking after? Ah, you wicked old sinner!"

"You're joking, Sir Richard—you're surely joking. But, after a', I acknowledge—that is to say, I'se no deny,—that I wadna be the waur of ane helpmeet. It's seven years—at least, it's past the six—since the gudewife died,—and Widow Waters is maybe as"——

"I understand you. Not a word more. You have no need of a wife, Sir. I tell you that to your face. Would it not be a crying sin to place a woman over your own daughter, Miss Margaret?"

"'Deed, that's the thing that fashes me. And, to be candid with you, Sir Richard, I have an ettlin in this bit supper that you'll maybe no guess at. Your nephew, Charles, has now come of age; and naething, I was considering, could be more beseeming than for him just to take a wife discreetly, and settle down in his auld auntie's yestate. Now, thinking of that, and other points connected with his weelfare, it occurred to me, that Charles had never been in our house—whilk was very unsocial like, to say the least—and *(whispering)* if my daughter and him were getting acquaint, there's nae saying what might come about—at least *(raising his voice)* there's been mair wonders in our day and generation."

"O you pawkie rogue! This is too much. You wish Margaret married, to make room for the widow! I see it all. What says the ballad?—

> —'Tis good to be merry and wise,
> 'Tis right to be faithful and true;
> 'Tis good to be off with the old love
> Before you are on with the new.—

But, upon my word, there have been worse speculations than that in our day and generation, as you say. Margaret is a favourite of my own—and you would doubtless be handsome with the tocher?"

"I would be reasonable, Sir Richard; there's nae doubt o' that"—

"Reasonable! You are as rich as a Jew, Sir."

"Weel, weel—we'se no quarrel about that. But, as I was saying,—putting the widow out of the question—I think there's been waur speculations than that."

"*I* said so—not you. Only I would drive my point another way."

"I ken your meaning, Sir Richard."

"Do you? Let's hear."

"Ou—ye see—if *you* were setting heart and hand to the matter, you would push it on, nae doubt. For instance, supposing them to be thegither at supper, you would propose to drink Margaret's health,

and wish her weel married; and I would say in a jocose manner to Charles, 'I'm thinking, Mr Charles, auld auntie's limmers wadna be the waur of a mistress, to keep them in order. When she was living, honest woman, she keept them to their tasks; but a bachelor's house gangs aye to wrack.' And then he wad say, 'That's a sensible observe of yours, Mr Pennycroft,' or maybe 'Provost,' he wad call me;—'ye're aye like yourself. To say the truth, I was just thinking something o' the same, if I could get ony body to tak' me.' 'Tak' ye!' I wad say—'Deil the fears o' that, man! There's no ane ten miles round but wad jump at you like a cock at a grosset. But I would advise you, Mr Charles, to be on your guard, and look about for a gude sonsie quean, like our Margaret there, wi' a gude tocher.' 'I'm obligated to you for your advice, Mr Pennycroft,' he would say, or maybe 'Provost'—it's a' ane which—'and dinna see that I could do better than just take Margaret herself.' 'Hoot, hoot,' I would say, giving him, maybe, a bit dunt wi' my elbow—'that's no what I was meaning.—But, Sir Richard,' (turning to you) 'you have not seen my fine cauliflower in the garden—or you have not seen my fine new cocket-hat, hinging, like a chandelier, in the other room! It's marvellous how I should have forgot that. Come awa, man—it's weel worth seeing.' And then I would tak' you out the room in a great hurry like—and we would leave the twa to begin their courtship."

"I used to think you somewhat pawkie, Provost"——

"Isna that the thing, Sir Richard—he-he-he!"—

—"But I have been mistaken. Such conduct, I declare, would make even Romeo and Juliet abhor each other. O heavens! what indelicacy is here! I'm a bachelor myself; but, trust me, a proceeding like that you have described would set the coarsest-minded man or woman off at a tangent. See—here's my favourite folio. I will read you a passage for your instruction.

> 'Ah me! by all that ever I did learn,
> Did ever read in tale or history,
> *The course of true love never did run smooth.*'

And wherefore? Master Shakspeare, who knew every thing, would know that. To come at it, we might transpose his words:

> 'The course of *smooth love* never did run *true*.'

Without obstacles, there would be no impetus in the current. But, not to speak generally. Charles is stubborn as a mule, though gentle as a lamb. I might lead him through the world, but I could not drive him an inch. He would be sure to take the different direction from that which I wanted him. No, no: There must be no supper in the matter, but rather an interdiction against all communication between them. I see it! Leave it to me, Provost, and I'll manage it."

"To be sure, every body kens his ain ken; but maybe I can see as far through a mill-stane as my neighbours."

"Tut, tut—don't get out of humour, man. I tell you, I am pleased with your project, but would take other means of accomplishing it.—Where's the man going?"

"I must be hame: I've stayed owre lang."

"Mr Pennycroft!"

"Na, na—I maun awa."

"Mr Pennycroft!"—

"Na—Gude day to you."

"Mr Pennycroft!—I have just one word to say to you. I respect you as a sagacious man in business, well-meaning, and honest. But if you go away in that manner, merely because I have disapproved of your method of match-making, Charles Maitland shall never be your son-in-law while he breathes, and my acquaintance with you is closed."

As Sir Richard said this, he held out his hand; and the Provost, who was really too good-natured to retain his anger, as well as sensible enough of the consequences of doing so, after a moment's hesitation, accepted of it, and sat down. In a short time, the two old gentlemen got gracious as ever; the glass began to circulate; and before they parted, the whole marriage-plot was laid, according to Sir Richard's theory, and to the entire satisfaction of both. It will be understood from what follows.

"Margaret, my dear," said the Provost, when he had disencumbered himself of his dreadnought and galligaskins, and

taken his seat in his own easy chair by his own fireside, "Margaret, my dear, I have been at Shieldhall, as I was telling you, and—you havena killed the turkey, I hope?"

"The turkey? No. Time enough for that surely."

"Time enough, as you say. It will be lang or Sir Richard darkens my door. Supper, quotha'!!! A bonnie story. Nae wonder he fired when I proposed such a thing."

"What's amiss, father?" said Margaret.

It was with difficulty that the Provost could retain his gravity in the part he was about to perform; but he had faithfully promised Sir Richard to go through it, and he endeavoured to screw up his visage into portentous solemnity.

"Amiss, said ye? Every thing's amiss. Sir Richard is neither to bind nor to haud. He has discovered how his fine young gentleman of a nephew has been employing his precious time. Instead of studying humanity and the polite letters, like a sober young man, as he should be, what has my birkie been doing but inditing Love Sonnets, as he calls them—and wha to, think ye? Wha to? To ane no far aff, and sibber to me than I would wish to say."

"Pooh, father!" said Margaret, reddening like crimson, "I doubt you have been taking too much of Sir Richard's bottle,—to speak such nonsense."

"To be sure, it's no right to tell *you*: only it's better, that you may be on your guard. But, indeed, that's neither here nor there now; for Sir Richard is going to pack him off to the Continent this very week, whilk will soon drive the crazy notion out o' him. And, Margaret, my dear, I have just ae request to mak'. The poor gentleman will be passing through the town the morn, on his way to Kittlemeadows, the yestate that his auld auntie has left him, to arrange matters before setting out on his travels; and it's to be feared he will make some errand or anither this way. I'll no be in myself, having to go to the council; but I have promised to Sir Richard that you shouldna show him ony countenance, and on no account invite him into the house. Do you hear me, Margaret?"

"Now, father, this is foolish. You know I scarcely ever spoke to the gentleman—and what makes you talk in this manner?"

"Ay, ay—I see how it is. You're just like your neighbours, Margaret. I'm sure, I wish neither to meddle nor mak' in the matter; only, as I promised to Sir Richard, that if the young gentleman gaed wrang, it shouldna be your fault"——

"And neither it shall. You might know that, father. What have I to do with him?"

"That's a braw lassie, and spoken like yoursell. Naething to do with him, indeed! Only, as I was saying, ye needna be *ourre* harsh to the poor gentleman either; for a braver and better-hearted callant is no to be found in the west, as you ken yoursell, notwithstanding of his present foolishness, whilk will soon leave him, it is to be hoped. So, if he does happen to call, you can just say to him discreetly, 'I am sorry, Sir, that my father is not in at this moment, being at present taken up by the council, on some weighty matter, in the which his judgment is found to be just indispensable; but, I hope, Sir, that you will take a tassie of wine by way of stirrup-cup'—or something o' that nature, a' in common civility, without requeesting him to alight. And I'll to bed, I dare say; for I feel disjesket ways wi' the ride, and somewhat sleepy, whilk may be owing to Sir Richard's potation, as you observed just now."

While this scene was enacting in the burgh of Thrawntrappel, Sir Richard was no less actively employed at Shieldhall. However successful he had been, in inducing Charles to protract his intended tour, he felt that he could not calculate on detaining him much longer; and the only alternative, to which he had been for some time back directing his attention, for effectually putting a stop to the proposed journey, lay, as he thought, in getting Charles respectably married and settled in life. This alternative would not, of itself, have been desirable to Sir Richard; but his fears of being parted from his nephew for any indefinite period, now that he was in the afternoon of life, were extreme, and he was ready to make any sacrifice to prevent such an occurrence. The provost's daughter might not be, in point of rank, an equal match; but she was, as he said himself, a favourite

of his own, worthy in every other respect of Charles's hand, and her tocher was a matter of no inconsiderable moment to one who had the prospect of a title to support. With this mind, Sir Richard readily seized on old Mr Pennycroft's proposition; and being one of those who enter with prodigious activity into whatever they undertake, and, while the fit lasts, prosecute it with unabating vigour, he allowed no time to pass, after parting with the provost, in putting his plot into execution. The line of conduct, however, upon which he had determined to act, was so bold, involving in its result not only his character as a man of shrewdness, but the fortunes and affections of his nephew, that it was not without hesitation that he entered the library, where he found his unsuspecting relative busied among his books.

"Charles," said he, "old Provost Pennycroft has been here. You may have seen him from the window on his shelty?"

"He is renewing his youth, uncle."

"His wig only—ha, ha! You've seen him. Old fools—you know the proverb, Charles. But, in truth, it is no laughing matter that brought him."

"Has he been outvoted in the council, or has Diana Fair-trader gone to the bottom?"

"Something worse, and something more interesting to you."

"Me! What have I to do with the old fellow?"

"Nothing, perhaps; but you may—with his daughter."

"Pooh! That's your own lady-love, uncle; and I see you have been pledging her health."

"Come, come, Charles: this will not do. Has there nothing passed between you and Miss Margaret?"

"Is this a joke?"

"I am serious, Charles—serious as death."

"Nothing passed? I never spoke to the girl above once or twice in my life."

"Then I am sorry for her."

"As how?"

"Don't ask me to explain. All I have to say is, that I am most happy that you are not involved."

"I do not understand you."

"So much the better, and let us drop the subject.—A-hem! There is a matter, Charles, of more moment, upon which I wish to speak to you at present, and which has been, perhaps, too long neglected. I mean, your intended journey to the Continent. I need not remind you, Charles, how often I have insisted upon the absolute necessity that you should see something of the world—now that you are major"——

"Sir Richard!"

"Eh?—And particularly that you should visit foreign parts; for let me tell you, Sir, nothing tends more to improve a young man—to wear off his rust, or rather his rusticity—and to fit him for general society—than a practical acquaintance with the various manners and customs of"——

—"Not to interrupt you, uncle. There is some mistake here. *I* have all along expressed a wish to travel, but I do not recollect of *you* having ever given an opinion on the subject before. On the contrary"——

"The boy's in a creel! Was it not my own suggestion? Or think you, it was ever otherwise likely to go farther? Have I not again and again told you, how much I regretted that I myself did not, in my youth, take advantage of those opportunities which you now possess? And I must say, Charles, since you *will* force me to it, that I have been astonished and displeased at your procrastination. I do not see why the approach of winter should be a bugbear to a young man in good health and spirits. It argues an effeminacy, methinks, unworthy of one of my blood."

"Sir Richard Shield,—who am I?"

"Who are you? None of your theatrical airs, Sir. Am I not your natural guardian and adviser?"

"Sir, I will not be insulted. I am not—I never shall be—your dependant. I despise what you say, Sir."

"Sir, you're a fool, and an ungrateful, rebellious dog, Sir. And I know it, Sir. And Margaret Pennycroft is a fool also, for caring a farthing about you, Sir. She may break her heart, if she please, Sir—she deserves to do so, for setting her affection on such as you, Sir. You wish to thwart me, Sir, by staying at home; but I will cut you off, Sir, as my heir, Sir, this very night, Sir."

"Sir, you are in a passion. I know not what you allude to, Sir. But I under-

stand your threat. I beseech you to execute it. Think not to frighten me into your measures, Sir, by such a despicable consideration."

"Sir, it is *you*, Sir, who are in a passion, Sir. I am cool as a cucumber, Sir. And let me tell you, once for all, Sir, that unless you pack off to the Continent immediately, Sir, and promise never to see Margaret Pennycroft, or in the slightest measure to countenance her foolish attachment to you, Sir, you are no longer my heir, Sir, nor my nephew, Sir—and I have nothing farther to say, Sir."

"The man does not breathe—he never breathed—who could *force* me to move one step, Sir, beyond my inclination. What you have told of Miss Pennycroft, Sir—which I now see you would have hid but for your passion, Sir—is new to me, Sir"——

"I am in *no* passion, Sir. But I will not be brow-beat, Sir, in my own house, Sir, by you, Sir"——

"Hear me out, Sir. Another day shall not pass over my head under this roof. I have but few arrangements to make; and before the sun rises, Sir, you shall be quit of me for ever."

"Then go, Sir—and unless you do, Sir, as I have stated, Sir, may I never see your face again. I would have you to understand, Sir, that I will not be thwarted—I will not—I will not!"

So saying, Sir Richard, with well-dissembled rage, flung himself out of the room, banging the door behind him with a violence which might (to borrow a happy phrase) have raised the ghost of Lord Chesterfield, had such existed, and, rushing to his own apartment, sunk down upon a chair in a fit of immoderate laughter.—"If that does not send him directly to Margaret Pennycroft," he said, "I know not what will."

Meantime, poor Charles paced his room in rage and wonder. Young, ardent, and sensitive, as well as proud and self-willed, he felt keenly the slightest encroachment upon his own dignity, or upon his own liberty of thought and action; and the manner in which he had just been treated was so extraordinarily gross, that his astonishment at his uncle's conduct was equal to his indignation. "There is—there must be," he said, "something in all this. I dream? My ears deceive me? Sir Richard Shield is mad? My mother's brother raving? Pshaw! No such thing. I have only been a fool—a dotard—from the beginning. That is all. And he would keep me so! Something has alarmed him—some fear that I would marry old Pennycroft's daughter—that is evident, clear, plain—and he would pack me off, forsooth, to the Continent at a day's notice! By heavens, it makes me dizzy. Am I his scullion, that he should order me thus—or his greyhound? But he shall find himself in error! He has taken a clumsy way (rather) of accomplishing his purpose—if he knew it! The Continent? I shall go travel the Arabian desert, first—I shall explore the Mountains of the Moon. I shall sooner wear off my 'rust' (that is it) among the Hottentots, and study the fine arts in an orang-outang academy. I could at this moment marry a hedge-side trull, were it but to 'thwart' him! That is his word. He shall feel its meaning by and by. And poor Margaret—It is strange what she sees in me. She was always a sweet girl—that must be admitted. But I shall not think of her—It cannot be—it cannot"—

THE night had been bleak and stormy; but the sun was shining with peculiar richness and brilliancy, high in the heavens, as Charles Maitland, mounted on horseback, and dressed in the elegant costume of a young cavalier of the period, bade adieu to the mansion of his uncle, as he thought, for ever. He had employed himself to a late hour in arranging and packing up his papers, books, and other articles, and when he lay down to sleep, a variety of conflicting thoughts and passions kept him awake till day-break, and he only fell into a slumber at the time he intended to get up. It was, therefore, with chagrin that he observed, when he rose, the morning far advanced; for he was anxious, that he should not in any manner evince a want of promptness in resenting the insult which he considered himself to have received. At the same time, while he inwardly determined to be the last to indicate a wish of reconciliation, it did occur to him, that his uncle might, in all probability, with the cool thoughts of the morning, endeavour to soothe and detain him; and it was not without surprise that he was told by one of the domestics, that Sir Richard had

been mounted and away long before him. "It has been no hasty ebullition, then," he thought. "He has allowed the sun to go down and rise upon his wrath. I needed but this conviction to make me renounce him for ever."

Charles had spent little of his time at Kittlemeadows since the death of his aunt; for after that event it had been undergoing a thorough repair, and his uncle's library and company were stronger inducements to reside at Shieldhall than Kittlemeadows afforded. To the latter place, however, he was now bound, without any definite determination as to his future proceeding; and as the road to it lay through the burgh of Thrawntrappel, he could not approach that celebrated place without thinking of her, who, he was led to believe, had thrown away her affections upon him. Nothing engenders love sooner than the conviction that we are beloved: and our readers will not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that the unjustifiable falsehoods of Sir Richard Shield and Mr Pennycroft were speedily becoming absolute truths, both as regarded the provost's daughter and the knight's nephew. Margaret Pennycroft had spent an anxious and sleepless night, thinking of what her father had said, and of all the rare qualities of the young laird of Kittlemeadows and heir of Shieldhall. Charles's thoughts had been less bent on one subject, but he failed not to see the beautiful Margaret in his dreams, and his passion was increased by the pride of indulging it, in the teeth, as he thought, of his uncle's desire. "I begin to wonder at myself," he said, "how I should have remained so long indifferent to such an interesting girl. The last time I saw her—when was it?—ay—she surely *was* fluttered somewhat, though I took no notice of it at the time, thinking, in my own ignorance, it arose from seeing at the moment a drunken slater fall from the roof of a house, as if *that* were a sufficient reason to discompose her! Well, I have been a blind ass—an imperturbable dolt—that is clear. Who knows but by this time she may be far gone in a consumption? Dear girl! I cannot do less than call on her. It would be savage to pass the house. She cannot possibly suspect my motive. I can pretend some trifling business with her father. I *shall* call on her, were it only that Sir Richard may know how little I respect his commands."

The provost's house—a substantial old mansion—stood at one extremity of the town. Charles approached it with considerable uneasiness; but, summoning fortitude, he reined in his horse, and rattling the risp, which in these days served for knocker and bell, waited the event. The door was opened by the provost's man, Peter, as he was called, a chubby-faced leering little rogue, dressed in jacket and pullonie, the latter a sort of long kilt of coarse blue cloth or plaiding, at that time much worn by the lowland peasantry. "Is your master within, sirrah?" Charles felt pleased on being answered in the negative; but it was not without hesitation that he requested to see 'Miss Margaret.' Margaret had barely contemplated the possibility of her father being right in his surmise regarding a visit from Charles; and was greatly agitated when Peter announced that the young laird of Kittlemeadows was at the door wanting her. Her father's story was no longer matter of doubt and speculation. The fact was now incontrovertible. Trembling all over, she hurriedly threw a veil over her head, and proceeded to the door.

"Mr Pennycroft is not within, madam?" said Charles, taking off his plumed hat, and bowing.

"He is gone to the council, Sir.—I am sorry"——

There was a pause; and while Charles remarked an unusual trepidation in Margaret, Margaret did not fail to remark an unusual trepidation in Charles. "My uncle told the truth," thought the one. "My father told the truth," thought the other. "Poor dear girl!" inwardly ejaculated the one. "Poor dear gentleman!" inwardly ejaculated the other.

"I am on my way to Kittlemeadows," said Charles, "and have taken the liberty of calling."

"You may feel fatigued, Sir," said Margaret, getting more and more confused, and in her confusion remembering vaguely her father's instructions:—"I shall, if you please, bring you a glass of wine." And without waiting Charles's answer, she disappeared, and returned with a glass and a silver tassie of rich Burgundy.

Meanwhile (it can be hid no longer) Sir Richard Shield and Provost Pennycroft were perched at the garret window of Widow Waters's tenement, which commanded a full view of all that was going on. This had been concerted on the previous night; and (so confident was Sir Richard of the success of his plot) they had watched there that morning with patience for two hours the appearance of Charles. When he did appear, so intently were the old gentlemen in marking every movement, that there was some danger of this meeting of Charles and Margaret being signalized, like the former one, by a 'melancholy accident,' similar to that which befell the poor sclater alluded to above.

"Provost, provost," said Sir Richard, "take care of yourself: you'll be over headlong. Do you expect to hear as well as see."

"Look, look, Sir Richard," said the provost: "She brings him the tassie of wine, as I instructed her. Isna that a dutiful bairn?"

"With what a graceful modesty she pours it out! But back, back, for the love of heaven. That fat rogue of yours, who holds the bridle, has descried us. If he breathes a word, we are ruined."

"Never fear. I'll horsewhip Peter—under the pullonie, to boot—if he opens his mouth. But, see! Charles is dismounting, I protest, and gaun into the house—clean against orders! That beats a'!"

"Well—isn't it a stubborn dog! The blood of the Shields, I vow, is in his veins. This is all to thwart old uncle, as he thinks. But we must be down, and interrupt them. Matters must not flow on so smooth at first."

"The deil's in Sir Richard!" said Widow Waters, coming from another window, where she had been enjoying a scene interesting to her as a gossip, but particularly so as the affianced wife of the provost—"Leave the puir things to their chit-chat a-wee. I would sooner advise you to enter the lion's den than gang bullying towards young mad-cap at this present. I ken frae my ain dear Thomas Waters, that's dead and gone."

"What," said Sir Richard, "do you think Charles durst kick the provost in his own house?"

"And you tae, maybe," answered the widow. "Nane o' ye's that young. And it would be a fine sight for the folk o' Thrawntrappel to see Provost Pennycroft and Sir Richard Shield of Shieldhall tumbling out at the fore-door there on the point o' the young laird's shoe! Come, come, since he's entered the house, and out o' sight, here's a drap cordial for you baith. I declare, Provost, it may be your dead o' cauld raxing your neck at an open window sae lang. You look as blae's a bullister."

"Let us take a glass, then," said Sir Richard, "and give them time enough, after all, to make a declaration."

What length of time Sir Richard considered necessary to make a declaration cannot be correctly ascertained; but it was with great difficulty Widow Waters could persuade him ("kenning frae her ain dear Thomas Waters, now, alack! in the mools") to remain where he was a full half hour. "Young folks are unco shy at first," she said. "You should ken that, Sir Richard: you were ance young yoursell."

"And am not so old yet, Lucky, as you may imagine," said Sir Richard; for many men of sense even, as well as women, dislike allusions to their age.

"Hoot!" answered the widow, "wasna that just what I was going to say?"—(a notorious lie)—"Na, I was just remarking to mysell, that baith you and the provost were looking particularly hale and hearty the day"—(another)—"naebody would tak' ye to be beyond the forty"—(another)—"for my part, I think thirty's liker it"—(another)—"'deed, to speak the truth, I've seen mony a ane at twenty look aulder like"—(another)—"and, to give you my candid opinion, I canna bear your *owre* young men"—(another)—"they're perfectly disgusting," &c., &c.

"Stuff, stuff!" cried Sir Richard, laughing.—"Forty, thirty, twenty! Sixty, seventy, eighty would be nearer the mark. But old as I may be, I should not care to be half an hour older; for I am all impatience to know the result of our present adventure."

Slowly as the minutes seemed to move in the estimation of Sir Richard, how fleetly did they glide in the estimation of (what we may now call) the two young lovers! Charles was naturally bold, generous, and confiding; and when he found

himself in the presence of a beautiful and interesting girl, rendered still more so by her agitation, and its apparent cause—when he considered the harsh treatment he had received from his uncle, and that *she*, who stood before him, was now the only individual in the world who cared for him, or for whom he cared—he could not long refrain from avowing his passion, and laying before her, with candour and fervour, his situation and feelings. He told her—But we shall not (we need not) attempt to describe the eloquence of that hour in which two young and affectionate hearts confess, for the first time, a mutual attachment, and, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," pour out the fulness of souls, entranced and elevated by the feeling and conviction of loving and of being beloved. It was while Charles, on his knee, was kissing with rapture the fair hand of Margaret, that——the parlour-door suddenly burst open, and, accompanied by the provost, in stalked Sir Richard Shield, apparently fuming with rage! Margaret gave a faint shriek, and hid her head in her lap. Charles started to his feet: the blood rushed to his face, but in a moment left it pale as ashes.

"So, sirrah," said Sir Richard, striking the floor violently with his staff,—"Is this the manner you obey my orders? Have you so soon forgot my commands, that you dare enter this house in my very teeth? And you, Miss"——

Charles gasped—reeled—and waved his hands; but his tongue refused utterance.

—"Yon, Miss," continued the knight, "what sort of conduct is this, I ask?"

"Go—go—go away," said Charles, at length, in a suffocating voice. "Speak not to this angel. She is mine, by heaven and earth!"

"Yours, sirrah? Dare you say that to my face?"

"Go—go away, Sir Richard Shield: I beseech, I implore you, go! Tempt me no further. A desperate madness is in my brain. Yet I would not, for worlds, lay hands on you; for—were there nothing else—you are the brother of my sainted mother."

Sir Richard's muscles relaxed. He appeared not to have been prepared for this. He hesitated for a moment—then, flinging his staff from him, held out his hand; but, in his turn, it was some time before he could speak.

"And so—and so, Charles—and so I am!" he cried. "Elizabeth Shield *was* your mother! That is the truth. I can no longer oppose you—nor even attempt to oppose you. Pardon me, it was with good intention I did so."

Charles looked doubtfully at his uncle; but saw that he was considerably affected.

"Here, Margaret, my love," continued the good knight, "give him your hand. Take it, Charles—she refuses not. Bless you both!"

"Thanks, dearest Margaret!" said Charles, seizing her hand, and putting it to his lips with fervour—"Ten thousand thanks!—And you, Sir Richard, are still my old uncle?"

"Still, dear Charles, still—while Margaret Pennycroft is your wife," said Sir Richard.

"And Widow Waters mine," whispered the Provost.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way.

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or maze of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Long wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere—
Yet stoop not weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

BRYANT.

THE DEATH-WRESTLE.

A DEADLY feud subsisted, almost from time immemorial, between the families of M'Pherson, of Bendearg, and Grant, of Cairn, and was handed down 'unimpaired' even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of their hereditary enemies. But in our own day the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries—the heart of the North Highlands—although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds, and the feuds of M'Pherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away; or at least to exist only in some vexatious law suit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness that the flame which had burned for so many centuries seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, a question of privilege arising, Blendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having received intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends—not friends by blood—and the representations of the magistrates, they shook hands, and each pledged his honour to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action, the ancient feud of his family. This occurrence at the time was the object of much interest in the 'country-side;' the rather that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies, of which many a highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should only be quenched in blood: and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance some of the young men who had begun to be tainted with the heresies of the lowlands, were seen to shake their heads as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the grey-haired seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house—'I bide my time.'

There is a narrow pass between two mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a wide chasm; but on a nearer approach, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock piled on each other, as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across it is so narrow, that it will not admit of two persons passing along-side; and indeed none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down while the other crawls over his body.

One day, shortly after the incident above mentioned, a highlander was walking fearlessly down the pass, sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its sound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When the highlander had gained the loftiest part of the arch, he observed another person coming leisurely from the opposite side, and being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to lie down: the individual, however, disregarded the command, and the highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg; the two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried to have met in mortal strife on a hill side, turned deadly pale at this fatal rencontre. 'I

was first at the top,' said Bendearg, 'and called out first; lie down that I may pass over in peace.' 'When the Grant prostrates himself before M'Pherson,' answered the other, 'it must be with a sword driven through his body.' 'Turn back then,' said Bendearg, 'and repass as you came.' 'Go back yourself if you like it, I will not be the first to turn before a M'Pherson.' This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated. They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace towards each other;—they were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable, for some time, to shift each other's position,—standing, as if fixed to the rock, with supressed breath and muscles strained 'to the top of their bent,' like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length M'Pherson suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation, at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy; but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock,—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sank further, till catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of deathlike stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a deathlike gripe by a rugged point of a rock—his enemy was yet almost within his reach! his face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair, but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold; and the next, his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe;—the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom.

M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies Hell's Bridge.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago—ten years ago—
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had seared not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours—
Feelings we ne'er can know again—
Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain.
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago.

Time had not blanch'd a single hair,
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor had the cankering touch of care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears.
But where, O where's the spirit's glow,
That shone through all—ten years ago?

I too am changed—I scarce know why;
Can feel each flagging pulse decay,
And youth, and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away.
Time cannot, sure, have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's scheming strife
In soul and form—I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,—
O! how unlike ten years ago!

Alaric A. Watts.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Measure for Measure.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues, whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part, picked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather-jacket so tightly, that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand, and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year, into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice,—Insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live for ever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance-Office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labours of the Inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share, and ogled that of his absent neighbour, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast-high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labours of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a prospect. In vain did the Board endeavour to persuade them that they were half-dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore

that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learned was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some, indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction, was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, Sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No.—The rheumatism.—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, Sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, Sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apopletic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles ——"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row" and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady, with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself, and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow!"

"Ah, Madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favourable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions, which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments "allow me to introduce Mr ——, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number ——, Sir, in —— street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why, I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before, had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it, remain in the shade; but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way up-stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart's ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked

round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was equally, without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tones of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark-brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognise me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologise, and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and Life Insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation, and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir-apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy, by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me, or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey, and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger in the legs, as they say at the Insurance office."—The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look, when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulous-

ly upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensignсy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever, or devoured by cannibals; but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves, till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for any increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty, till it was well nigh burned to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit, by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father and the liver-complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond,——but I love you as my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

* * * * * *

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend:

DEAR SIR,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

New Monthly Mag.

SONNET.

If a dear friend have wronged thee, even though
The stab be given in the most vital part
That throbs through Love's betrayed, defenceless heart,
Forgive!—for she that struck thee might not know
How deep the misery of her thoughtless blow:—
Forgive!—for of the same frail flesh thou art
And might'st have winged for her as keen a dart
If thou hadst tempted, or been tempted so.
Forgive!—for other's crime and other's shame
Are not thy hurt; thy soul being still the same,
Since its integrity hath suffered not:—
Forgive!—for in a little both must go
Into the grave where tears shall cease to flow,
And sorrow, even this, be all forgot.

ARTHUR BROOKE.

DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTY.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But, oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon the Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin;
(Some bee had stung it newly.)
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Sir John Suckling.

SONG.

Whither, ah! whither is my lost love straying—
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?
Oh! ye winds, now playing
Like airy spirits round my temples free,
Fly and tell him this from me:

Tell him, sweet winds, that in my woman's bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power,
Or, like the summer blossom,
That changes still from bud to the full-blown flower,
Grows with every passing hour.

Say (and say gently) that, since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow—I have known;
Only not broken-hearted,
Because I muse upon bright moments gone,
And dream and think of him alone.

Barry Cornwall.

AILEEN ARTORE'S EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Here in a little cave,
The prettiest nook of this most grassy vale,
All amid lilies pale,
That turn
Their heads into my little vault, and mourn—
Stranger, I have made my grave.

I am not all forgot:
A small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow
And o'er me a green willow
Doth weep,
Still questioning the air, "why doth she sleep,
The girl, in this cold spot?"

Even the very winds
Come to my cave and sigh; they often bring
Rose leaves upon their wing
To strew
O'er my earth, and leaves of violet blue;
In sooth, leaves of all kinds.

Fresh is my mossy bed:
The frequent pity of the rock falls here,
A sweet, cold, silent tear.
I've heard,
Sometime, a wild and melancholy bird
Warble at my grave head.

Read this small tablet o'er
That holds mine epitaph upon its cheek of pearl—
"Here lies a simple girl,
Who died
Like a pale flower nipt in its sweet spring-tide,
Ere it had bloomed."—No more.

CANOVA'S FIRST LOVE.

In the story of his early love, if a juvenile and vague aspiration may be so termed, there was something of romantic and melancholy interest, which seems long to have shaded with perceptible colouring his future musings. While pursuing his studies in the Farsetti Palace, on first arriving in Venice, he one day beheld a female, somewhat older than himself, and

very beautiful, enter the gallery, accompanied by a friend or attendant, who, daily departing, soon after returned again before the hour of closing, leaving the former to pursue her studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. Chance first placed the youthful pair near each other, and some secret excellence, hitherto undiscovered, subsequently determined him constantly to select as models, such subjects as brought him nearest the fair artist. Time thus rolled away, and the youth found his bosom penetrated with new, delicious, but undefinable sensations. He knew not why he wished to be near her, or why he delighted to gaze on her mild and lovely countenance,—so pale and delicate, yet so full of feeling—nor could he tell why the furtive glance was so often directed to her sylph-like form and graceful movements; but he felt that with such a being he should be forever happy, although incapable of defining his ideas of that happiness. One day the object of this silent adoration was absent—another and another passed; still she did not appear. Antonio was inconsolable; but he shrunk from inquiry, for he feared that every one already possessed the secret of his thoughts. Many days elapsed in this uncertainty, during which he was as indefatigable in study, for she had once, while leaning on the shoulder of her companion, praised his work as being *assai bello*—words never forgotten, though answered only by a silent obeisance, and he hoped again to attract her notice. At length the attendant again appeared—alone and habited in deep mourning. The heart of the youth failed at the sight; but, summoning courage as she passed in departing with a portfolio, he ventured to inquire for her friend. '*La Signora Julia*,' replied she, 'is dead!' No more was asked, and nothing more was said. Who Julia was, Canova never knew; but her name, her image, long remained engraven on his memory.

Memes' Life of Canova.

THE FATE OF YOUNG GORE.*

> Stars that shine and fall,
> The flower that droops in springing;
> These, alas! are types of all
> To which our hearts are clinging.
>
> MOORE.

EIGHT bullets pierced this young man's body! In the full light of glory and in the warm lap of love he died esteemed, honoured, wept, in the blossom of his youth, and in the pride of manly beauty!

Young Gore was a captain in the 51st regiment, and, I have heard, a son of the Earl of Annan. He fought at the battle of Vittoria, and it was in that town, a few days after the fight, that I first saw him, as well as the fair and soft black-eyed girl who was the innocent cause of his death.

When the sanguinary and memorable fight was at an end, a few officers, of necessity, remained in the town. In consequence of this battle, the Constitution was published on the Sunday succeeding it, in the main square or market-place, with great pomp and rejoicing. In addition to bull-fights and public dancing upon the platform erected in the square for proclaiming the Constitution, a ball was given in the evening expressly to the British officers then in the town, at which all the inhabitants of consequence attended. At this ball I first saw Captain Gore; he was then, apparently, about twenty-two or three years of age, and as handsome a young man as ever I beheld; his hair was a light brown, and hung in a profusion of graceful ringlets; he was of a florid complexion, about the middle size, compact, yet light, and in the beautiful uniform of the 51st, a light infantry regiment, faced with green and gold: he was decidedly the most striking figure in the ball-room; and, in addition to this, was the best dancer amongst the English officers—nay as good as any of the Spanish and French who exhibited on that even-

* From "The Military Sketch Book." Lond. 1827, 2 vols.

ing their saltatory powers.* Whether it was that our English style of dancing at that time wanted something to be added to its grace by a communication with the Continent or not, I will not pretend to say; but certain it is, that my countrymen were not so happy in plucking the laurels from the French that night in the dance, as they had been a few days before in the fight.

With qualifications such as I have described, it is not to be wondered at if the eyes and hearts of many fair ladies followed the young captain: it would rather have excited wonder if they had not. The warm hearts of the Spanish *Signioritas* are but too susceptible to the charms of Love when his godship dresses in British regimentals.

My friend D., of the 13th light-dragoons, and I, were admiring the waltzers of the evening, when he observed to me that the young officer of the 51st was not only the best dancer, but had the prettiest and best partner; "and," said he, "I think the lady seems quite smitten with him; they have been partners the whole of the evening." From this observation I was led to remark the young lady more closely than I had done before, and the result in my mind was, that Captain Gore was blessed with a partner the most bewitching in all Spain, and that *he* was of the same opinion. She was about seventeen, rather *en bon point*, and middle-sized; large, dark, and languishing eyes; black, glossy ringlets, with a beautiful fair skin; she was dressed in the graceful black costume of her country, and appeared a personification of the Beauty of a Castilian romance; her manners were gentle, and with Captain Gore as her partner, she attracted the admiration of every one present.

Where is the moralist who has looked into the book of nature, and will say that they were culpable in loving each other, although circumstances wholly forbade their union? Let us draw a veil over the weakness of human nature, when opposed by such powerful influences as those which surrounded these young persons. Let us not, with the austerity of mature and experienced wisdom, censure, but pity them, circled as they were with a glowing halo of youth and love. They loved—marriage was impossible:—she left her father's house and fled to him, while he vowed to protect her with his life, even unto the end of it. This happened in about three weeks after the ball.

The lady's father at first knew not of the rash step which his daughter had taken, but soon learned the distressing truth; he became almost frantic, and applied to the authorities for their interference, representing young Gore as a seducer and a heretic. The authorities (a very inferior description of men at that time) immediately ordered a sergeant's guard (Spanish) to accompany the father to the quarters of the captain: they arrived—his apartments were on the first floor—and the soldiers were already in the court-yard below. Gore was informed of the intended purpose, through a Spanish domestic of the house he lived in. His own servant, a brave and determined soldier, hurried to the apartment in which his master was, with his bayonet drawn, and observed that there would be no great difficulty in driving away the "Spanish fellows below," if necessary. The young lady clung to Captain Gore for protection, and besought him not to give her up; declaring that she would never survive, if he suffered her to be taken away. The soldiers were mounting the stairs—Captain Gore was decided. There was very little ceremony in the affair: he and his servant in a few minutes drove them out of the house, and secured the door with bolts and locks. Few blows were struck by either the Captain or his servant: the success which frequently attends sudden and resolute assaults against superior force, was in this instance manifested; and, considering the opinion which the Spanish soldiery entertained of the British prowess, it is not surprising that the guard was ousted.

The defeated soldiers returned to the authorities and related the failure of their enterprise; they were answered by abuse, and their officer having been sent for, was peremptorily ordered to take his men to Captain Gore's quarters and *force* the lady away. At the same time he was tauntingly asked whether two English men were equal to a dozen Spaniards.

The guard, under the command of the

* Several French prisoners of war (chiefly surgeons) appeared that night in the ball-room, and mingled as cordially with their *enemies* as if they had been their best friends.

officer, immediately repaired to the place for the purpose of executing their orders, and demanded admission in the most ferocious manner; but not waiting for reply, the men began to batter the door with their muskets, and apply their shoulders to the panels. The door was too strong for them: they grew still more outrageous, and the officer still more abusive to those within: again they demanded admittance, but this was peremptorily refused by Captain Gore. With the old English maxim in his mind, "*my house is my castle*," no doubt he believed that he was acting in a justifiable manner; and perhaps he was right in the line of conduct he pursued, because there was a British commandant in the town—and a British officer situated as he was, in the theatre of war, would act with perfect correctness in questioning any authority but that of his own nation: —however, nobody ever suspected the modern Spaniards of good military discipline, or prudence in their actions. As allies, and under a commander-in-chief who always listened to the complaints of the Spaniards against his officers or men, the British in the case of Captain Gore, were treated in a most unwarrantable manner.

The insolent and imprudent officer of the guard was now determined to do all the injury he could, and hearing the voice of Captain Gore inside the door, drew up his men in front of, and close to it; then motioning his orders, which were but too well understood, the whole of the guard fired; the door was not thick enough to resist the bullets, and the unfortunate young man within fell lifeless in an instant. Would that he had fallen a few weeks before in that battle which defended the rights of Spain, and not thus by the murderous hands of those he defended in that action! He was *not* a seducer: *this* his *mistress* declared over his dead body; and he did not mean to abandon her, as the melancholy catastrophe but too clearly proved.

The young lady was borne almost heart-broken away, and placed within the cheerless walls of a convent many leagues from the scene that was the source of all her love and of all her sorrows.

THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNY wee flower grew green in the wuds,
Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds;
And the langer it levit the greener it grew,
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew
Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun raise frae his eastern ha',
This bonny wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups, sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.—

When the winds were still,—and the sun rode high,
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin by,
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floating awa', like a clud ower the sea;
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rokely green.

And when the nicht clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out, and the moon in the wane,
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dews of the night the green earth presa'd;
This bonny wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had passed,
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,
This bonny wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrunk in the frozen air;
Wild darnel and nettle sprung rank from the ground,
But the rose and white lilies were drooping around;
And this bonny blue flower hung doon its wee head,
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,
And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower was dead.

ANDERSON.

THE PANTHER.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE and Louisa proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature; when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

'Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?'

'Such things frequently happen,' returned Louisa. 'Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill.'

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—

'Look at the dog!'

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

'Brave!' she said, 'be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?'

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking.

'What does he see?' said Elizabeth; 'there must be some animal in sight.'

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

'Let us fly!' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

'Courage, Brave!' she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; 'courage, courage, good Brave!'

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.—Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore-paws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time brave Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as they commenced by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly, as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle,

and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatening blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant; when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

'Hist! hist!' said a low voice; 'stoop lower, gall; your bonnet hides the creater's head.'

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leatherstock rushed by her, and he called aloud—

'Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool! 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

COWPER.*

* "The Pioneers," an American novel.

EVENING PRAYER

AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour!—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,
And bow'd—as flowers are bow'd with night—in prayer.

Gaze on, 'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
Gaze, yet what see'st thou in those fair and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
—Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity?

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd,
Midst the dim folded leaves at set of sun;
Lift up your hearts! though, yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you!—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you!—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspir'd,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—Oh! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

BERNARD BARTON.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

THE simple-hearted Lady Fitzmaurice, in order to attract her stern and mysterious husband, Sir Lionel, from the allurements of a mistress, who had been said to enchant him by her performance on the guitar, determined to learn the instrument herself, for the purpose of affording that solace to her husband in his own house, the want of which she was willing to believe had been the sole cause of his alienation, although a band of minstrels formed part of his regular establishment. In secret, and with incredible perseverance, did she prosecute a purpose rendered doubly irksome and laborious, by its being so utterly repugnant to all her previous habits. Even in the difficulties of her undertaking she found a pleasure, taking it for granted that Sir Lionel would proportionately appreciate her exertions, and feeding upon the delightful hope of calling him back to her with voice and instrument, as surely as the skilful falconer reclaims a scattering hawk by his whoop and lure. Never, since her union with Sir Lionel, had she experienced so much happiness as while she was labouring under this delusion, which kept her in an enthusiasm of anticipation. Every day some small progress was made; and every night she laid her head upon her pillow in the soothing, the delicious persuasion, that she had accomplished something towards the recovery of her husband's affections. During this welcome infatuation her countenance discarded that expression of meek melancholy by which it was generally marked, and assumed a more cheerful mien; while her long absences at her secret lessons, and the brisk mysteriousness of her manner when she returned, convinced Beatrice, the only one who took the trouble to note her demeanour, that she was wrapt up in some concealed project, although she was utterly unable to surmise its import.

At length the little train, by which she was to rekindle the torch of love, became perfected for explosion. By unintermitted practice she had enabled herself to extort two or three tunes from the instrument, and, enveloping it in a cloth,

she unexpectedly made her appearance in her husband's private apartment. Luckily he was in a more gracious mood than ordinary, or she would probably have been chidden for the intrusion; as it was, he suffered her to seat herself beside him without observation, although he could not help noticing, with a look of sneering wonderment, the unusual expression of triumph that sate upon her features. After mildly lamenting how little she had seen him lately, since he was either closetted with his agents, or a wanderer from the Tor House in search of recreation, (such was the only guarded allusion that she made to her rival,) she continued—"Well-a-day! Sir Lionel, my dear Sir Lionel, what would I not give to hear you sometimes sing to me as was your wont before we married. Sooth now, I would willingly wager a tester, that an you were good enough to try, you might carol me the pleasant ballad of King Cophetua and the beggar Maid. Ah, Sir Lionel, do you remember—"

"Twit! madam," interrupted her husband, who hated all allusion to his singing, since she would not see that it was solely done with the interested motive of obtaining her money; "you may spare your speech, for I remember it all—the miller's cottage—the little garden—the pattering water—the blackbird in the mapple tree—and the posies of eglantine and tansies. Gadamercy! I had a leaky memory else, for the same question is ever on your lips."

"Alas! because the scene is so deeply stamped upon my heart, and for ever floating before my eyes; but by my holidame! I would mention it no more if I ween'd it might anger you; nor will you take it in dudgeon against me, I hope, if I have prepared for you here a little surprise, meant in good sooth to do you pleasure and contentment." She laid her hand as she spoke upon the concealed guitar, which she contemplated with a pleased and significant look.

"Psha!" cried Sir Lionel peevishly, "what gossip's mummery is this? This is not the first of April, and if it were, you might better bestow your foolery upon the wenches at the spinning-wheel, for I am no chapman for such empty jibes."

"By my sooth, and on my soul, it is no jibe," said Lady Fitzmaurice, striking her hand upon the instrument, as to give earnestness to her asseveration.

"Nay, then, prythee make an end of your foolery; if it be a puppet, keep it for your maid Marian and the morris-dancers; if it be the haunch of a fat buck, away with it to the yeomen of the broach, and if a tod of fine wool, to the spindle with it, and let the wenches set their wheels a-twirling."

"Truly, Sir Lionel, I have no such silly gear, but that which hath cost me more labour and pains than I would care to bestow for any earthly thing, unless it were to do solace to my husband. By my holidame, you shall not any longer need to roam for the tinkling of cunning wives, nor for the trolling of a song, for I have that in my hand which shall make the Tor House as pleasant a bower, as if it held a merry mistress with a throat more tuneful than the laverock's." So saying, she began to unfold the cloth with a mysterious smile, and seating herself in a stiff constrained attitude, after trying the strings, and hemming two or three times, she sung, in an untutored, though not unmelodious voice, some stanzes which had probably been selected rather for the moral they contained against roaming, than for their poetical merit.

"My mother's maids when they do sit and spin,
They sing sometimes a song of the field-mouse,
Who, because her livelihood was thin,
Would needs go seek her townish sister's house."

Her awkward mode of handling the instrument, somewhat like the first attempt of a school-girl; her occasional mistakes, after which she very deliberately began again; the plodding earnestness with which she marked the time with her feet, as a substitute for her defective ear; and the verses she had chosen for her *coup d'essai*, would have presented a ludicrous combination to a stranger; though the exhibition must have assumed a touching, and almost a pathetic character, to one who knew her affectionate motives, and the assiduous hope with which she had studied her lesson.—Even Sir Lionel, whose conscious penetration soon gave him a clue to the whole plot, was not altogether unmoved by this new proof of her unalterable attachment, and by the humility which, instead of reproaching, thus endeavoured to reclaim him. Taunting and contemptuous as he usually was,

he could not bear to sneer away the triumphant satisfaction at her achievement which irradiated her whole countenance; but still wishing to escape the second verse with which she threatened him, he laid his hand upon her arm, and pressing it gently, exclaimed—"Why, what a silly wretch thou art, overfond! Hast thou taken all this pains to do solace to thy husband? Gadamercy, Madge! my good and gentle Madge! he has not deserved it of thee." He again pressed her arm as he concluded, gazing upon her at the same time with a kind and not ungratified expression.

These were the first endearments, the first softened tones, the first friendly looks she had for a long time received; and imagining that she beheld in these the perfect success of her hopes, her affectionate heart instantly overflowed with a passion of joy. The guitar slipped from her unconscious grasp, her face became suffused with a flush of triumph; the tears gushed from her eyes, and clasping her hands together as she fell on her knees, she exclaimed in a sobbing voice—"Oh, Sir Lionel! my husband, my dear husband: I would do this and ten times more; I would even kneel to you and be your humblest slave, if you would only love me as was once your wont, and not deem that a wanton can doat upon you with half so fond and faithful a heart as your wife. Oh, if I could once win you from these perilous errors——"

"Twit! twit! good Madge," interrupted Sir Lionel, who already repented the momentary emotion he had betrayed, and the scene to which it had given rise—"up from your knees, I prythee; and no more of this, for it ever irks me to see a whimpering wife; and I must away, for I have urgent doings this morning that must be quickly sped."

"Well-a-day, Sir Lionel; was I crying? Troth I knew it not. I will dry up my tears if they anger you; but may it please you, my dear husband, not to leave me till you have heard the rest, and the ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, which it liked you once to sing yourself. By Holy Mary! it has cost me sore labour and many a weary hour to learn it."

"My present business brooks no delay, and this hearing must be, therefore, for another morning," said Sir Lionel, who had not the smallest intention of ever listening to more of her minstrelsy, though he was anxious to escape from its present infliction without silencing her by any harsh or peremptory command. Lady Fitzmaurice was too much gratified by what she had achieved to oppose her husband's wishes, and taking up her guitar, which she pressed with transport to her heart, as if it had been the happy means of restoring to her all Sir Lionel's affection, she hurried, with a swelling bosom, to her own apartment, to weep with joy, and practise new lessons, and con over a fresh ballad.

She had accomplished wonders in exciting even an evanescent compunction in the mind of her husband, but she wanted tact and management to improve the trifling advantage she had gained. Considering him pledged to hear her some other morning, although he had only talked of it to get rid of her, she beleaguered him about the house, and popping unawares upon him with her guitar, intercepted his escape, and incontinently struck up—

> "I read that once in Africa,
> A princely wight did reign,
> Who had to name Cophetua,
> As poets they did feign."

But the momentary forbearance with which Sir Lionel had once listened to her was not destined to return. Irate at being thus way-laid and pestered, he quickly lost patience and commanded her never again to offend him with her unwelcome strains, on pain of his heaviest displeasure. Ever obedient to his will she threw aside her instrument, forgot presently the skill which it had cost her so much patient drudgery to acquire, and finding that she had accomplished nothing towards the recovery of his affections, while his visits to her rival were as frequent as ever, she sunk into a deeper dejection than before, although no syllable of reproach ever escaped her lips.

HORACE SMITH.*

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* "The Tor Hill."

SIX SONNETS.

I.

TRUTH.

O how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which Truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
But, for their virtue only in their show, [closes:
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

II.

TO THE THRUSH.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try, [plains,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus com-
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings, sigh'd forth, I love, I love!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

III.

HOPE.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
Promised, methought, long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping. 'Twas the voice of
Of love and social scenes it seem'd to speak, [Hope.
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That hand in hand along life's downward slope
Might walk with peace, and cheer the tranquil
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung; [hours:
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung:
Chill darkness wrapp'd the pleasurable bowers
She built, whilst pointing to yon breathless clay,
She cried, 'No peace be thine: away, away!'

BOWLES.

IV.

TO THE SABBATH.

AH! quiet day, I oft recall the time,
When I did chase my childish sluggishness
(The 'rear of darkness lingering still') to dress
In due sort for thy coming: the first chime
Of blithesome bells, that ushered in the morn,
Caroll'd to me of rest and simplest mirth:
'Twas then all happiness on the wide earth
To gaze! I little dream'd, that man was born
For aught but wholesome toil and holiest praise,
Thanking that God who made him to rejoice!
But I am changed now! nor could I raise
My sunken spirit, at thy well-known voice;
But that thou seemest soothingly to say,
'Look up, poor mourner, to *a better day*.'

C. LLOYD.

V.

PROVIDENCE.

JUST as a mother with sweet pious face
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—
So providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And ev'n if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or, in denying, grants.

LEIGH HUNT.

VI.

ON THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

YES, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow;
Yon sprightly lark on mountain wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just—Thou gav'st the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

H. K. WHITE.

A LAND SHIPWRECK.*

In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
Of ships, and storms at sea; when suddenly,
Out of his wild giddyness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating; and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel; this conceived,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main top, and discover: He
Climbs by the bedpost to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next come to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plates, and glasses: here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain; one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler play'd:
A fourth bestrides his fellows, thinking to 'scape,
As did Arion, on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.
The rude multitude
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
The constable is called to atone the broil,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident; and that he
Came with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them.

HEYWOOD.

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.—

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian.—How daintily transparent!—It should be no vulgar earth, that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There, are beautiful birds; there—rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat.—But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay?—There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure-grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid,—Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization, where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token.—The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hyson is pencilling the mortal arches, and curving the crossbows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices—Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an

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* From "The English Traveller, a Tragi-Comedy, by Thomas Heywood. Lond. 1635," 4to.

allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent pretty islets, on a plain as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Grey-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birth-day celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthen ware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers:—whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

THOMAS HOOD.

A POET'S PRESENT.

TO THE LADY OLIVIA PORTER. *

Goe! hunt the whiter ermine, and present
His wealthy skin, as this daye's tribute sent
To my Endymion's love, though she be far
More gently smooth, more soft than ermines are!
Goe! climbe that rock! and when thou there hast found
A star, contracted in a diamond,
Give it Endymion's love; whose glorious eyes
Darken the starry jewels of the skies!
Goe! dive into the southern sea, and when
Thou hast found (to trouble the nice sight of men)
A swelling pearle, and such whose single worth
Boasts all the wonders which the seas bring forth,
Give it Endymion's love; whose every tear
Would more enrich the skilful jeweller.
How I command! how slowly they obey!
The churlish Tartar will not hunt to-day;
Nor will that lazy, sallow Indian strive
To climbe the rock; nor that dull Negro dive.
Thus Poets, like to kings, by trust deceived,
Give oftener what is heard of than received.

DAVENANT.

* Wife of the poet's friend and patron, Endymion Porter.

THE TURNIP.*

THERE were two brothers who were both soldiers; the one was rich and the other poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so, pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up, there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing; so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there never was such a one seen before, and never will again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him. One day he said to himself, 'What shall I do with it? if I sell it, it will bring no more than another; and for eating the little turnips are better than this; the best thing perhaps is to carry it and give it to the king as a mark of respect.'

Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the king. 'What a wonderful thing!' said the king; 'I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune.' 'Ah, no!' answered the gardener, 'I am no child of fortune; I am a poor soldier, who never could get enough to live upon; so I laid aside my red coat, and set to work, tilling the ground. I have a brother, who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I am poor, every body forgets me.'

The king then took pity on him, and said, 'You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother.' Then he gave him gold and lands and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

* From "German Popular Stories, collected by M. M. Grimm."

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener so rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However, he determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the king; and thought he must have a much larger gift in return: for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth?

The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip; so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart, and drag it home with him. When he reached home, he knew not upon whom to vent his rage and spite; and at length wicked thoughts came into his head, and he resolved to kill his brother.

So he hired some villains to murder him; and having shown them where to lie in ambush, he went to his brother, and said, 'Dear brother, I have found a hidden treasure; let us go and dig it up, and share it between us.' The other had no suspicions of his roguery: so they went out together, and as they were travelling along, the murderers rushed out upon him, bound him, and were going to hang him on a tree.

But whilst they were getting all ready, they heard the trampling of a horse at a distance, which so frightened them that they pushed their prisoner neck and shoulders together into a sack, and swung him up by a cord to the tree, where they left him dangling, and ran away. Meantime he worked and worked away, till he made a hole large enough to put out his head.

When the horseman came up, he proved to be a student, a merry fellow, who was journeying along on his nag, and singing as he went. As soon as the man in the sack saw him passing under the tree, he cried out, 'Good morning! good morning to thee, my friend!' The student looked about every where, and seeing no one, and not knowing where the voice came from, cried out, 'Who calls me?'

Then the man in the tree answered, 'Lift up thine eyes, for behold here I sit in the sack of wisdom; here have I, in a short time, learned great and wondrous things. Compared to this seat all the learning of the schools is as empty air. A little longer, and I shall know all that man can know, and shall come forth wiser than the wisest of mankind. Here I discern the signs and motions of the heavens and the stars; the laws that control the winds; the number of the sands on the sea-shore; the healing of the sick; the virtues of all simples, of birds, and of precious stones. Wert thou but once here, my friend, thou wouldst feel and own the power of knowledge.'

The student listened to all this and wondered much; at last he said, 'Blessed be the day and hour when I found you; cannot you contrive to let me into the sack for a little while?' Then the other answered, as if very unwillingly, 'A little space I may allow thee to sit here, if thou wilt reward me well and entreat me kindly; but thou must tarry yet an hour below, till I have learned some little matters that are yet unknown to me.'

So the student sat himself down and waited a while; but the time hung heavy upon him, and he begged earnestly that he might ascend forthwith, for his thirst of knowledge was great. Then the other pretended to give way, and said, 'Thou must let the sack of wisdom descend, by untying yonder cord, and then thou shalt enter.' So the student let him down, opened the sack, and set him free. 'Now, then,' cried he, 'let me ascend quickly.' As he began to put himself into the sack, heels first, 'Wait awhile,' said the gardener, 'that is not the way.' Then he pushed him in head first, tied up the sack, and soon swung up the searcher after wisdom dangling in the air. 'How is it with thee, friend?' said he, 'dost thou not feel that wisdom comes unto thee? Rest there in peace, till thou art a wiser man than thou wert.'

So saying, he trotted off on the student's nag, and left the poor fellow to gather wisdom till somebody should come and let him down.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFY. *

DUCHESS. CARIOLA, *her Maid.*

Duchess. Is Antonio come?
Cariola. He attends you.
Duch. Good dear soul,
Leave me: but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou may'st overhear us: wish me good speed,
For I am going into a wilderness,
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide.
[CARIOLA *withdraws.*

ANTONIO *enters.*

I sent for you: sit down.
Take pen and ink and write. Are you ready?
Ant. Yes.
Duch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write somewhat.
Duch. Oh, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we enquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Duch. Beauteous indeed! I thank you; I look young
For your sake. You have ta'en my cares upon you.
Ant. I'll fetch your grace the particulars of your revenue and expense.
Duch. Oh, you're an upright treasurer; but you mistook,
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Duch. In heaven.
I'm making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,)
In perfect memory; and I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?
Ant. Oh, much better.
Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit.
But I intend to make you overseer;
What good deed shall we first remember, say?
Ant. Begin with that first good deed, began in the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.
Duch. All!
Ant. Yes, your excellent self.
Duch. In a winding sheet?
Ant. In a couple.
Duch. St Winifred, that were a strange will.
Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.
Duch. What do you think of marriage?
Ant. I take it, as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains or heaven or hell,
There's no third place in't.
Duch. How do you affect it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.
Duch. Pray, let us hear it.
Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovran, 'twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
Ant. You have parted with it now.
Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.
Ant. You have made me stark blind.
Duch. How?
Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil,
Is dancing in this circle.
Duch. Remove him.
Ant. How?
Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it; thus: is it fit?
[*She puts the ring on his finger.*
Ant. What said you?
[*He kneels.*
Duch. Sir!
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.
Ant. Ambition, Madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatick beyond all cure.
Conceive not I'm so stupid, but I aim
Whereto your favours tend: but he's a fool

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* In order to understand the above extracts from one of the best of our old English tragedies, it is only necessary to state, that the widowed Duchess of Malfy secretly marries Antonio, her steward, which, being discovered, her brother Ferdinand, for the supposed indignity done to the house, shuts her up in a prison, where she is subjected to excruciating mental tortures. She is kept awake with noises of madmen, and in the end strangled by Bosola and others of Ferdinand's creatures. We extract, first, the scene wherein the Duchess gives her hand to Antonio, and, last, the scene in which she is strangled. The former is remarkable for its delicacy: the latter is not excelled, in truth, power, or pathos, by any thing of the kind in the language. WEBSTER, the author, lived about the time of Shakspeare, or a little later. There are four plays written by him now extant: "The White Devil"—"Appius and Virginia"—"The Devil's Law Case"—and "The Duchess of Malfy." He wrote also several pieces in conjunction with Dekker and Rowley.—*Ed.*

That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands in the fire
To warm them.
Duch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.
Ant. Oh my unworthiness!
Duch. You were ill to sell yourself.
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use in the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery) turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.
Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long served virtue,
And never ta'en wages of her.—
Duch. Now she pays it.—
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us:
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates; so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go, brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom;
I hope 'twill multiply love there: you do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me; Sir, be confident.
What is it that distracts you? This is flesh and blood, Sir,
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster,
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man,
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow:
I use but half a blush in't.
Ant. Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.
Duch. I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
(Being now my steward) here upon your lips
I sign your *quietus est*: this you should have begg'd now:
I have seen children oft eat sweet meats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.
Ant. But, for your brothers—
Duch. Do not think of them.
All discord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.
Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke; if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.

[CARIOLA *comes forward.*

Duch. Kneel.
Ant. Hah!
Duch. Be not amaz'd; this woman's of my council.
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba præsenti is absolute marriage:
Bless heaven this sacred Gordian, which let violence
Never untwine.
Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion.
Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music.
Car. Whether the spirit of greatness, or of woman,
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shews
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity.

PRISON SCENE.

DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that?
Car. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, Lady; which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny
I think was never practised till this hour.
Duch. Indeed I thank him; nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad: sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Car. O 'twill increase your melancholy.
Duch. Thou art deceived.
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Car. Yes: but thou shalt live
To shake this durance off.
Duch. Thou art a fool.
The robin-red-breast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Car. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, Madam?
Duch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Car. Like a madman, with your eyes open?
Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
Car. Yes, out of question.
Duch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead,
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad;
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
Car. Like to your picture in the gallery;
A deal of life in show, but none in practice:
Or rather, like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
Duch. Very proper:
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy: how now,
What noise is that?

A Servant enters.

Serv. I am come to tell you,

Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forced him to laugh,
And so th' imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

Here follows a Dance of sundry sorts of Madmen, with Music answerable thereto: after which Bosola *(like an old Man) enters.*

Duch. Is he mad too?

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed;
Gasping for breath; dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads like her looking glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy Duchess?

Bos. Thou are some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worst, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breed its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still!

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living. I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the tooth ach:) they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their mind were wholly bent upon the world, the self same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall.

A Coffin, Cords, and a Bell produced.

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence chamber.

Car. O my sweet lady.

Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bell-man,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Listen.

Dirge.

Hark, now every thing is still;
The screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly d'on her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind:
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain-keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping:
Their life, a general mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
D'on clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours?
They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrop for his cold; and let the girl
Say her pray'rs ere she sleep.—Now, what you please;
What death?

Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them;
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?

Bos. Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know, death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found,

They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way; (for heav'n sake)
So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers,
That I perceive, death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is, they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers; when I am laid ont,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

FERDINAND *enters.*

Ferd. Is she dead?
Bos. She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.
Ferd. Constantly.
Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out,
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.
Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
Ferd. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

WEBSTER.

THERE IS A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.*

THERE was at Naples a lady of the name of Corsina, born at Capovana, and wife of a noble cavalier, whose name was Messer Ramondo del Balzo. It happened after some years that heaven was pleased to deprive this lady of her husband, and she was left a widow, with an only son, whose name was Carlo. This youth, possessing all the excellent qualities and endowments of his father, became the mother's idol and only care. She bethought herself that it would be greatly to his advantage to send him to Bologna, to pursue his studies, in order that he might hereafter become a great man. Having made up his mind to this, she gave him a tutor, provided him with books, and every thing that would make him comfortable, and sent him away with a tender mother's blessing. There, for several years, she maintained him with every comfort he could wish. The youth, having every advantage, improved greatly, and became an excellent scholar, and by his gentleman-like manners, correct conduct, and great talents, had gained the affection of all his fellow collegians. It happened, that having become, after some years, a doctor in law, and being nearly on the eve of his return to Naples, he was taken seriously ill, whereupon all the best physicians of Bologna anxiously endeavoured to save his life, but had no hopes of success. Carlo, perceiving he was a lost man, said to himself, 'I do not care so much for myself, as for my poor, dear mother, who will no longer have a son, for whom she has sacrificed her all, and whom she expected would become her consolation, who might form some great alliance, and thereby restore our family name. Now if she hears I am dead, and has not the comfort of seeing me once again, she will assuredly die with excessive grief.' This reflection, more than the loss of his own life, overwhelmed him with sorrow. This thought, ever uppermost in his mind, suggested the idea to him of contriving some means to prevent his mother from being overpowered by her grief; he therefore immediately wrote to her in the following words:—'My dearest mother, I do entreat that you would be kind enough to get me a shirt made by the most beautiful and *the most happy* lady you can find in Naples—*she who is most free from the cares or sorrows of the world.*'

The letter being despatched, and coming to hand, the mother immediately considered of the means of satisfying this request, and how she could find one; she inquired among all her acquaintances where she could meet such an unconcerned, and indifferent, and easy-minded woman; but the task was arduous, yet she was determined to do her son's will. The lady, however, searched to such ef-

* From "Italian Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance."

fect, that she at last found one, who appeared so cheerful, so beautiful, and so happy, and so unconcerned, that she seemed incapable of feeling a single unpleasant thought. Madame Corsina, fancying she had found the very person she was in search of, went to the lady, who received her very politely. Madame Corsina said to her, 'Can you guess what I am come for? it is because looking upon you as the most cheerful lady in Naples, and the freest from painful thoughts or troubles; I wish to ask you a very great favour, that is, that you would make a shirt for me with your own hands, that I may send it to my son, who has earnestly entreated me to get it made by such a one as yourself.' The young lady answered, 'You say you consider me the most cheerful young woman in Naples.' 'Yes,' said Madame Corsina. 'Now,' added the lady, 'I will prove to you it is quite the reverse, and that there never was born, perhaps, a more unfortunate woman than myself, or who has more sorrows and heavy afflictions; and that you may be convinced of this,' said she, 'come with me;' and, taking her hand, she led her into an inner chamber, where, drawing aside a curtain, she pointed to a skeleton which was hanging from a beam: upon which Madame Corsina exclaimed, 'Oh, heavens! what means this?' The young lady mournfully sighed, then said, 'This was a most worthy youth, who was in love with me; my husband finding him with me, caused him directly to be hung as you see; and to increase my agonies, he compels me to come and see the unfortunate youth every night and morning; think what must be my anguish at being obliged to see him thus daily; yet, if you wish it, I will do that you desire; but, as to being the most cheerful, unconcerned, and happy person, I am, on the contrary, the most wretched woman that ever was on earth.' The dame remained in perfect astonishment, and said, 'Well, I see clearly that no one is free from troubles and calamities, and that those that appear the most happy to us, are often the most wretched.' She therefore took leave of the lady, returned home, and wrote to her son, that he must excuse her if she could not send the shirt, for she could not find a single individual who was free from troubles and sorrows.

After a few days a letter arrived, stating that her son was dead; she, therefore, wisely thought to herself, that as she clearly saw no one was ever free from misfortunes and tribulations, even the very best of women; she would therefore take comfort, more especially, as she perceived she was not the only one, and thereby quieted her mind, and lived more happily by her submission to the decree of heaven.

REVERSES.

The evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. —I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of "Judy O'Flannigan;"—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will, in good published sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm, that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to

pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fire-side, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him,—I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish "my unhoused, free condition." Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness: True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen,—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pampadour-coloured ground,—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued,—"There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blessed in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's anything in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to the fire-place, and, reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug, as it digested.—"And you, too, my old Neptune, arn't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?"

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

"Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too?"

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left.

"And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?'

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation, by again sinking into repose.

"That dog's a philosopher," I said; "He never says a word more than is necessary:—Then, again, not only blessed in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down, on the very day the bargain was concluded. By the by, though, I had forgot:—I may as well write to Messrs Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts's,—mighty honest people and all that: but faith, no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in any body's hands—and I'll write about it at once."

As I said so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutts's; and after desiring that my note

might be forwarded to them, the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling "past twelve o'clock," beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamed that it was day-break on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nosegays in the breasts of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent Street, as we returned in procession from St James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked £80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and he had seen Mr Drax; but that Mr Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my £80,000, and £500 of his partner's.

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—what was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposed.

"Oh, Mr Luttrell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say?—The house of Drax and Drayton!—Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him!—A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?"

"Your money, Mr Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him £500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draught for the whole amount; appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction!—Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draught refused acceptance!"

"Oh, Mr Drax, this torture will be the death of me.—Sir,—sir,—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event.—But, Mr Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business.—My situation——"

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to John Fraser," I exclaimed; "he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events: he'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency."

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened toward Regent Street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed, in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell —the Pet of the Dandies—"Stop Lionel, my dear fellow, stop.—I want to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me!—Upon what?"

"On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St Ann's, Soho:—of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers."

"Nonsense!—Don't stop me!—I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, Heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune."

"Oh! indeed!—So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts!—A failure! a complete failure!—Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure:—And so now the attorney man—what's his name? has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculations in hops."

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a "professed Exclusive" ever dares to laugh. It had made what he believed to be a pun:—That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun:—Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them. —"It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapped at the door of his lodgings in Regent Street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid-servant, in a dirty lace-cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron to answer the summons.

"Is Mr Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr Fraser at home?—No, sir, he an't."

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice—"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I."

"Is his servant in the way?"

"Is his servant in the way?—No, sir; the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him?—Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go?—Why, in a post-chay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's."

"Heavens! how provoking!—Did they start early?"

"Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master come home from dining in Russell Square."

"Russell Square! what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square! —How very distressing!"

"Master came home two hours before Mr Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! What can possibly have happened?"

"What has happened? Oh, Mr Robert told us all about what happened; says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I

are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.' "

"Merciful God! and can such cold hearted treachery really be!"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got every thing comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoncault principles. She continued to promulge her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "My fortune's gone! My friend has deserted me! But Maria! thou, dearest, still remain'st to me. I'll tranquilize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. "Had the post-boy gone by?"—"Yes, many an hour ago."—It was too true, then,—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental;—but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth; I stamped upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master. I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks;—and, in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, every thing on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend, my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good, old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!"—I started up and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief, which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay, was like tempting Hell to tempt me: but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John;—and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I, at length, found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place: On the water, I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes.—I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored.—"Bad time for boating, Mr Lutrell," said Piner, who

had the charge of my wherry; "it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward."—But careless of his good natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand, and proceeded, in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. "Fool!—Idiot that I was to trust them!—Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again.—Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest, who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverished—despised as Lionel Lutrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. "Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted." I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed,—my balance was lost—and—in a moment of time—I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once reseated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. —Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine, that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master.—I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and, perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath, and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-

place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit-street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye, was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet, before I was near enough to distinguish the hand-writing. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length, with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read,—

"Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas's Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr Drayton's—which, by the by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a *happier* home, than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events, you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate

"Maria."

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was I to blame! how severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly dispatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time—thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deuced good horses, too, or we should never have beat him."

"What do you mean? Beat whom?"

"The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?"

"No, indeed, John, they never told me *that*."

"Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horse whipped him within an inch of his life."

"And—and—the money?"

"Oh, I've lodged that at Coutts's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe."

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By and by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley Square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings, which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a

good world—the women are all true—the friends all faithful—and the dogs are all attached and staunch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake."

"I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour,—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet,— I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's Reverses.

Blackwood's Mag.

STORY OF MY GRANDFATHER.*

THE parents of my grandfather were stout Hanoverians. Their professions of loyalty and protestantism were not merely lip-deep matters. They were loyal and protestant to the backbone—to the core of the heart—to—wherever else the recess is, where integrity (or rather falsehood) is supposed to lurk. They drank the health of king George and the protestant ascendancy in endless bumpers of stern March beer: they propagated their principles among their friends; they whipped them into their children; they taught them to their servants. Little tottering urchins, a foot high, who were learning their 'duty to their neighbour,' learned, at the same time, to hate a Jacobite with all their heart, and with all their strength. Their first lesson, when they got into three syllables, was to cry, 'Damnation to the house of Stuart!' In other respects, their education was not conducted on a strict plan. In regard to my grandfather, who was in his later years (I am so sorry to say) an occasional swearer,—he always traced his infirmity to his having been encouraged at three years old to bawl forth, 'Curse the Pretender!' He derived this small accomplishment from the stable boy, and it was considered dangerous to attempt to extinguish it by reproof. 'We may pull up the flower and the weed together,' said his father:—so my grandfather remained a swearer.

In the year 1746, his parents dwelt and had dwelt for some years at the small town of Calne, in Wiltshire. At that day politics ran high; and in Calne they ran higher than in other places. The tailor, the butcher, the baker, were afflicted with the epidemic. The less people had to do with the matter, the more furious they became. A leash of tailors, and a brace of bakers (stitched and kneaded up together, and called 'The Club,') determined to settle the question in favour of the house of Hanover. A bunch of gardeners opposed them on the Stuart side. Each man was for 'the right;' and for that reason they all neglected their business, and in twelve months were supported at the expense of the parish. This they called suffering for their country. They suffered on *both* sides for their country; which was odd enough. Yet their country never knew it till this moment, when I (unwillingly) proclaim its ingratitude. However,—there were some more efficient adherents to the houses of Stuart and Hanover, as will be supposed. Among these was a Mr Campbell, a Scotsman by birth, a lawyer by education (he had retired from the bar on a small fortune,) and as completely cased in Jacobitism as the king of Denmark was in steel, namely, 'from top to toe.'

It is a little singular, that this gentleman should have become the intimate friend of a loyal protestant; but so it was. Matters of opinion, to be sure, interfered occasionally with this intimacy, and political jars sometimes even threatened to shake the foundations of their friendship; but on the whole, they went on pretty smoothly, and had a most sincere respect for each other.

As Mr Stephen Bethel, the Hanoverian, had a son—(my grandfather,) who was heir of his acres: so Mr Campbell, the Jacobite, had a daughter, as fair as Eve, and the sole stay and solace of his home. What was to be excepted in such a case?

* From "The Keepsake for 1828."

My grandfather fell over head and ears in love. He was at the mature age of sixteen; so he declared himself, and was—refused! If the river Marden had been deep enough, the line of Bethel had perhaps been extinct. Fortunately, it is only a little rippling stream, and being (thereabouts) not more than four feet deep, was insufficient for the purposes of the most desperate of lovers. My grandfather probably felt this; for, after a week's deliberation, he postponed his intended suicide to an indefinite period; or, as the parliamentary reporters say, '*sine die*.' In the interim, he set seriously to study, and after two years of unflinching reading, he was sent abroad to travel, and remained in foreign countries two years more. Some time after his departure, Mr Campbell was also called suddenly to Scotland, upon some private business; relating, as he intimated, to a small patrimony which he possessed in that country.

It was about this time (viz. in 1745) that the chevalier, Charles Edward, made his unsuccessful attempt upon the crown of England. I am not about to fatigue you with the particulars of this expedition; they are known to every one now, since the publication of the memoirs of Mr Fergus Mac Ivor, and the celebrated Baron of Bradwardine. I must tell you, however, that among the adherents of the house of Hanover, there was not one so indignant at this invasion of the country as the father of Mr Walter Bethel. He strapped his sword (a huge Toledo) round his loins; furbished up a horrible, wide-mouthed blunderbuss; stuck a brace of huge, brass-mounted pistols in his belt; and swore frightfully, both by St George and the Dragon, that he would cut off the ears of the first rebel, who dared to violate the sanctity of the county of Wilts. Had he lived farther northward, there must have been bloody noses between Mr Stephen Bethel and the Jacobites. As it was, his anger exhausted itself in words; a fortunate event for the heroes in phillibegs and tartans, and not altogether unlucky, perhaps, for my great-grandfather.

During the absence of Campbell, his daughter lived in the house of Mr Bethel. My grandfather being at that time absent on his travels, there was no objection to this arrangement on her part; and the young lady being a protestant, (the religion of her deceased mother,) Mr Bethel felt no apprehension, that his sober family could be tainted by the scarlet principles of the woman of Babylon.

When Mary Campbell rejected the hand of my grandfather, he was, as I have said, some sixteen years of age, and she herself, being as old within six months, looked down, naturally enough, upon the pretensions of so young a lover. Two years, however, spent in studying books at home (during which time he forbore to see her,) and more than two years devoted to the study of man abroad, converted Mr Walter Bethel into a promising cavalier, and made wonderful alterations in the opinions of the lady. At the time of my grandfather's return, Mary Campbell was a resident in his father's house; and when the old gentleman, after embracing his son, led him up to his fair guest, with 'You remember my son Walter, my dear Miss Campbell?' Miss Campbell was ready to sink with confusion. A little time, however, sufficed for her recovery, and she received my grandfather's courtesies as gracefully as any body could be expected to do who had 'never seen the Louvre.' Walter Bethel felt this. He saw a distinction—a shade, indeed, between his former favourite and the pretty Madame la Comtesse de Frontac, and la belle Marquise de Vandrecour; but, on the whole, he was well satisfied, and, it must be added, not a little surprised also. For time, which had been so busy in lavishing accomplishments on the head of Mr Walter Bethel, having had a little time to spare from that agreeable occupation, had employed it very advantageously in improving the mind and person of Mary Campbell. Perhaps this might be for the purpose of once more entrapping her lover's heart. Perhaps—but it is not easy to speak as to this. The result of her improvement, however, was very speedily seen. My grandfather fell over head and ears again in love: and *this* time he was destined to be a conqueror.

He had not been four-and-twenty hours at home before his 'Miss Campbell' expanded into 'My dear Miss Campbell.' This, in a week, dwindled into 'Mary;' which in its turn blossomed out into half a dozen little tender titles (such as are to be found in any page of Cupid's calendar,) with very expressive epithets appended to them. I have heard him tell the story

of his offering his hand and heart to my grandmother, while the good old lady sate with smiling, shining eyes at his side, listening to his rhapsodies, as pleased, I verily believe, as she could have been when the offer was actually made to her forty or fifty years before.

My grandfather had been returned about three months from his travels, and was absolutely basking in the sunshine of Mary's eyes, when Campbell (who had been long absent) returned suddenly and unexpectedly from Scotland. He had formerly been a tall, ruddy, athletic man; but he came back worn to the bone, pale, attenuated, and drooping. He had never given up the idea, that one day or other the house of Stuart would be restored to what he called 'its rights;' and when the invasion of the Pretender, which had excited such mad expectations, ended in the utter discomfiture of himself and his adherents, Campbell could scarcely bear up against his disappointment. It was asserted (and not contradicted,) that his journey to Scotland had been a mere pretext; that he had been actually in the thick of the fights of Falkirk and Preston, and had been forced to flee for his life, and to hide in caves, and brakes, and desert places, from the insatiable fury of the English troopers.

He escaped at last, however, and arrived at Calne; not free from molestation, indeed, for within four-and-twenty hours of his return, news also arrived of the approach of a detachment, sent, as it was said, to scour the country of rebels, and charged with particular instructions to seize upon our unhappy Jacobite.

'Well, Walter, my boy,' said Mr Stephen Bethel, 'what *is* to be done?'

'I think,' replied Walter, 'we had better send him off to my aunt's, at Hilmarton. If he were well covered with one of your wigs, sir——'

'Eh? what? zounds!' exclaimed the other, 'do you think *I'll* be accessary—do you think that I (*a Bethel!*) will help to conceal one of King George's rascally enemies? Do you think——?' Mr Stephen Bethel was lashing himself up with words as the lion does with his tail; and there was no knowing how long he would have gone on with his 'do you thinks?'—or, in fact, whether he ever would have stopped—had not my grandfather very naturally (and at the same time a little ingeniously) exclaimed, 'Poor Mary! what will she not suffer?'

Mr Stephen Bethel was calm in a moment. We have heard how a cannon ball will suddenly put an end to the most violent discussion; how the ducking-stool will all at once quell the else untameable tongue of the scold; but 'Poor Mary!'—it was oil upon the ocean of his wrath. He was conquered and quiet in an instant.

'To be sure,' said he, faltering, 'poor Mary!—poor girl!' added he, 'tis a pity, that such a creature should suffer for the errors of her father. As to *him*,—a foolish, obstinate, headstrong Jacobite! But King George is at his heels—King George or King George's men; and *now* we shall hear whether he'll sing *The Cammels are coming;* or cry, *King James* and *Proua Preston*, again!'

And so the old gentleman veered about, from pity to wrath, from loyalty to friendship, and back again. Friendship, however, got the better at last; and he set about helping Campbell in good earnest. Walter was allowed to convey to Campbell an intimation of his danger; not that the father desired this in so many words, but, as he did not absolutely prohibit it, his son interpreted his silence to his own purposes, and proceeded to the house of the unlucky Jacobite.

The first object that struck his sight, on entering Campbell's house, was Mary herself, evidently in deep distress. 'My dearest Mary!' said he, putting his arm gently round her waist.

'Oh, Walter!' replied she, sobbing—'my father! my poor father! That unfortunate expedition of the prince——'

'Of the Pretender?' said Walter inquiringly.

'Do not carp at words,' replied she: 'what matter whether he be Prince or Pretender, now that the soldiers are coming for my dear father? Oh! he will be taken! he will be taken!' continued she weeping and wringing her hands.

'I came to save him,' said Walter. 'Be comforted. Where is he? Is he within?'

'He is gone,' answered she. 'He received the news from a friend, and had just time to escape.'

'Tell me where?' said my grandfather hastily.

'I cannot—I must not!' said she. 'He charged me to keep his secret; and I must do so—even from you.'

'He will be found,' replied Walter in distress. 'He will be hunted by these rascals, and found. Let him trust himself to me. I know a place where he may hide for a time, and our well-known principles will assure his final safety. If the storm be once blown over, my father and uncle shall exert their interest with the duke, and all will be well. So take heart, my dearest, and tell me, without more ado, where your father is. Tell me, as you value his life.'

And she told; and she did well to tell; for, besides that Campbell's hiding-place was speedily searched, and that nothing short of the character of the Bethels would have been sufficient to ward off the strict inquiries that were elsewhere made, it was well that the honesty of love should not be rewarded with distrust. Mary Campbell confided in her lover—not only her heart, but her father's life; and well was the confidence repaid.

I must now give up the task of historian, and let my grandfather tell you the rest of the story himself. It was one of his thousand and one anecdotes, and it was in these words that he was accustomed to tell it.

'The day (he used to begin) on which the soldiers came on their man-hunt to Calne, was memorable for many a year. Both men and the elements seemed quarrelling with each other. The scornful loyalist, the desperate Jacobite, stood front to front, in flaming open defiance. The thunder muttered; the wind went raving about; and the rains (which had been falling heavily all night and glittering in the lightning) now came tumbling down in cataracts and sheets of water. The little runnels had grown into brooks; the brooks were formidable rivers. The Marden itself, usually so unimportant, had swollen and panted long in its narrow bounds, till at last it burst over its banks, and went flooding the country round. Notwithstanding all this, the hunters prepared to pursue their prey.

'It is a fearful thing to chase even a beast that flies for its life; but to hunt the great animal, Man, must surely thrill and strike an alarm into the heart of his pursuer. What!—he whom we have smiled upon, whose hand we have clutched, whose cheer we have enjoyed! Shall we—if he do a desperate deed which some law forbid—strip our hearts at once of all sympathy, and track him from spot to spot, through woods, and lanes, and hollows, and lonely places, till he fall into the toil? and then go home, and be content with the abstract principle of justice, and forget, that we have lost a friend for ever!

'I had got the start of the red-coats by almost a quarter of an hour; but I found, that I had to encounter impediments that I had not foreseen. I had set off with scarcely any determined idea but that of saving Campbell at all events. I took the ordinary road to the brake, where I knew that he lay concealed; striding onwards at my best pace, sometimes running, sometimes toiling up slippery ascents, sometimes plunging along the plashy meadows, till my breath grew short and painful from excess of exertion. I still kept on my course, however, and had contrived to attain a lofty ridge of land, not very distant from the place of refuge, when all at once my eyes fell upon a broad waste of water, a vast turbid stream running at random over the country, and above which nothing appeared but an occasional tree, and the long narrow slip of wood and copse, which crowned the elevated land, and in which, as I concluded, my friend was hid.

'If ever I felt real despair, it was at that moment. I stopped for an instant (a dreadful instant) to think—I could not be said, strictly, to deliberate. I thought quickly, intensely, with a pain piercing the very centre of my heart. In three or four seconds of time, I had, with the rapidity which fear produced, considered half a dozen methods of passing the water. At last, I recollected a sheep-path, traversing a narrow neck of high land, on the opposite of the inundation, which (although apparently quite covered by the floods) might nevertheless still enable me to reach the wood; but to arrive at this path it was necessary to retrace three parts of the space which I had already travelled. I turned my steps backward instantly, and with great efforts arrived at the bridge (on the skirts of the town,) just in time to hear the roll of the drum hard by, which called the soldiers to duty. I fancied that I could almost hear the click of their firelocks as they examined them, previously to their setting out in pursuit of Campbell. 'Twas then I forgot every thing. My legs were no longer cramped;

my breath, pent up and labouring in my breast, seemed suddenly relieved; and I ran forwards with increased speed for almost a mile, when the footsteps of a person (about the size of Campbell) which had made deep impressions on a piece of soft soil, arrested my attention. I saw from the direction, that this person must have left the high road at that spot, and taken to the fields. I erased the marks as well as I could; thrusting the spike of my leaping-pole into the gravel of the road, I cleared the hedge at a bound, without leaving a single trace of my course, and took my way across the fields in pursuit of Campbell.

'For some time no steps were discernible, for my route lay over grass on which the rain was still incessantly falling. At last, indications of a footmark encouraged me, and I continued to track it, sometimes readily, sometimes with difficulty (for it frequently disappeared,) until it led me to the very edge of the flood. The man, whoever he was, must have plunged right through the waters. Perhaps he had been carried away? But there was no time for guessing; so feeling my way with my pole, I took to the water myself. To my surprise, it was shallow enough for awhile, scarcely reaching above my knees. I got on, therefore, readily enough, till I had arrived within a few yards of the wood (the object of my labours,) when the land suddenly dipped, and I found myself in upwards of four feet water. A few more steps would, I knew, place me on dry ground; so I strained onwards across the current, which now ran with considerable force, and after a struggle or two reached the skirts of the wood in safety.

'I had just caught hold of some long grass to secure my footing, when my attention was arrested by a noise at some distance. I threw myself on the bank for a single minute's rest, and heard distinctly the withered leaves and brambles crackling under a heavy tread, and the hoarse, thick breathing of some creature apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. The horrid guttural sounds, which it gave out in its pain (I heard them at the distance of a hundred yards,) ring in my ears to this moment. I remembered to have heard, that in Indian or African hunts the enormous beasts which they pursue will sometimes thus breathe out their distress before they stand at bay and die. But no such creature could be here—so I determined to follow. After a few steps, I called out, 'Who goes?'—All was still in an instant.

'My way now lay across the middle of the wood to the dingle, where I hoped to find my friend. In my course I had to pass by a deep hollow, which was usually filled with water, and which was the haunt of the water rat, the lizard, and the frog, who kept their court among the flags and rushes there. I had reached this place, and was passing on, when a slight noise induced me to turn my head. The sound was like the cocking of a pistol; so I made haste to proclaim myself. 'It is I—'tis Walter Bethel!' called I out lustily. The words were scarcely out of my month, when uprose, from amidst the rushes and the green stagnant water, a phantom more hideous than Triton or Nereus in his most terrible mood. Covered to the chin with the green mantle of the pool, his clothes soaked and saturated with water, arose—with a cocked pistol in each hand, and a mouth wide open and gasping for breath—my father-in-law, Campbell! He stared like a man bewildered. 'Well!' said he at last: 'twas all he could say. 'I am come to save you,' replied I: 'the soldiers will be here in a few minutes. Come along with me.' 'No,' replied the other: 'I'll go no farther. I *can* go no farther. I may as well die here.' 'By ——!' said I, 'you shall *not* die. Rebel or not, you are Mary Campbell's father, and while I have a sinew left you shall not be taken.' With that I took him upon my back (for I was a lusty fellow then,) and carried him—I know not how—but by several efforts I believe—to the extreme side of the wood. I was just congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly I heard the measured tramp of soldiers coming along a lane, which wound round the skirts of the copse. I had mistaken the way. I stopped immediately, and heard the word 'Halt!' uttered in a tone that struck to my heart. 'They are upon us,' whispered Campbell, 'and the only thing is to die boldly! Go, therefore, my dear Walter; and may God bless you! Tell poor Mary—' but here his voice faltered, and he could only sigh out deeply, 'God bless my dear child!'

'There was no time for talking, as you will imagine. I therefore motioned him to silence, and drew him, with the least

possible noise, away from the point of danger. He was now able to walk slowly; and that was fortunately sufficient, for the soldiers had stopped to deliberate. We kept on, at a steady quiet pace, along a sharp angle of the wood, which terminated at a point near the Bath road. Behind us, the voices of the soldiers were occasionally heard; and once the report of a musket-shot a little disturbed our tranquillity. We succeeded, however, in attaining the extreme point of the wood, and were just about to emerge into the road, when a heavy plunge was heard near us, like that of a person jumping from an eminence; and the whistle of a pistol-bullet through the leaves, which quickly followed, reduced us to instant silence. Without uttering a syllable, I pulled Campbell down beside me, amongst the fern and rank grass that grew all about, and there lay for two or three dreadful minutes, till our enemy had passed onwards. I had flung Campbell so completely prostrate, that, he averred, he was obliged to make no inconsiderable meal of fern and dock-leaves before he could breathe with comfort. However this was, we soon rose up, as soon as prudently we could do so—contrived to drop a fragment of Campbell's dress on the Chippenham road—and after seeing our pursuers take the bait and proceed southwards, we turned our backs upon danger and the detachment, and reached Hilmarton in safety.'

—To take up the conclusion of the tale, the latter part of which has been told in the words of Walter Bethel.

Campbell was saved. A little time sufficed, as my grandfather had predicted, to put an end to the hanging of the Jacobites. General Bethel, a firm and loyal friend of the existiog government, was won over, after some entreaty, to petition for the pardon of Campbell; for he was one who had been excepted out of the list of those forgiven.

'He is a flaming, furious Jacobite,' said General Bethel to his favourite, Walter, in reply to his request: 'a troublesome fellow is he, Walter, and deserves to suffer.'

'He is Mary's father, my dear uncle,' said my grandfather, insinuatingly.

'You are a fool, Walter,' replied the general, tartly. 'At *your* age you ought to be marching at the head of a file of grenadiers, instead of toying and making love, and—Pshaw! I am ashamed of you.'

'But, my dear uncle,'—Walter was proceeding in extenuation.

'Why don't you come up to town, sir?' inquired the general, with some sternness: 'I have no doubt but that I can get you a commission in a couple of months, and a company — before you deserve one.'

'My dear general,' said his nephew once more, calmly, 'I thank you for the interest that you take in me; but *my* ambition is for the toga—the gown! *I* am for civil, while you are for military fame. In the former, perhaps, I may become the first of my house; but in the latter I must for ever remain eclipsed by *your* greater reputation.'

'You are a goose, Walter,' replied his uncle, laughing, and pinched his ear:—and Walter laughed merrily too; for by that compliment Campbell obtained his pardon.

TYROLESE WAR SONG.*

THERE'S a cloud in the sky,
There's a cloud in the glen,
But the one is of vapour
The other of men.

We have sworn by the blood
Which Napoleon hath spilt,
With the arm on the altar,
The hand on the hilt—

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* From a pretty little book, just published, by some of the junior students of the university of Glasgow, called "The Alma Mater." It is gratifying to reflect on the spirit that produced this publication, and our gratification is increased by the talent displayed in it. The prose pieces which we have read are written in a fine bold open manner, and are admirably free from the faults generally to be looked for in juvenile productions. One of the articles—"My Grandad on Style"—ridicules, with humour and vigour, the use of common-place quotations. We mention it to express our wonder that the motto to THE CASQUET escaped.—*Ed.*

We have sworn by that God,
Who can keep us, and save us,
To fight for the land
Which our forefathers gave us.

We have sworn by our love,
By that spell which hath bound us,
To fight for the maids
And the mountains around us.

We have ta'en our last look—
We have ta'en our last kiss—
But let that hour of anguish
Be paid for in this.

Down, down with the rocks
On the hell-hounds below,
And clear let the horn
Of the Tyrolese blow.

Cut away—cut away,
With the stones and the trees,
And let France long remember
The brave Tyrolese!

And woe be to him,
'Mid the thousands beneath,
Whom the Tyrolese marks
From his mountainous heath.

There's a spell in his eye,
There's a spell in his breath,
And the sound of his gun
Is the watchword of death.

Now, now is the time,
While our standard still waves,
To show there are some yet
Who will not be slaves.

THE MILLER OF CALDER.*

ONE fine evening, towards the end of harvest, as Robin Baillie, the Miller of Calder, was sitting at his cheerful fireside, a gentle knock was heard at the door. "Rise, my bairn," said the miller, "and see wha that is." Peggy, who was busy at her wheel, put it aside, and went to the door. The miller continued to pore over an old almanack, till roused by his wife, saying she wondered what had become of Peggy,—that the porridge was ready to be dished,—and the milk was not brought from the milk-house. "Is Peggy no come back?" said the miller. "I dinna like outgangings at night. If it's ony decent acquaintance, Peggy kens she's welcome to bring them in." "Hout, gudeman," said his wife, "ye maunna be sae strict. Mind ye were ance young yoursell; besides, Peggy is sae douce, we may maist leave her to her ain guidance."

Their conference was here interrupted by the appearance of the subject of it. "Wha was that at the door?" said the miller. "It was Willie Stewart," said Peggy, in a hesitating voice. "My certie," said Robin, "but he's no blate to come rapping at my door, after the ill turn he did me no sae lang ago! What did he want?" "Oh father!" said Peggy, "will ye never learn no to be sae hasty? Ye ken Willie threeps he never did such a thing, and that somebody, that wanted to make mischief between you and him, made ye believe that story. But I will shut the door, and tell ye what brought him here." So saying, Peggy fastened the door, and sat down beside her father. "Willie bids me tell ye, that the Laird of Calder has got word that ye hae smuggled whisky hid in the corn-stack, and that twa gaugers will be here soon the morn to look for it, and that, if any be found, ye'll be what they ca' Exchequered, and hae to pay a dreadfu' fine, and maybe hae the tack o' the mill ta'en frae ye." "And wha," cried the wife, "could tell such an evendown lie? Your father, Peggy, has mair sense than to do such a thing." "Whisht, gudewife," said the miller; "it's ower true." "Preserve us a'!" said Janet; "I canna believe it. Robin, it's no like you." "Indeed," said Robin, "I did it out o' nae ill; but twa puir deevils came to me the other night, just as I was locking up the mill, and asked me to let them hide four bit kegs o' whisky, as the gaugers had got scent o't; and that, if I wouldna agree to it, they would be ruined, and they had sma' families. To make a lang story short, they wrought upon me to let them put it into the corn-stack; but it was no to benefit me. Wha could tell surprises me, for Andrew was in the stable." "He was nae such thing," said Peggy. "He was nearer than ye thought, and heard

* This story has the honour of being inserted at the particular request of some friends. We have taken the liberty of abridging it. It will be found at full length in THE CABINET, a selection which has anticipated us in several choice pieces.—*Ed.*

every word; and to be revenged on you for no letting him to the last fair, he gave information to the Laird's grieve, Saunders M'Ilhose, and he to the excisemen. Now, father," continued Peggy, "William is waiting at the back of the laigh dike, to see what ye mean to do. He says he kens a cozie place to hide it in; but he advises you to get Andrew out of the way first."

Andrew, having given the miller's horse his supper, now came in for his own; and the miller having reverently asked a blessing, they all sat down to their evening meal. When they had finished, the miller drew out his large silver watch, which had descended for many generations from father to son, and said, "Andrew, I quite forgot to send poor Nelly Morrison her twa pecks o' meal, and she will be ill aff for a pickle to mak her bairos' parritch in the morning. It's no very late, and the night's fine, so ye may just step down with it." "She wasna to get her meal till Monday," said Andrew, not very well pleased at the thought of being sent out at night, to which he had a great aversion, unless it were on his own errands. "Will ye tell me," cried the miller, "that ye ken my affairs better than I do mysell? I wonder how ye would like to want your parritch in the morning? No very weel, I'm thinking." "I saw Nelly," said Andrew, "twa days since, and she told me she wadna want the meal till Monday, and I'll stand to it." "Dinna gang to argle-bargle wi' me," said the miller, in a rage. "If ye refuse to obey your master's lawfu' commands, I'll bring ye before the Justices the first court-day." "Ither folks as weel as me may be there before they reckon on't." "Do you mean to threaten me?" cried the miller, raising his voice.

Andrew, now finding that he had gone quite far enough, thought it prudent to draw in a little, and said, he did not absolutely refuse to take the meal, but that it was very hard to be sent out at night after working all day. He then threw the bag across his shoulder, and set off in a very bad humour, consigning Nelly, the meal, and the miller, to the bottom of the Clyde.

As soon as Andrew was out of sight, the miller desired Peggy to bring in William, that he might consult with him as to what was best to be done before Andrew's return,—an order which Peggy obeyed with the greatest alacrity. "Come awa, Willie," said the miller; "you hae been a true friend to me this night, and ye shall find that Robin Baillie is no the man to forget a good turn." "You are welcome, miller," said William mildly, "to ony good turn I can do ye. I will tell ye some other time how I found out what was brewing against ye; but let us work first, and get the whisky out o' the way."

The miller having assented, they each took a large sack, and having made an equal division of the kegs, they pursued their way, silently and cautiously, to the magnificent ruins of Calder Castle. As they approached it, the moon shone forth in unclouded majesty, giving to their view a scene of desolate sublimity.

William, having asked the miller, whether he would enter the ruins with him, or wait without till he had deposited the whisky, on finding he greatly preferred the last proposal, went in alone, and having concealed the kegs, returned to the miller, and they both rapidly retraced their steps.

Early next morning, the family was roused by a loud knocking at the door.—"Wha's there?" cried the miller; in reply to which question, a voice was heard demanding admittance on the authority of a warrant—"It's a strange thing," said the miller, "to hear speak o' a warrant at this door; but take time, and it shall be opened to you."—The miller and his family being now dressed, Robin set the door wide open, and civilly asked his visitors to walk in.

Two excisemen now entered, one a tall, grim-looking personage, the other a little, good-humoured, smiling body, who took upon himself the office of spokesman.—"He was sorry," he said, "to disturb Mr Baillie and his family; but having received instructions to search his premises for smuggled whisky, they were under the necessity of doing their duty."—The miller, feeling very much at his ease, accompanied them through his house, opened every door and every press; and when they were satisfied all was right within, they proceeded to the mill, the stable, and the byre; but nothing like a keg was to be seen. "Miller," said the tall man, giving a glance at his little companion, "we have seen no-

thing here but what an honest man should have; but yon'll no be angry if we look into your stack. We heard some clavers that there was more than corn there;—not," continued he, with a look of ill-concealed triumph, "that we believe the half of the stories we hear, but we must neglect nothing." "Wi' a' my heart," cried Robin. "I'll help you to tak it down." The excisemen did not understand this; but to work they went. Great was the astonishment of Andrew, when, on looking out of the stable-window, he saw the miller laughing away with the two excisemen. Greater still was his dismay, on finding the stack strictly examined, but no whisky found. The excisemen, seeing there was no hope of a seizure here, now offered to take their departure; but the miller invited them in to take their breakfast; to which proposal, on consulting their appetites, they willingly assented.

On entering the kitchen, the little man seated himself near the fire, and amused himself by watching Peggy's motions, who twirled the spurtle in the porridge-pan in a most dexterous manner. He could not resist complimenting her upon her comely face and neat figure; and we must do Peggy the justice to say, that she accepted his homage with all the *nonchalance* of a thorough-bred beauty. "Miller," said the little man, "your daughter is a blythe creature, and bonny too." "She's well enough," said Robin; "but dinna be putting nonsense in her head." "My head will carry it a' brawly. Do you think, father, I dinna ken already that I'm bonny, when every ane says I'm your very picture?" "Weel done, lassie," said her little admirer. "I see you hae aye your answer ready." "Peggy," said her mother, gravely, "dish the parritch, and bring ben the milk."

Peggy, having first covered the table with a snow-white table-cloth, began to set out the breakfast, of which a sweet-milk cheese, scones and bannocks, and excellent oatmeal porridge, formed the principal part. "We have not got into the fashion of taking tea yet," said the miller: "so ye must just do without it for a morning." Both these important personages declared, that, although they generally breakfasted on tea, the more substantial articles now before them would be a pleasant change.

The miller now desired Peggy to call in Andrew,—a summons he obeyed very rapidly, being extremely anxious to know how matters stood with their new visitors. He drew in his stool to the table, but kept a profound silence, and lifted his eyes as seldom as possible. When breakfast was finished, and the miller had returned thanks, the excisemen prepared to depart; but the miller forbid them to stir till they had tasted his whisky, which, he assured them, with a hearty laugh, was not smuggled. The miller took a bumper himself, and, after drinking to their better acquaintance, he handed the bottle to his guests, who pledged him with great good will.

The miller, understanding that they were going to the other side of the river, offered to take them across the ford in his cart, as he was going that way for coals, and it would save them going round by the bridge. His offer was most gratefully accepted, and Andrew was sent to put plenty of straw in the cart, and to harness the horse; which being done, the miller and his companions took their way to the ford.

On coming to the edge of the water, the miller jumped down, saying, his horse was not very fond of the water, and that he would lead him; and desiring the men to sit well down to the bottom of the cart, they proceeded very smoothly, till they reached the deepest part of the stream, when Robin quietly took out the pin which held down his vehicle. Up went the cart into the air—down went the excisemen into the water! The tall gentleman caught hold of the wheel of the cart;—the little one was not so fortunate: the current hurried him rapidly down; and if the miller had not seized his coat, there is no saying how this exploit might have terminated. He drew him to the bank, and laid him on the grass, to give him an opportunity of refunding the liquid he had swallowed.

Many were the exclamations of the miller at this mishap. He abused his horse for an auld, doited, stumbling brute, no worth ca'ing out o' a kail yard. The tall exciseman, who had now joined them, cut his compliments of condolence short, by roundly charging him with an intent to drown them. "Drown you!" said Robin; "I wonder what good that would do to me? There would aye be plenty o'

sic like to the fore. Drown you! Indeed, I am like to get sma' thanks for my civility."

The little man took no part in the debate; but, rising, he told his companion he was now able to walk; and after favouring the miller with some threatening glances, they departed.

Robin allowed them to be at a considerable distance before he replaced his pin; and then, giving way to his mirth, he laughed till the woods resounded. As he drove along, he met his old cronie, Jamie Barnes. "How are ye, miller? Ye look as gleg as if ye had got a prize in the lottery."—"No, no," said Robin; "I hae na been sae lucky; but I hae come frae maist drowning a bit gauger body. O man! if ye had seen him,—how he gaped, and bocked up the water,—ye would hae laughed as muckle as I hae done. I dare say he'll no be able to bide the sight o' water for a twalmonth. Somebody," continued Robin, "sent them on a gowk's errand, to look for smuggled whisky in my house; but the chiels gaed aff as wise as they cam." "I can believe that," said Jamie; "ye're no the man, Robin, to meddle wi' ony sic thing." "Good day to ye," said the miller, "for I'm gaun to the hill for coals;" and the miller having given his horse a gentle hint with his whip to make haste, they were both soon out of sight.

"I wonder," said Mrs Baillie to her daughter, "that Robin didna tell me about the whisky. He might been sure I wadna hae spoken about it."—"He maybe forgot," said Peggy. "I dinna think that is very likely," rejoined her mother. "However, we are muckle obliged to Willie Stewart; for, if the whisky had been found, it would hae raised an awfu' sough in the country side. But I'll step down to Annie Colquhoun's, and see if the yarn is ready."—"There's a dozen o' fresh eggs, mother," said Peggy; "you may leave them at Mrs Stewart's as ye pass her door."—"Do ye keep count, Peggy, how mony she gets?"—"I'll see to that," replied her daughter. "Tak care o' the doors," said Mrs Baillie; "for there are a wheen randy tinklers gaun about the country."

As soon as Mrs Baillie had left her, Peggy set to work, and made the kitchen like a new pin, washed her own handsome face, smoothed down her flaxen curls, and, as she surveyed herself in the small looking-glass which hung above her chest of drawers, she seemed to be pretty well satisfied with her appearance. These operations happily completed, she was just beginning to prepare materials for the broth, when a well-known voice asked for admittance. "Is that you, Willie?"—"Yes," was the reply; "Will you let me in?"—"You are welcome," said Peggy; "but my father's no at hame; he's awa for coals."—"Weel," said Willie, "I maun just pit up wi' you till he comes back."—"Nae doubt," said Peggy, "but that's a great hardship."—"Peggy," said Willie, "I hae heard bad news the day."—"What's that?"—"Saunders M'Ilhose, the laird's grieve, has given my mother and me notice, that we must quit our house at the term; and to leave that bonny place will break my mother's heart, to say naething o' my ain."—"Dear me," said Peggy, while a pretty blush coloured her cheek, "I am very sorry to hear this; but maybe ye'll hear o' anither house by the term, that will suit you."—"That's no likely," replied William; "for the laird intends to take down the halll raw, as he does na like to see them frae the Hall windows." "There are queer folk in this world. I wonder what ill it does his een to look at a raw o' bonny cottages, wi' gardens afore the doors? But," said she, after a pause, "if you think our wee bit cottage down at the mill-dam would suit your mother and you, I am sure my father would make you heartily welcome. Nobody has lived in it since Janet Macfarlane left it. Her laddies were very mischievous, and my father was glad to get quit of them."—"I think it would suit us finely," said William; "there's no a place in the country I would like half sae weel."—"Leave the management o' the business to me, then," said Peggy; "and as you seem to be idle, there's a knife, you may divert yoursell mincing the carrots and turnips, till I bring in some greens."

Peggy had been gone but a few minutes, when she came running back, saying,—"That glowring body, Saunders M'Ilhose, is coming up the road. I wonder what brings him here? But he will be a clever man if he gets his nose in here the day." So saying, she bolted the door, and closed the window-shutters—"Now,

William," said she, "dinna speak a word for your life."—"Do you recollect," said William, "that there is a back-door as well as a front?"—"That's weel minded. Run, Willie, and turn the key;" which being done, the lovers sat down, and awaited in silence the attack.

In a few minutes Saunders gave a loud knock. He waited a little while, and then knocked louder. "Rap away," said Peggy softly. "Mrs Baillie," cried Saunders in a loud key, "are you in?" Still no reply. He then tried the back-door, but was just as unsuccessful. Saunders thought this very odd, as he was sure that he had seen a female figure in the garden, at the back of the house as he came up. On returning to the front, Saunders observed the mill door open, and he proceeded to see who was there. He found only Andrew, who appeared to be extremely busy. "What's come o' a' the family?" said Saunders. "I hae been rapping at the door this half hour, and nobody has answered."—"I ken naething about them," replied Andrew; "I have enough to do here, without putting off my time glowring after them." "There's nae need, man," cried Saunders, "to be sae short. I asked but a civil question. Heard ye if the excisemen were here this morning?"—"Yes, they were here," said Andrew, in a sulky tone. "And did they get the whisky?"—"Deil a drap, but wha took it away is a wonder to me; for I can gie my aith it was in the stack twa days ago."—"I hope, friend," said Saunders, in a cajoling tone, "ye'll no tell the miller that I had ony hand in gieing information to the Laird? I wadna like to get his ill will."—"As little wud I," said Andrew. "Did you ever see him in a real passion?"—"No," replied Saunders. "A rampaging bear is naething to him."

The sound of Robin's cart now broke off the conference, and Saunders went out to meet the miller. "Preserve us a'!" cried Peggy, "if there's no my father, and Saunders wi' him! I must open the door now." Before doing so, however, she let William out at the back-door, and then putting on her bonnet, as if she had just come in, she opened the door to her father. "What for is the door bolted at this time o' day?" said the miller.—"My mother bid me; she said there were sae mony idle folk going about."—(Here Peggy cast a glum look at Saunders.)—"I fancy," said Saunders, "ye were out, for I rappit a lang while, baith at the fore and the back-door."—To this observation Peggy did not deign the least reply; but, deliberately taking off her bonnet, she laid it aside, and began to prepare the dinner. "Is the broth ready?" said Robin. "No," answered Peggy; "it's hardly time yet."—"Sit down, Saunders, at the fireside," said the miller; "ye maun stay and tak your kail wi' us. When I hae put the horse in the stable, I will come back to you."

Peggy, pretending to be busy in the spence, left Saunders to his own meditations. To provoke him, she struck up the old song of "The carle he came o'er the craft;" and he observed, with no very pleasant feelings, that she laid a particular emphasis on the words, "Hout awa, I winna hae him." This would have daunted most lovers; but Saunders, having great faith in the effects of patience and perseverance, still continued his suit, for Peggy was worth the winning. She was the bonniest lassie in the parish,—lively, active, and good-humoured,—an excellent housewife, excelled by none in the management of the dairy;—and, to sum up all, she was the miller's only child, and would have a good tocher. Possessed of so many attractions, it will easily be believed that pretty Peggy had many lovers. Saunders, seeing that Peggy was inclined to favour William Stewart, had contrived to set him and the miller at variance; and, after having accomplished this point, he spoke to the miller of his great love for Peggy,—promised to ask no tocher down, and to keep her two servants, that she might sit like a lady, and never wet her finger; and he would dress her as fine as any woman in the parish. To all these proffers of preferment Peggy turned a deaf ear. She balanced for a moment,—a cotton gown with William Stewart, or a silk one with Saunders M'Ilhose. On these occasions, Saunders, in spite of his superior weight, invariably kicked the beam.

As the Laird of Calder-Hall was rather a fractious personage, and as Saunders had a good deal of influence with him, Robin thought it as well to be on good terms with the grieve, and he had positively enjoined Peggy to be civil to him; and Peggy, not wishing to irritate her

father, had avoided every thing like open war; but, woman-like, she contrived to give him much uneasiness, whilst she was apparently treating him with the respect due to so great a personage.

The miller, having returned to the kitchen, now called on Peggy to come and give them their dinner; and, just as all was ready, Mrs Baillie entered. "How are ye, Mr M'Ilhose?" said she. "There has been a fine day for getting in the corn."—"No that ill, no that ill, Mrs Baillie; but you've been out; it's no often that you tak the road."—"I hae ower muckle to do at hame. Our servant Annie has gane to see her friends, and we didna think it worth while to get ony body in her place for a' the time."—Peggy having summoned Andrew, they all drew their seats to the table, Peggy taking care to keep on the opposite side from Saunders.

"Have ye heard," said the miller, addressing Saunders, "o' the folk that were here this morning?" Saunders adroitly evaded a direct reply, by asking who they were. "Nae less than twa excisemen, wi' a warrant frae your maister."—"Preserve me!" said Saunders, "I never heard the like o' that."—"Puir bodies," said Robin, with a grin of delight, "they got nae whisky, but they got plenty o' water. I gied them a cast across the ford, and some way the cart gaed agee, and they baith fell into the water; twa puir drookit-like bodies they were when they came out. It's a wonder to me," continued the miller, "that the Laird maks a fool o' himsell, believing a' the clashes that gowks carry through the country. I am sure, Saunders, if ye had kent o't, ye could hae telt him that Robin Baillie's no the man that would cheat the King, honest man, o' a brass farthing."

"The Laird does na aye consult me," replied Saunders. "I'll lay my lugs," said Robin, "that before a week gang ower, I'll find out wha this tale-pyet is."

Andrew, finding his seat rather uneasy, hastily finished his dinner; and, before going out, he told Robin he wanted to go down to the village in the evening to see a friend. "Ye may gang," said Robin; "but see that ye come hame in timeous hours; for, if ye dinna, ye'll no get into my house;—mind I have warned you."

The miller, having desired his wife to set down the whisky-bottle, and leave them to their own cracks, Peggy put on her bonnet, and, telling her mother she was going out, and would bring home the cows, she took the key of the house at the mill-dam, and went down to examine it. There was but little accommodation—two small rooms, and a kitchen; but it was in good repair, and she knew that William would spare no trouble to render it comfortable for his mother.

Having satisfied herself as to the house, she next proceeded to the little garden. All here was desolate and forlorn; the paling was broken down, and the few flowers that were left, were choked up with weeds. A few sticks, thought Peggy, will mend the paling, and I'll make Saunders ask the gardener at the Hall to give me some cuttings of white and red roses; and the little plot must be edged with daisies. Both Mrs Stewart and William are fond of flowers. As she ascended the slope, Peggy looked back upon the cottage, and was perfectly satisfied that it was well suited to the friends she hoped soon to see established there.

On her return to the house, she found Saunders about to take his departure. "Mr M'Ilhose," said she, in a soft tone, as she stood at the door, "I have a small favour to ask of you." Saunders, quite enchanted at this unexpected change in her manner, answered quickly, "Say what it is, my jo; and if it is in the compass of my power, you shall have it."—"I would be much obliged to you," replied Peggy, "if you would ask the gardener at the Hall for some white and red rose bushes."—"That I will," said Saunders, delighted at being able to oblige Peggy, particularly as it was to cost him nothing. "Is there any thing else you have a notion of? Would you like some slips of apple-ringy, or tansy, or thyme, or gardener's garters, or bachelor's buttons?"—"Thank you," said Peggy; "any thing the gardener can spare:" and on saying this, she gave Saunders a most winning smile, and wished him good night. Saunders now walked off in high spirits, little dreaming that the flowers he was so anxious to procure, were intended by Peggy to ornament the garden of his detested rival.

From the combined effects of whisky and a good fire, Robin had fallen fast asleep. His wife mended his stockings,

and Peggy sat down to her wheel. By and bye, Mrs Baillie said, "Peggy, have you put on the potatoes?"—"No, mother," replied she; "only white and red roses."—"What's that ye are saying, lassie, about roses? I was asking if ye had put on the potatoes." "No," said Peggy, "but I will do it in a moment."

Peggy put the potatoes into the pan, filled it with water, and was carrying it hastily towards the fire, when, coming in contact with the miller's foot, down went the pan, with all its contents, upon Robin's legs. "The deil's in the lassie," said the miller, wakened suddenly out of a sound sleep, (under which provocation, we have seen more placid men than the miller was, lose their temper;)—"can ye no tak better care? It's a mercy," continued he, "that the water was cauld, instead of warm, or I wudnae hae been able to walk this month."—"I ken," said Peggy, "you would rather hae the cauld water on your legs than in your stamach."

The miller was diverted with this remark; but he checked a smile, and said, "My certies, but ye speak up to your father crousely! It's a pity," said Robin, with a sigh, "that ye werena a laddie! What's to come o' the tack o' the mill?"—"A son-in-law is next best," replied his daughter. "Nae doubt," said Robin; "but ye ken, Peggy, ye hae been very dour to Saunders, and look like the farend o' a fiddle at him"—"Is there no anither man in the world but Saunders? I wudna tak him if he were the Laird o' Calder-Hall, far less the grieve."—"But, Peggy, ye ken Saunders has a great regard for me."—"He gied a bonny proof o' that last night, when he informed upon you to the Laird." "I dinna believe a word o' that. He telt me, no half an hour ago, that he would do a' he could to mak his maister gie me a lease o' the Moss Flat farm."—"Aweel, father, you'll maybe find out some day wha are your friends, and wha no; but nane o' us should forget what Willie Stewart did for us last night. If it hadna been for him, whare would ye hae been by this time? No sitting sae blithely at your ain fireside, I'm thinking. Poor Mrs Stewart! my heart's wae for her."—"What's the matter wi' her?" cried the miller. "Matter!" said Peggy; "hae ye no heard that she and Willie are to be turned out o' their house at the term? And Willie says, he thinks it will break his mother's heart to be obliged to leave this part o' the country."—"Maybe," said Janet, "anither house may cast up by that time."—"There is sma' prospect o' that," replied Peggy; "the Laird seems to like better to pu' houses down than to big them up."—"We maun see," said Robin, "what's to be done in this business. Andrew Thomson is leaving his house."—"That will never do for them, for the rent is far ower high. Maybe," said Peggy, as if the thought had that moment struck her,—"maybe our ain bit cottage doun at the mill-dam would do for them. They would be quiet neebours, and you would be sure o' your rent. Besides," continued she, seeing her father hesitate, "ye ken ae good turn deserves anither."—"That's true, so I hae nae objections to their getting the house; but mind, Peggy, I'll mak it a bargain, that they are neither to keep ducks nor hens to be coming scarting up my seeds, and fleeing into the mill. I'm thinking, Peggy, ye hae ower mony o' thae gentry yoursell; ye maun either sell some o' them, or thraw their necks." "Ony thing to please you," said Peggy, delighted in having carried her point. "I promise you a fine dish o' cocky-leekie to your dinner on Sunday."—"I think," said Janet, "less might sair. I dare say ye would get eighteenpence for the cock"—"Hout, mother, what's eighteenpence, in comparison of pleasuring my father?"—"Ye hae an unco tongue, lassie," said her mother. "Ye can maist persuade folk that black's white."—"I hope," replied Peggy, "that you are persuaded that naebody likes you half sae weel as I do. But I see the potatoes are ready." So saying, she dished them neatly, and then ran out for the milk. "I think, Janet," said Robin, "that that lassie's cast glamour in our een."

After their supper was finished, the miller took down the large Bible, and read a chapter; after which, they all joined in the hundredth Psalm, and the goodman ended with a short prayer.

"What ails ye, Robin?" said Janet, next day; "ye look fashed like."—"Andrew and I," said Robin, "hae had some words, and he's gane aff the

night, and I'm vexed at it, as I'm sae thrang, the folk crying for new meal before I can get it ready. I maun gang down to some o' the neebours, and see if they ken o' ony body that will do till the term, for I canna do without some ane—the thing's impossible." Peggy, seeing her father ready to stumble over her plants, hastily snatched them up, and carried them into a corner of the byre. "Cry me in," said Robin, "when the dinner's ready."

"It's an unco pity," said Janet, "that Andrew's gane awa', and Robin sae thrang."—"Hout," said Peggy, "men are no sae scarce; nae fear but he will get somebody or other. Mother, I am going down to Mary Murdoch's for some thread. I'll no stay lang." Her mother answered, that there was plenty of thread in her upper drawer; but Peggy took care not to hear her. "That's a new road to Mary Murdoch's," thought Janet, as she saw Peggy, with a light and rapid step, proceed in a contrary direction. "Is William in?" said Peggy, to the little girl who opened the door of Mrs Stewart's cottage. "No," answered Annie: "he got a letter last night, and he was aff this morning to Carnside before day-light; but will ye no gang ben? Mrs Stewart will be blithe to see ye."—"I have na time to stop just now; but take in these eggs to Mrs Stewart, and say I'll call some day soon."

Peggy now hastily retraced her steps homewards, wondering who this letter could be from; and so deeply was she absorbed in these meditations, that the subject of them was close to her before she observed him. "Where are you going in such a hurry, Peggy?" said Willie. "Were you really going to pass me without speaking?"—"Who expected to see you?" said Peggy. "I was up at the house, wanting to see you, and Annie said you were away to Carnside."—"Well, but, now we are met, tell me your errand."—"It was naething worth speaking about;" for it now struck Peggy that William might not like to take Andrew's place. "Well," said William, "though you have nothing to say to me, I have something to say to you; so let us turn down the burn here." Peggy permitted herself to be led into the sheltered walk which bordered the little stream, but all the while protesting that she could not stay, as her father was fashed about Andrew's going away. "Never let your honest father vex himself about that, as long as I have strength and health. Tell him I will be at the mill by day-light. Much would I do for Robin Baillie, as an honest man and a good neighbour; but far more for him as the father of my Peggy, now my bonny bride, but soon, I hope, my wedded wife." "Preserve us! Willie," said Peggy, disengaging herself from the arms of her lover, "are you daft a'thegither? You must not think, far less speak, of such a thing."—"Did you no promise me, Peggy, that you would marry me as soon as I could stock a farm, and give you a comfortable home?"—"That I did, Willie. Ye ken weel that I would rather wait for you, than marry the richest earl in the parish."

Her lover gazed upon her for a few moments with sparkling eyes, and then proceeded to inform her, that he had, the night before, received a letter from a writer in Carnside, telling him that he had recovered for him the sum of L.700, which had been a debt due to his father, but which all his family had long ceased to hope would ever be paid. But paid it was; and it is difficult to say which of the youthful lovers rejoiced most in the unexpected circumstance.

"That lassie's daft," said Janet. "I canna think what's come ower her. She said she would be no time, and the dinner's done. The broth's as cauld as lead, and her father's away to the mill again. What, in a' the world, has come ower ye, Peggy?" said her mother, in a displeased tone. "Does Mary Murdoch's shop lie up the burn? I dinna like this kind o' hiddling wark."—"Oh! mother," said Peggy, "dinna be angry. I just gaed up to Mrs Stewart's to see Willie, and he is to come and help my father till he gets somebody else in Andrew's place."—"Weel, my bairn, could ye no hae said sae? But I'm no angry," added she, as she saw Peggy's eyes fill with tears. "Sit down, and take your dinner wise-like."—"I'm no hungry," faltered Peggy. "Nonsense! sit down, and eat something. I hae put on the broth, and they will be warm in a moment."

To please her mother, Peggy tried to eat, but she made little progress in her

occupation. After forcing down a few mouthfuls, she began to put the kitchen in order. Willie Stewart came up in the evening to offer his services in the mill, which put Robin into such glee, that he desired Janet to put down the whisky-bottle.

"I hae some nice new-kirned milk," said Janet; "it's far mair wholesome, and no sae heating in this warm weather."—"Take away your watery trash," said the indignant miller. "Kirned milk may do very weel for women and bairns, but men that work frae daylight till e'en, need something stronger to keep up their hearts."

Janet found it would be as well to comply with a good grace; so, setting the bottle on the table, she retired to count some yarn she had just got from Annie Colquhonn,—a precaution extremely necessary to be observed, as it is no uncommon circumstance for the reels of country wives to check too soon. Finding her mother deeply engaged in hanks, heers, and spindles, Peggy also retired, leaving William to open the important business, which he did in the following words.

"I have no doubt, Mr Baillie, but ye must have observed that Peggy and I have long had a great regard for one another; but I could not think of speaking to you till I had some prospect of maintaining a wife. I have just heard that I am seven hundred pounds richer the day than I was yesterday. I have recovered a debt that was owing to my father; I can now give your daughter a proper home; and I hope ye will let her share my lot—I wish it was ten times better for her sake. I think of taking a farm; and ye ken it's no in nature for a farmer to do without a wife."—"Aweel," said Robin, "I fancy I maunna say no, or I would get baith Peggy and you on my tap. I hae nae doubt, Willie, but you'll be kind to my bairn, for there's no a better in a' the parish; but I've just this to say,—I maun see you secured in a farm, wise-like, before Peggy and you come thegither. Hae ye ony farm in view?" William mentioned one of Mr Berriedale's. "Weel," said Robin, "as I am mair up to the ways of the world than you are, leave the making o' the bargain to me." William gratefully accepted the miller's offer. Robin then filled his glass to the brim, and drank to the health of William and Peggy. "O man!" said he to William, "I think my heart and my een are as ready to rin ower as this glass; but see that ye make a good husband to her, Willie; for, though she has a daffing way with her, she could never bide a hard word a' her days." It will easily be believed that William made abundance of fine promises to the miller, and, what is perhaps a little singular, he actually intended to fulfil them.

As soon as William could get away from Robin, he hastened into the West Park, where he found Peggy driving home the cows to be milked. "My dearest Peggy," cried William, "I am the happiest man in the world. Your father has given his consent to our marriage, as soon as I am settled in a farm. I am anxious to remain in this part of the country, among our own folk; so your father is to see and get me a lease of Cross Hill farm. There is a very poor house upon it, but Mr Berriedale has agreed to build a new one when he lets the farm. But, Peggy, if it should be long of being ready, your father will surely no put off our marriage for that? I am sure there is plenty of room in your own house: we might stay there for a while."—"That's just the gate of you men," answered Peggy;—"give you an inch, and you'll take an ell; but never think, Willie, that I will consent to any such thing. One man is enough in a house, and whiles ower muckle. A bonny kippage I would be in, if my father and you had ony cast-out! Ye ken, Willie, I would hae to take part with you; for right or wrong, a woman must aye side with her gudeman."—"I hope, Peggy," said William, "you do not think I have a quarrelsome temper?"—"I have seen waur," said Peggy, gaily; "but let us take time, and look about us. I dinna care how wee our house is; but I would aye like a place I could ca' my ain; for, though we are a' very couthy the now, naebody can tell how long it will last. But dinna think, dear Willie," said she, observing his disappointed look,—"dinna think I want to draw back of my word, for 'there's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.'"—"You must," said William, "have every thing your own way now; but mind, Peggy,

my time's coming."—"I ken that brawly," said his fair companion; "but there's nae need to brag o't."

Their conversation was here interrupted by Janet, who had come to the head of the brae, and now demanded why the cows were not brought home. Hawky had given many audible hints that it was past milking-time; but the lovers were too much occupied with their own concerns to pay the least attention to her. Her loud lowing had at last reached the careful ears of Mrs Baillie, who, almost as fond of her cow as of her daughter, was not pleased at finding her neglected in this manner. Mrs Baillie's summons quickened Peggy's steps homewards, and Willie also walked off to his mother's cottage, half a convert to Peggy's opinion, that it would be better to have a house of their own.

"What taigled ye sae lang, Peggy?" asked her mother. "Did ye no hear Hawky making a routing enough to deave a body? I wonder ye could stand and hear her."—"I wonder at that too," answered Peggy; "but she is a camstary brute, and maun hae her ain gate."—"Dinna gang to abuse Hawky," said Janet; "there's no such another cow in the parish."—"For routing," answered the incorrigible Peggy. "No, for butter," said her mother; "but ye dinna think sae muckle o' her as ye should do."—"Aweel, mother, ye make up for it; I think ye like Hawky better than me."—"Gude preserve us, lassie! what's that ye are saying? Do ye think I would prefer a dumb brute to my ain bairn? Na, na, that's no to be thought o'; but bring the milking pail, for ye ken a cow should aye be milked at the same hour."

William Stewart, having gained the miller's consent to his marriage with Peggy, hastened to communicate to his mother the joyful intelligence. Mrs Stewart was calmly knitting a stocking, when, accidentally looking up, she saw Willie hastening rapidly to the house. She was at first alarmed; but one glance at his face, beaming with joy, quieted her fears.—"Come away, my dear bairn, it makes me young again to see you so blithe. Have you got a prize?"—"Yes, dear mother, a prize for life. I am sure you will rejoice in my happiness. What will ye say when I tell you I am thinking of marrying?"—"I will say it is a wise step, if you have made a proper choice."—"Do not doubt that," said William; "there will not be a better wife in Scotland; and for temper, mother, I never saw her equal, and she is so clever and active."—"And so pretty?" said his mother, smiling. "Peggy Baillie, my dear William, makes an excellent daughter, and there can be no better security that she will make a good wife." "How did you find out, dear mother, that it was Peggy that I meant?"—"Oh, my dear son, what feeling of your heart can escape a mother's anxious eye? Who have I to think of, to watch over, to guide, but you, my dear William?—my support, my best earthly comfort. But take my blessing, my son, and I pray that your filial kindness to me may be repaid, even in earthly happiness, tenfold."

William now spent most part of his time at the mill. He assisted Robin very materially in his labours for the good of the public; in short he was his right-hand man, and a great favourite; and there never had been a hasty word between them, except once, when William was flirting a little with Peggy, while Robin was in a great hurry to get some meal sent off, and which he could not manage by himself. "Come awa, come awa, Willie," said Robin in a hasty tone; "there's a time for a' thing, and there's to be nae daffing when there's such a thrang."—"Peggy is right again," thought William; "we maun hae a hame o' our ain."

One evening, Robin could not help remarking Peggy's unusual gravity. "Nae wonder," said Janet; "I'm wae to see her."—"What's the matter?" cried Robin hastily. "Willie hasna been ower discreet to her."—"What's that I hear?" replied the miller, in great wrath, and reaching down his blue bonnet. "No discreet to my bairn?" Peggy, who was in the garden, hearing her father speaking in an angry tone, came running in, and seeing him preparing to go out, asked him where he was going; to which the miller gave no answer. "Mother," said Peggy, "will ye no tell me where my father's going?"—"He is going to Willie," said Janet, "to ken the meaning o' his behaviour."—"Stand out my road, and let me past, my bairn."

Robin spoke with tenderness, on observing the tears flowing fast from Peggy's eyes, who had placed herself between her father and the door. "Ye maunna gang, dear father," said she, taking hold of his hand. "I'm in the faut, and Willie's no to blame. I was very saucy to him, and nae wonder he was angry. So sit down," said she, trying to smile through her tears; and, taking off her father's bonnet, she hung it on its accustomed pin. "Ye are an unco lassie," said the miller; "ye mak us a' do just what ye like; but are ye sure that ye were in the faut?"—"Quite sure," replied Peggy. "Now Peggy," said Janet, "ye ken that——" ——"Hout, mother, what's the use o' coming ower auld clatters the now? Do you hear Hawky routing to be milked, poor beast?" The necessity of milking Hawky put an end to the conversation, to the great relief of Peggy

Next morning, the miller went about his usual occupations, and Peggy was sent by her mother down to the village. William's anger having almost evaporated, he determined to go to the mill, and see in what kind of humour his fair Peggy now was. Mrs Baillie only was in. "Gude day to ye, Maister William," said she in a dry tone. "Ye hae been a great stranger at the mill."—"Indeed, Mrs Baillie," replied he, "I have been much to blame; and I cannot rest till I have made it up with Peggy."—"Aweel," said Janet, "it's better that you and her should red this quarrel, than that Robin should meddle with it; for, as he heard ye had no been civil to Peggy, he was on his road down to ye last night; but the silly lassie held him by the coat, and wouldna let him, and telt him that she had provoked ye, and that ye had gude reason to be angry wi' her; and she took a' the wyte on hersell."—"Did she indeed?" cried William. "Troth did she," replied Janet; "and maybe it was as weel; for if Robin had gane down in ane o' his camstary fits, there's nae saying what might hae happened."—"Weel, Mrs Baillie, I can only say, I wish my tongue had been cut out before I vexed her."—"Vexed her!" replied Janet; "there's little doubt that she was vexed. She hasna eat as muckle these three days as would hae served a sparrow. She has nae heart even to lift the kirn-staff. I sent her down to Mary Murdoch's for a penny-worth o' needles, just to divert her."

On receiving this intelligence, William immediately took leave of Mrs Baillie, and stationed himself at a part of the road which he knew Peggy must pass in her way home. He waited till, his patience being almost exhausted, he thought of going down to the village to meet her, when a sudden scream startled him. He looked round, and saw his beloved Peggy flying across a field, pursued by an enraged bull. William leapt over the wall, and in another moment he was at her side. He then, tearing a branch from a tree, kept the animal at bay till Peggy had scrambled over the wall; and as soon as he saw her in safety he vaulted over also. She then said, "Dear William, are you hurt?"—"Not in the least; but why did you go through the park, in place of coming by the road?"—"Just because I saw you there."—"I did not think that I was sae fearsome."—"I hae seen ugller men," said Peggy, with one of her heartsome smiles.

We cannot afford room for any more of their tender speeches, but shall merely mention, that they parted at the foot of the brae, more in love than ever.

"I kent," said Janet, "that ye would be the better o' the caller air. Your cheeks are like twa roses; but where's the needles?" Peggy was confounded at the demand, and paused to consider where she could have lost them. "Indeed, mother, I am thinking that I drappit them in the East Park."—"And what took ye there? Did ye want that rampaging brute to kill ye?"—"I thought," said Peggy, "that he wouldna notice me, for he was feeding at the other end of the park; but if it hadna been for Willie Stewart, I dare say he would hae sticket me."—"Never, said Janet, "gang in there again. Mind I forbid ye. And to think o' a' the gude needles wasted, and there's no one in the house that will let in worsted—and sae mony o' your father's stockings needing mending!" Peggy rummaged her repositories, and happily succeeded in finding a needle of the proper dimensions.

"Dear me!" cried Janet, some days afterwards, "What's making Willie Stewart flee up the brae that gate? I think

he'll break his neck." Peggy ran out to meet him. In a moment he was at her side, and taking her in his arms, he gave her a hearty kiss.

"If ever I saw the match o' that impudence!" said Peggy angrily. "Gie me joy, Peggy," said William. "Gie ye joy! It would set me better to gie ye a gude threshing."—"If ye scold me again, Peggy, I'll hae anither. Do ye no ken, woman, that ye're speaking to the new grieve o' Calder Hall?"—"It's no possible!" said Peggy. "It's true," said William, "and I ran here directly to claim my bride."—"Here, then, dear William, take my hand—ye ken weel ye hae lang had my heart."

After a little farther parley, the happy lovers returned to the house.

"I am come, Mrs Baillie," said William, "to claim Peggy and Hawky's calf."—"Ye had better take the calf, Willie," said Peggy, laughing; "for ye ken, if ye should ever be angry, it canna speak back like some folk."—"Baith's best," said William, gaily, and then proceeded to narrate to Mrs Baillie, that the laird of Calder Hall had appointed him grieve, in the room of Saunders M'Ilhose, who had been detected in several peculations.

"My word, but ye are a lucky lad! I think, Peggy, ye will be weel lodged." William, after making them promise that they would come down in the evening to his mother's, now departed to gladden her maternal heart with this delightful news.

As soon as Robin returned from the village, Mrs Baillie made him acquainted with William's good fortune, and his haste to claim Peggy. "We shall miss her sair," replied honest Robin, for she's a bit gude lassie; but I maun see and gie them something out o' my pock neuk to begin wi'."—"Dinna gie them ower muckle at first," cried Janet. "Young creatures like them are unco thoughtless."—"Wha would I gie to, if I didna gie to my ain bairn? Willie's no greedy; but that's nae reason why I shouldna gie her some tocher. Come ben, my bairn," cried the miller, "and take my blessing."

Peggy, with tears in her eyes, threw her arms round the neck of her worthy father, who tried to pass off the tear on his cheek for one of Peggy's pearly drops.

They proceeded, in the evening, to Mrs Stewart's, where they met a most hearty welcome. "Aweel, Mrs Stewart," said Robin, "our bairns are wishing to leave us, and get a house o' their ain. I maun gie them something wise-like to begin wi'."—"I dare say, Mr Baillie," said Mrs Stewart, "there will be naethiog wanting on your part to make them comfortable."—"I hope sae," replied Robin; "and we maun gie them a grand wedding."—"I dinna want ony sough about it," rejoined Peggy. "Hout, lassie," said Robin, "do ye think that I will let ye be married in ony hiddling way, as if ye were some sma' cottar's dochter? It happens but ance in a life, and I maun hae my ain way; so say nae mair about it. The Baillies had aye grand hobbleshows at their weddings, and I like to keep up gude auld fashions." "Indeed," said Janet, in a low voice, to Mrs Stewart, "I am something o' Peggy's mind, to put it ower in a quiet, orderly manner; for such a heap o' folk as Robin is speaking o' asking will raise an unco rippet, besides making a great waste o' meat and drink." Mrs Stewart evaded giving any opinion on this debated point, by asking Mr Baillie to take another cup of tea.

The whole country side rang with the preparations which were making at the mill for Peggy's marriage. Robin had ordered half a cow to be salted, and had sent in a boll of his best meal to be baked into cakes. All this waste gave great annoyance to poor Mrs Baillie, who thought she was doing no more than her duty, when she subtracted a few pecks from the appointed quantity.

"I am sure," said Janet to Peggy, "I wish that you and Willie had put ower your wedding soberly and quietly, without a' this stramash. Robin's clean gane aff at the nail about it."—"I am as vexed as ye can be about it, mother; but ye ken I canna help it. My father would hae it sae."—"I'm no blaming you, my bairn; but I wish it was weel ower, and that nane o' the daft callants may get broken banes riding the broose. That glaiket gomeril, Jamie Cargill, wants Robin to lend him the grey mare; and Robin thinks he canna weel refuse him. I wouldna wonder if the beast got some mischance."—"Dear mother," said

Peggy, her patience quite exhausted by her continued moans, "what for will ye gie yoursell sae muckle vexation! Just leave it a' to me, and sit down and rest yoursell; and as ye dinna like to be idle, ye may pook the feathers out o' that hen." "Hech, Sirs!" said Janet, "to think how many eggs this puir burdie has laid! But your father will be pleased now, for there's no a hen left about the house but auld Daidly, and she has gi'en ower laying. Wiser-like to hae drawn her neck." —"And choked the folk!" said Peggy. "Nae fear o' them. I'll answer for them, their throats are no sae strait."

William's arrival was a happy relief to Peggy. She gave him a hint to divert her mother, and he good-naturedly drew in his chair beside her, and began to speak on her favourite topics of butter and cheese, and what profit a good milk cow should yield, &c. &c.; so that Janet, pleased with his sensible discourse, gradually recovered her good humour.

The day before Peggy's marriage, Mr and Mrs Caldwell arrived at the mill in a neat plain gig, or, as Janet denominated it, a whisky. Mr Caldwell was the son of a neighbour of Robin Baillie, and had lived long near the mill. He married Jeanie Johnston, a cousin of Mrs Baillie, who accompanied her husband to Nottingham, where he became a stocking-weaver; and, being an industrious, frugal man, he had gradually amassed a moderate fortune. He had lately come to a neighbouring town on business, where, hearing of the rising importance of the Baillies, and of Peggy's intended marriage, they proffered a visit to Robin, which was kindly accepted. "Come awa, Jeanie," said Mrs Baillie, as she went out to welcome her cousin; "'pon my troth, but ye are fat and fair; and Thomas, too, is no ill to mean."—"Just the auld thing, Mrs Baillie," replied Thomas. "I have not forgot the jinking we used to have about the mill; and your father, Mr Baillie, was whiles very angry at our leaving the door open." "Nothing," said Mrs Caldwell, with an air of dignity, "can make Thomas forget his early days. I do not mind it amongst his old friends, but our English acquaintances are real genteel, and Thomas and I like their ways, and have come into all their fashions." Honest Robin, not approving of the air with which this was spoken, answered bluntly. "Aweel, I ken every country has its ain fashions, and Thomas and you may be very genteel, for ony thing I ken to the contrary; but I think, like my namesake, Robin Burns, that it's better to be at the head o' the commonality, than at the tail o' the gentry."

This rebuff silenced Mrs Caldwell before Robin; but she determined to have ample amends when she got Mrs Baillie and Peggy to herself. After dinner the female part of the company adjourned to Mrs Caldwell's room, whence Peggy was called out to speak with an errand-boy. "What do ye want wi' me, my wee man?" said Peggy, kindly. "There's something for ye frae Mrs Elphinstone of Calder Hall. She was gaun to send up Menie, but I asked her to let me bring it, and I promised to gie it into your ain hand."—"But stop a minute, Donald, and tak a bit dinner."—"I haena time the now," said Donald. "I maun be thrang the night, for ye ken I'm to be ower here the morn to dance at your wedding; and John the coachman is to gie me the lend o' the wee black poney; and wha kens but I may win the broose?" —"Daft callant," said Peggy, as she returned to the room, where her mother and Mrs Caldwell were in close conversation.

"Upon my word," said the wife of the stocking-weaver, "you would be surprised to see how well the English live. They must have every thing cooked to a nicety. They would no more eat lamb without mint, or a goose without apple-sauce, than I would eat salt-beef without mustard."—"I dinna ken how ye do, Jeanie," said Mrs Baillie, "but I couldna be fashed wi' sic fikery."

"Look, mother," said Peggy, interrupting this discussion, "only see what Mrs Elphinstone has sent me in a present!"—"I declare," said Janet, "if ever I saw the like o' that! A dozen o' bonny real silver spoons."

She exhibited them to Mrs Caldwell, and said, "Ye see, Jeanie, how muckle we are respeckit at the Ha'. Tak care, Peggy, that ye pit them by in a safe place."—"I am sure," answered her daughter, "I was na looking for ony present frae Mrs Elphinstone, she has been sae kind to me already."

Mr Caldwell now quickly opened a small trunk, from which he took out half

a dozen pairs of fine cotton stockings, and, presenting them to Peggy, wished her health to wear them. Janet thought them much too fine ever to be worn, and charged Peggy to lock them up beside the spoons.

As they were all to be up early next morning, the miller proposed that they should now retire to their apartments. After Mr and Mrs Caldwell had left them, the miller drew Peggy to him, and having kissed her, prayed for a blessing on her. "Now that it's come to the bit," said Robin, "I am even mair loath to part wi' ye than I thought I would hae been." Peggy wiped away her tears, and tried to smile. "Hout, father," said she, "think how often Willie and I will be up to see ye. We mean to come maist every night and crack wi' ye."—"Aweel, gude night, my dear bairn, and gang away to your bed, for your mother is wearied, and so am I. Is a' thing ready, Janet?" asked Robin. "Are ye sure ye hae plenty o' meat and drink for the morn?"—"Ay, and ower muckle too. We'll hae mair canld meat in the house than we will be able to eat in a month."—"Weel, Janet, dinna distress yoursell; we'll aye get plenty o' puir bodies that will be glad to help us: but where are ye gaun?"—"I forgot to wale out a skim-milk cheese. I hae put sweet milk cheese on the principal table, but skim-milk is gude enough for the like o' Tibby and thae kind o' folk."—"I'll hae nae distinction o' persons," said Robin angrily. "Keep the skim-milk cheese for ordinary times. It shall ne'er be said that there was skim-milk cheese at Peggy Baillie's wedding. What makes ye sae grudging, woman? Ane wad think we had as mony dochters as there's days in the year."—"Weel, Robin," said his helpmate calmly, "ye needna put yoursell into ony carfuffle about the matter; ye shall hae it a' your ain gate." Contented with this assurance, Robin went to bed, and slept soundly.

Robin rose early, and proceeded to the barn to see that it was in readiness for the reception of his guests. Long boards, resting on blocks of wood, and covered with Mrs Baillie's best table-cloths, were placed in the barn. All connected with the feast was in a state of forwardness. The very water in the boiler was popping up at a great rate, impatient, no doubt, for the arrival of the beef which it was to have the pleasure of boiling. In short, much activity was manifested in every department; and even the great Mrs Caldwell laid her dignity and her new pelisse aside, and tendered her assistance. She wished to be allowed to make a few custards, whipped cream, &c. but Janet would by no means permit her. "I am sure," said Mrs Caldwell, "it need not be for want of cream, for I saw your gudeman throwing the whole milk out of the boines, that he might fill them with whisky punch."—"The haill morning's milk," said Janet, with an accent of despair. "Did ever ony mortal hear the like o' that? Could he no hae had the sense to put it into the kirn?"

William Stewart, accompanied by a number of his friends, now came up to the mill. He rode a stout, well proportioned horse, and led by the bridle a pretty little brown pony, gaily caparisoned, which was his gift to Peggy. "It's a bonny creature," said Janet, stroking down his long mane. "And a bonny creature it has to carry," said wee Donald. "Hech, laddie," said Robin, "but ye are clever wi' your tongue. I hear you mean to win the broose."—"If I can," replied Donald; "but, for ony sake, keep my mother out o' the road, for if she were to hear o' my riding, I would get nae peace night nor day."

The whole party now set forward to the minister's. Like a snowball, the cavalcade increased as it went along—horsemen and horsewomen joining them almost at every step. As they passed through the village, they found all the women at their doors, and the young fry were busy putting guns and pistols in order, to salute them on their return. They were joined near Calder Hall by Mr Elphinstone, his lady having gone on before to the minister's, to wait for them. This mark of respect was highly prized by Robin, who sat upon his broad-backed nag, with an air of greater pride than usual; and as he looked round him on his numerous friends, he was satisfied that the Baillies still kept up the character of having grand ploys at their weddings. Mr Elphinstone rode beside Peggy, as the post of honour, and claimed the privilege of lifting her from her palfrey.

The worthy clergyman did not detain

them long; the knot was soon tied; and the happy party turned their faces homewards. About a dozen of young men put spurs to their horses, and went off at the full gallop. Tom Anderson, in his haste to be of the advanced guard, run against honest Robin, and nearly dismounted him. Robin's horse, resenting the indignity offered both to him and his master, made such a curvet as astonished the whole party. "Doited deevil!" said Robin, "I had maist been coupit."

On their entrance into the village, they were saluted with a discharge of fire-arms. A mischievous boy slyly advanced, and fired off an old rusty gun under the very nose of Mr Caldwell's horse, which frightened the Nottingham courser so much, that he cleared a space for himself, and set off full speed, and in a moment Mr Caldwell, his wife, Janet, and the whisky disappeared from the sight of the whole group. Janet roared to be set down, Mr Caldwell tugged at the reins,—Mrs Caldwell screamed,—and, to all appearance, the whisky and its contents were in a fair way of running the broose much against their inclinations. Donald, however, kept a-head of the party. Three only had been dismounted—the rest kept whipping and spurring—but all in vain; for, much to the mortification of the beaux, wee Donald reached the house first, and was declared victor. Most fortunately, no bones were broken—even the grey mare had escaped all injury, and the company sat down in great glee to a plentiful dinner.

There was a tappie-tourie of hens in the middle, a hundred weight of black puddings graced one corner, and an enormous ham another. A mountain of beef, encircled with a forest of greens, smoked at the end of the board where Robin sat, and a whole salmon was placed under the jurisdiction of Mrs Baillie. A roasted pig, with an orange in its mouth, and a boiled jigot of mutton, figured as small side dishes; while a fat haggis and beef brose served as *entre. mets.*

The knives and forks were plied with persevering assiduity, and although there was neither a goose nor lamb with mint sauce, Mrs Caldwell managed to dine tolerably well. Even Janet had got into the spirit of the thing, and saw her very best cheeses hewed down with great indifference. The punch was baled out of the milk boins in pewter laddles, and we have every reason to believe that Robin did not spare his whisky.

The barn was just cleared for dancing, when Mr and Mrs Elphinstone joined the party. The former immediately led out the bride, and desired William to stand up with Mrs Elphinstone. Before setting off, Mr Elphinstone, as in duty bound, kissed the bride, and the fiddles then striking up "The Merry Lads of Ayr," set them all in motion. The company all respectfully stood back, and when they had finished, a murmur of applause was heard.

The happy miller now drew Mrs Caldwell into the middle of the barn, and, desiring the fiddlers to strike up the "Cameronian's Rant," he boldly commenced an everlasting jig, which he carried on with such spirit, that the very rafters shook. Every new fling the miller gave drew down thunders of applause. The firing off of pistols out of doors, and the snapping of fingers and shouts of commendation within, raised such a tempest of sound, as nearly drowned the efforts of the fiddlers to be heard. Disdaining to be kept in the back-ground, they moved near the scene of action, and rained upon the ears of the delighted rustics a succession of feet-stirring sounds.

Our remembrance of the rest of the revels is very imperfect. We can only recollect hearing the fiddlers playing every one upon a key of his own choosing, "Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'."

Petticoat Tales.

THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS.

I HAD a vision! 'Twas an Indian vale
Whose sides were all with rosy thickets crown'd,
That never felt the biting winter gale;—
And soon was heard a most delicious sound;
And to its music danced a nymph embrown'd,
Leading a lion in a silken twine,
That with his yellow mane would sweep the ground,
Then on his rider fawn—a boy divine!
While on his foaming lips a nymph shower'd purple wine.

CROLY.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

With twilight comes the hour to rove,
When spring hath clothed the earth in bloom,
And from each lawn and blossom'd grove
The balmy breezes waft perfume.
O then, beneath the deepening gloom
Of pendent boughs, how sweet to stray,
While doves their nightly plaints resume,
And sigh and muse the hour away!

Hail to that hour! for O how bless'd
This care-worn bosom oft hath been,
When o'er it stole the halcyon rest
That broods and breathes in such a scene!
'Twas then with deepest power, I ween,
My purer thoughts renew'd their sway,
Till far from fancy's sky serene
Each worldly cloud had pass'd away.

Hail to that hour! for with it still
Return those dreams of youthful bliss,
That tuned my soul to rapture's thrill
Ere aught in life was judged amiss:
Mild twilight hour! how soft the kiss
Thy breath of balm vouchsafes my brow!
O fleet not past—or leave me this,
The holy calm that soothes me now!

W. Bennet.

THE OLD HAT.

I had a hat—it was not all a hat,
Part of the brim was gone,—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still my hat, although so fashionless
In complement extern, had that within
Surpassing show—my head continued warm;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said before) of brim.

A change came o'er the colour of my hat.
That which was black grew brown—and then men stared
With both their eyes (they stared with one before)—
The wonder now was twofold—and it seemed
Strange that a thing so torn and old should still
Be worn by one who might——but let that pass!
I had my reasons, which might be revealed
But for some counter-reasons, far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.
Green spring, and flowery summer—autumn brown
And frosty winter came,—and went, and came,
And still through all the seasons of two years,
In park, in city, yea, at routs and balls,
The hat was worn and borne. Then folks grew wild
With curiosity, and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could insconce
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat.
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said;
A time may come when I—away, away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds—
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery. When I will—I will!—
The hat was greasy now, and old, and torn—
But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men, and children, scowled at me—
My company was shunned—I was alone!
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.
Of those who knew me best, some turned aside
And scudded down dark lanes; one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered;
Others in horrid mockery laughed outright;—
Yea dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs—
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change, it was the last, came o'er this hat.
For lo! at length, the circling months went round:
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown, old, greasy, coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred
To the possession of a wandering son
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze;
Once more I went my way, along, along,
And plucked no wondering gaze; the hand of scorn
With its annoying finger, men, and dogs,
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless—
And at last, not least of rescued blessings, love,
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A bran new beaver of the Andre mould;
And then the laugh was mine; for then out came
The secret of this strangeness—'twas *a bet*.

Moods and Tenses.

THE LAST DAY.

In customed glory bright, that morn the sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the Stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face; the spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked
The bridegroom; and spread out beneath his eye
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze, that newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells: the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song; from arboured bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high;
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds rejoiced; and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change; all nature moved
In wonted harmony; men as they met,
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things: the husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued hope
Promised another harvest; in the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,
Merchants assembling, spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies and markets glutted full:
Or, crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain, beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw,
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich laden carack, bound to distant shore;
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer fraught;—or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate,
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved
At intervals the irksome task with thought
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtile look, amid his parchments sate
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch
Fat luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
That through his lattice peeped derisively.
The restless miser had begun again
To count his heaps; before her toilet stood
The fair, and, as with guileful skill she decked
Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,
New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night.
And evil men of desperate lawless life,
By oath of deep damnation leagued to all
Remorselessly, fled from the face of day,
Against the innocent their counsel held,
Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,
And villanies of fearful magnitude;
Despots, secured behind a thousand bolts,
The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man;
Senates were meeting; statesmen loudly talked
Of national resources, war and peace;
And sagely balanced empires soon to end;
And faction's jaded minions, by the page
Paid for abuse, and oft-repeated lies,
In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,
For party schemes made interest, under cloak
Of liberty, and right, and public weal.
In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,
And of the awful wickedness of men;
Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,
And universal rule, and panting hard
For fame, heroes were leading on the brave
To battle; men, in science deeply read,
And academic theory, foretold
Improvements vast;—and learned sceptics proved
That earth should with eternity endure;
Concluding madly that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared; to every man
That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.
When suddenly, alas, fair Earth! the sun
Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned
Up to the throne of God; and over all
The earth came night, moonless and starless night.
Nature stood still;—the seas and rivers stood,
And all the winds: and every living thing.
The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
Stood still; and beasts of every kind stood still.
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone!
Hope died in every breast; and on all men
Came fear and trembling;—none to his neighbour spoke;
Husband thought not of wife; nor of her child
The mother; nor friend of friend; nor foe of foe.
In horrible suspense all mortals stood;
And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard
Rolling in heaven;—revealed in flaming fire,
The angel of God appeared, in stature vast,
Blazing; and, lifting up his hand on high,
By Him that lives for ever, swore, that Time
Should be no more. Throughout Creation heard,
And sighed—all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods;
Desponding waste, and cultivated vale—
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
Sighed; earth arrested in her wonted path,
As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
A universal crash was heard, as if
The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
Foundations failed;—and deadly paleness sate
On every face of man, and every heart
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
Again o'er all the nations silence fell:
And in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
And walked with penetration keen through all
The abodes of men, another angel stood,

And blew the trump of God.—Awake, ye dead!
Be changed, ye living! and put on the garb
Of immortality! Awake! arise!
The God of judgment comes.—This said the voice;—
And silence, from eternity that slept
Beyond the sphere of the creating word,
And all the noise of Time, awakening, heard.
Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
Her regions of despair;—the ear of Death
Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled;—and all
The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending had leaned,
Crazy and frail; or sat, benumbed with age,
In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs
New vigour flow;—the wrinkled face grew smooth;
Upon the head that time had razored bare,
Rose bushy locks; and as his son in prime
Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
Changing herself, the mother saw her son
Grow up, and suddenly put on the form
Of manhood;—and the wretch that begging sat
Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,
Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb
Arose complete;—and he that on the bed
Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,
Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now
The tide of life and vigour rushing back;
And looking up, beheld his weeping wife,
And daughter fond, that o'er him bending stooped
To close his eyes;—the frantic madman too,
In whose confused brain reason had lost
Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
The newly sheeted corpse arose, and stared
On those who dressed it;—and the coffined dead,
That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
And mingled with their friends;—and armies, which
The trump surprised, met in the furious shock
Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks
Return the stream of life in healthy flow.
And as the anatomist, with all his band
Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
And impolitely hewed his way through bones
And muscles of the sacred human form,
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
The mysteries of nature—joint embraced
His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
And suddenly the injured man awoke,
Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete
In immortality—forgiving scarce
The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished for by the good,
Of universal Jubilee to all
The sons of bondage; from the oppressor's hand
The scourge of violence fell; and from his back,
Heal of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

ROBERT POLLOK.

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